

April 1933

Uncle Sam As A Treaty-Breaker. See page 457

The Cops of New York. See page 408

Donated by May Frank Rhoads

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

The American Theatre Goes Broke

Yeggs

The Gentleman From Greenpoint

White Meat (A Story)

How the States Rank in Crime

Close View of a Calvinist Lhasa

A New Kind of English

Medicine Men

Miss Mori (A Story)

Prelude

The Rise and Fall of Food Fads

Arthur Mann

Jim Tully

Henry F. Pringle

George Milburn

William C. Bagley

W. J. Cash

Janet Rankin Aiken

James Stevens

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[Reports From Georgia and Kansas]

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE OF The American MERCURY ● ● ●

WE ARE ALL MENDICANTS. Mr. Mencken, in his editorial this month, states that there is a definite trend in America toward a shameless mendicancy, beginning with the farmers and continuing with the bankers, the railroad men, teachers, war veterans, and all the rest of us. Few Americans, he says, pay their own way in the world. See p. 385.

YEGGS WERE HIGH-TONED, ROMANTIC FELLOWS. But, laments Jim Tully, they are no more. The manufacturers of safes have finally defeated and caused the passing of the most daring and colorful group of professional brigands ever known in America. See p. 391.

I LIKE THE COPS. Stanley Walker, who, as a newspaper man, has known the cops of New York intimately for many years, says that he likes them, and he tells why. Incidentally, he tells much about the workings of the Police Department and about policemen in general. See p. 408.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE IS BROKE. Not since 1905 has the theatre been in so bad a condition, and the trouble is, says the author of this article, that managers have neglected the gallery. See p. 417.

A NEW ENGLISH HAS JUST BEEN INVENTED. C. K. Ogden, working with a group of experts, has devised what is called Basic English, consisting of 850 words, with which anything can be made clearly understood. It is offered as an international language. See p. 424.

A PICTURESQUE POLITICIAN. Henry F. Pringle describes Mr. Peter McGuinness, a Democratic district leader in New York, who loves his district and has made little money in politics. Even Judge Seabury couldn't confound him. See p. 434.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THE ENEMY TO CIVILIZATION. This old Tory town, a citadel of bigotry and obscurantism, is one of the most hunkorous in the South. See p. 443.

THE SOUTHERN STATES ARE RUNNING AWAY FROM PROHIBITION. This timely little article reassures those of us who have been wondering whether the South will hang Prohibition upon us for ever. See p. 452.

KANSAS BEGINS TO DOUBT. The State which has become notorious for faith and belief, is at last acquiring a touch of skepticism. In all matters there is appearing a new approach to old ideals, and especially is this evident in the new attitude of Kansans to the public school. See p. 454.

THE UNITED STATES IS BY NO MEANS PURE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. This country has broken plenty of treaties, and Hamilton Butler tells how and why. It is a sardonic side light on American history. See p. 457.

THE RISE AND FALL OF FOOD FADS. Most of us are unconscious victims of dietary fancies. The truth is that the human race can adapt itself to a wide variety of foods, and food fads have come and gone without any basis in science. See p. 475.

VASSAR COLLEGE CANNOT STOP THE USE OF ITS NAME AND SEAL ON CANDIES. The laws relating to trademarks are curious and often result in strange and unfair situations. See p. 479.

THE MOST CRIMINAL AMERICAN STATES. Here is a very interesting statistical article, which attempts to align the various sections of the United States on the basis of crime-rates. See p. 483.

Also in this issue a poem by Conrad Aiken entitled "Prelude", a story by George Milburn called "White Meat", James Stevens' reminiscences of his boyhood in Iowa called "Medicine Men", a story, entitled "Miss Mori" by Idwal Jones, The Library by H. L. Mencken, Americana, The Soap-Box, the Check List of New Books, and Editorial Notes.



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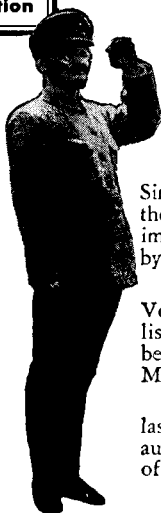
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXVIII

April 1933

NUMBER 112

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

FAREWELL TO REFORM.

By John Chamberlain.

\$3 5½ x 8¾; 333 pp.

Liveright

New York

Mr. Chamberlain's account of the rise and fall of the Progressive movement in the United States is shrewd, well-informed and very well written. He has gone over the record with a fresh eye, and what he has to say about the principal heroes and metaphysicians of the uprising pretty well puts them in their places. The effects of their vast sweatings are almost nil. There are improvements in this or that detail, but on the whole we are just as badly governed as we ever were before William Jennings Bryan emerged from the *Hinterwald*. All the cure-alls cried up by Roosevelt, La Follette and the lesser Liberals, real and false, of day before yesterday have failed. When he comes to what is ahead Mr. Chamberlain is somewhat cautious. He seems to believe that some sort of revolution is in the offing, but he is sure that it will not be the kind visualized by Chase, Soule, Beard and the other visionaries of today. He hints that the current movement is toward Fascism, but he points out that Fascism is not a thing in itself but an agent to be controlled, and he apparently believes that syndicalists of some variety or other will try to control it.

THE VOICE OF YOUNG AMERICA.

By James H. R. Cromwell. Charles Scribner's Sons

\$1 4½ x 7½; 191 pp.

New York

Mr. Cromwell's title is rather misleading. On the one hand, he is himself nearing forty and is thus scarcely to be called young any more, and on the other hand very few Americans of his age or younger think as independently as he does, or have had his experience with affairs. He proposes a programme of reforms running to thirty-four articles. The first is the substitution of responsible parliamentary government for the present combat of rogues and fools at Washington, and others are public control of the basic utilities, unemployment insurance, the insurance of bank deposits, the revision of the war debts, and the inflation of the currency "until the dollar is brought to a value equal to its average purchasing power over the last ten years." Among the remainder are proposals for a commercial and military alliance with England, and for the Federal government's abandonment of the income tax to the States. Mr. Cromwell maintains his arguments with considerable skill. He is vice-president of the Peerless Motor Car Company,

THOUGHTS ON GERMANY.

By Richard von Kühlmann. The Macmillan Company

\$3.50 5¾ x 8¾; 315 pp. New York

Baron von Kühlmann was foreign minister of Imperial Germany, and was head of the German delegation at the negotiation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty with Russia. He had previously been minister at The Hague and ambassador at Constantinople, and counselor to the German embassies at Washington and London. His present book is a series of loosely connected essays on the outstanding political and economic problems of post-war Germany. He says that "the Central Powers had very little prospect even at the outset of the war of a decisive victory against a greatly superior sea-power allied to a land-power of probably no less considerable resources. . . . Without the entry of North America into the war the collapse of Russia would probably have led to a peace by agreement." The entry of the United States "put an end to the last hope that the mighty struggle would end in a *status quo* for Germany." The Versailles Peace Treaty "is the worst and most unwise" of all peace treaties "of the last few centuries." The reparations payments and the new boundary lines are "impossible." There is no index. The translation is by Eric Sutton.

JAPAN & AMERICA: A Journey and a Political Survey.

By Henry W. Taft. The Macmillan Company

\$3.50 6¼ x 9½; 359 pp. New York

In Part I of this book Mr. Taft describes in some detail the trip he made through Japan more than ten years ago. In Part II he examines the background of Japanese-American relationships in the last twenty-five years, and also takes up such things as the Immigration Act of 1924, the public opinion here and in Tokyo concerning it, the Manchurian situation, and the Shanghai mess. Unfortunately, he has little to say about all these problems that is not more or less common knowledge. Our immigration exclusion policy, he says, "must inevitably color Japanese public opinion whenever matters affecting the relations between the two countries come up for discussion." He thinks that "in Manchuria there has been at least the appearance of unnecessary aggression" on the part of the Mikado's military forces. As for Shanghai, he says: "All of the evidence points strongly to the conclusion that the Japanese intended to deal with the . . . situation as a local affair, and had no plan for extensive conquest."



Check List of NEW BOOKS

MANCHURIA: *Cradle of Conflict.*

By Owen Lattimore. The Macmillan Company
\$3 5 7/8 x 8 3/4; 311 pp. New York

Mr. Lattimore has written a very good book. It is erudite in the best sense of the word, and it reveals a grasp of historical forces and an understanding of world cultures that are extremely rare in an American. He begins with a geographical, economic, and tribal survey of Manchuria, and then considers at length the basic elements of Chinese civilization as contrasted with that of the West. The antagonism of the Chinese toward Japan, he says, is due primarily to their distrust of the wholehearted manner in which the island empire has taken on the ways of the Occident. China came into contact with the West long before Japan, but "no single quality of the West, no subjective conviction has truly appealed to the Chinese." They had more or less ignored it hitherto, but now they are coming to fear it in the form of Japanese aggression in Manchuria, where "the maximum Chinese colonizing expansion" has been going on. "It was the good fortune of Manchuria, both as a region and as a province of China, that it should have had in succession two such rulers as Chang Tso-lin and his son Chang Hsueh-liang," the latter of whom is far more able and honest than Tokyo has led the world to believe. As for the future, Mr. Lattimore does not hazard an opinion, but he does point out the reasons why China and Russia have been so friendly in Manchuria. Communism is not the binding tie. It is the feeling the Chinese have that they understand the Russians, while they cannot fathom the apostasy of Japan. There are four maps, and an index.

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER.

By John Strachey. Covici-Friede
\$3 6 1/4 x 9 1/2; 399 pp. New York

Mr. Strachey is the son of J. St. Loe Strachey and a cousin of the late Lytton Strachey. He begins with a rapid survey of the rise of capitalism, and then takes up individually such topics as monopoly, nationalism, the monetary system, imperialism, and Fascism. He also has a chapter on "The Decay of Capitalist Culture," discussing, in particular, religion, science, and literature. He is a Communist. The ultimate end of capitalist states, he says, "is not the welfare of all their citizens, but the wealth of their property-owning citizens." Capitalism is breaking down and must be displaced. "Communism is best regarded as a method by which human civilization can be maintained and developed. Communism is indeed the only method by which it can be maintained at all." He thinks that the British workers should take "a decisive part in the establishment of world Communism." There is an index.

Continued on page vi

THE YEARS OF THE LOCUST (America, 1929-1932)

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Here you can read for the first time the human facts behind the economic news of the past three years. "More genuinely absorbing than any novel I have read lately."—Christopher Morley. "Well worth a tycoon's time."—Time. 12 illustrations. Second Printing. \$3.00

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PRISON DAYS AND NIGHTS

By VICTOR F. NELSON

H. L. Mencken calls this by far the best book on prison life by a prisoner that he has read in five or six years. Dr. Abraham Myerson hails Nelson as the "articulate" prisoner for whom he has been searching for years. A powerful book. \$2.75

THE SLEEP-WALKERS

By HERMANN BROCH

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Continued from page v

AMERICAN RAILROADS. *Four Phases of Their History.*

By Winthrop M. Daniels.

The Princeton University Press
\$1.50 5½ x 8¾; 120 pp. Princeton, N. J.

Mr. Daniels was formerly a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and is now professor of transportation at Yale. He discusses the history of American railroads from their beginnings, but pays special attention to their relationships with Wall Street and the public. He writes simply and effectively, and from a full knowledge. He has much to say about the reckless way in which the early Congresses handed out land to the roads. These gifts were frequently "marred by a host of sordid considerations. . . . When today we attempt an appraisal of this congressional squandering of the national heritage, the surprising fact emerges that grantor and grantee were both alike swindled in the bargain." Strangely enough, it was not till 1887 that the national government took advantage of its constitutional right to regulate inter-State commerce. Once the central sun of the economic galaxy, the railroad, because of bus and airplane competition, is now only a large star. An index is missing.

TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE.

By Raymond Moley. *The Yale University Press*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¾; 272 pp. New Haven

Dr. Moley is professor of public law in Columbia, and head of the so-called Brain Trust of President Roosevelt. In the present book he attempts a comprehensive survey of the history and workings of the magistrates' courts of New York City. They are really only police courts, but their power is immense. They are a sort of judicial clearing house, and in 1930 alone they examined about 200,000 misdemeanors and 19,000 felonies. As Judge Seabury has shown, appointments to them and their general operations are dominated almost entirely by Tammany, and they reek with waste, injustice, and graft. Dr. Moley's discussion of them is heavily documented and is authoritative, since part of his investigation was undertaken at the request of Judge Seabury, who assisted him with his advice. There is an index.

THE ROAD TO REPEAL.

By Joseph Percival Pollard. *Coward-McCann*
\$2 5½ x 8¾; 209 pp. New York

Mr. Pollard believes that Judge William Clark's decision in the case of the United States vs. Sprague,

handed down on December 16, 1930, was one of the chief causes of the collapse of Prohibition, and that it embodied such sound constitutional law that it deserves to be better remembered than it is. Its essence was the doctrine that amendments looking to transfers of power from the States to the Federal Government should not be submitted to the State Legislatures for ratification but to conventions called for the precise purpose. The Supreme Court reversed Judge Clark, but his ideas prevailed nevertheless, and when the time came to frame a repealer of the Eighteenth Amendment they determined its form. Mr. Pollard discusses the constitutional questions involved with great learning. His book is a valuable contribution to the history of the Prohibition imbécility.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MOONEY CASE.

By Ernest Jerome Hopkins.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 5 x 7¾; 258 pp. New York

Mr. Hopkins, whose "Our Lawless Police" will be remembered, covered the Preparedness Day bomb explosion in San Francisco and the subsequent Mooney-Billings trial for the *Bulletin* of the same city, and he has kept in close touch with the developments in the case ever since. In the present book he gives an excellent summary of the history of the case. He says: "The real issue in the Mooney case isn't Mooney; it is this easy conscriptability of government, your government and mine, by the economic warriors. . . . The real sufferer is not any individual; the real sufferer is California, it is government: government which was taken over, manipulated by privateers, used to selfish ends." There are several excellent illustrations, but an index is missing.

THUNDER & DAWN. *America's Appointment With Destiny.*

By Glenn Frank. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 5¾ x 8¾; 404 pp. New York

"The Western world," says Dr. Frank, who is president of the University of Wisconsin, "is beset by economic depression, political distraction, and social dishevelment that puzzle its masses and palsy its leaders." The way out of this mess lies along three directions. First, there must be a "New Renaissance that shall rescue culture from the pedant and the poseur, . . . and make it a magisterial force in the affairs of the age." Second, there must be a "New Reformation, or a clearing of the clogged conduits of religious institutionalism, which are now checking the flow of spiritual initiative, . . . a movement that shall tap deeper levels of psychic

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

energy than we have lately utilized." Third, there must be a "New Industrial Revolution that shall effect a self-correction of the over-centralization, the new fatigue and nagging monotony of work, the fitful insecurity of employment, the alternate swings between panic and plenty." President Frank calls himself "a scientific humanist." There is a good index.

CRITICISM

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1880-1930.

By A. C. Ward *Lincoln MacVeagh*
\$2.50 4¾ x 7¾; 273 pp. New York

This little book was obviously planned for English readers, but it also bears reading on this side of the water. Mr. Ward begins with a rapid survey of the American literature of the so-called classical age, with its general timorousness and its constant genuflection to the European tradition, and then describes the revolt that began with Whitman and Mark Twain, to whom he adds Emily Dickinson. His discussion shows a wide and sound acquaintance with the movement he is considering, and his judgments of individual writers are generally very shrewd. When he comes to living writers he is also competent, though very few Americans will agree with him that this country has produced no short story writer comparable to Katherine Mansfield. There is a well-chosen reading list at the end of the volume, followed by an index.

THE SECOND COMMON READER.

By Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$3 5¾ x 8¾; 295 pp. New York

Mrs. Woolf, who is a novelist of competence, does not shine as a critic. In the present collection of twenty-six essays she discusses such subjects as Donne's poetry, "Robinson Crusoe," Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa, William Hazlitt, George Gissing, Thomas Hardy, and "How Should One Read A Book?" As in her "First Common Reader," Mrs. Woolf betrays a considerable familiarity with the men and books she writes about, but there is no evidence that she has anything fresh to say about them. Her essays are written correctly enough, but they are hollow.

THE SCIENCES

THE CASE AGAINST EINSTEIN.

By Arthur Lynch. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
\$3 5½ x 8½; 275 pp. New York

The author of this book is an extraordinary character. Born in Australia, he served in the Boer War on the Boer side, and then studied medicine. Later on he proceeded to psychology, metaphysics and

Continued on page viii

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vii

mathematics, and during the past thirty years he has printed a score of books on almost as many subjects. In the present volume he undertakes to refute Einstein both as physicist and as mathematician, and in addition heaves at him a number of challenges based upon psychological and philosophical considerations. He starts out by addressing himself to the general reader, and in preparation for that business undertakes to explain the whole mystery of the differential and integral calculus in nine pages, but before he gets very far he is in waters far deeper than any general reader can hope to navigate. He writes extremely well, and shows a wide acquaintance with mathematical literature. In his own mind, at any rate, there seems to be no doubt whatever that he proves his case. His book lacks an index.

THE ACTION OF THE LIVING CELL.

By *Fenton B. Turck*. The Macmillan Company
\$3.50 5% x 8½; 308 pp. New York

Dr. Turck, who died on November 16 last, while his book was in press, devoted his life for many years to the study of cellular physiology. He came to the conclusion that the life of every cell in a multicellular organism is largely conditioned by the effects of substances secreted by itself and by other cells. To such substances he gave the name of cytosts, and in the present volume he describes at length their effects. They appear, by his account, to be responsible for the condition known as shock, and to play an important part in the etiology of other maladies. Dr. Turck's experiments were bold and ingenious, and his discussion of them is extremely interesting, though most physiologists will probably dissent from some of his conclusions. His book is plainly written, and will be intelligible to any layman interested in biology. There is sufficient documentation, and at the end is an index.

A TEXT-BOOK OF SURGERY.

By *John Homans*. Charles C. Thomas
\$8 6% x 9¾; 1231 pp. Springfield, Ill.

This is a revision, with additions, of a work first printed in 1931. It is based on lectures given and books published by members of the surgical department of the Harvard Medical School. But Dr. Homans has done more than put a mass of more or less discordant material together; he has reworked it carefully, and made an extremely readable book. It does not deal with operative surgery, but with the etiology and symptomatology of the so-called surgical diseases

—tumors, fractures, bone and joint infections, and so on. Relatively little attention is given to treatment. The book is addressed to medical students, but laymen who have any interest in pathology will find it almost as interesting (and maybe even as instructive) as Osler's "Principles and Practise of Medicine". There are many excellent illustrations by Willard C. Shepard.

HISTORY

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Volumes II & III.

By *Leon Trotsky*. Simon & Schuster
\$3.50 each 6% x 9¾; 2 vols.; 371 + 474 pp.
New York

With these two volumes Trotsky brings his history to a conclusion. Volume I dealt with the months of February-June, 1917. Volume II begins with "the July days" and ends roughly with October 7, when Lenin personally came on the scene. It includes a very detailed analysis of Kerensky's character and politics, of the strange machinations of the stupid General Kornilov, and of the reasons why the Bolsheviks kept in the background all that time. Volume III is devoted almost entirely to what are now known as "the ten days that shook the world," the Bolshevik Revolution proper. It also contains a long defence of Trotskyism as against Stalinism. The historical importance of Trotsky's account of the Russian Revolution cannot be overestimated. It is also a magnificent piece of writing. His description of Kerensky and his chapter on "The Art of Insurrection" in Volume III, to mention only two things, will probably be read long after Coolidge and Hoover are forgotten even by jokesters. Each volume is indexed. Max Eastman's translation is very readable. There are a few illustrations.

GARRETS & PRETENDERS.

By *Albert Parry*. Covici-Friede
\$3 6 x 9¼; 383 pp. New York

As strange as it may seem, this is the first history of Bohemia, American model, ever written. Mr. Parry begins with Poe, proceeds to Pfaff's beer-cellar (with its lovely queen, Ada Clare), and then comes down to Greenwich Village, with side glances at Taos, Carmel, the Left Bank, and the somewhat pale and transient Bohemias of Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia and Boston. The book presents a great deal of unfamiliar matter, and shows a laborious but certainly not labored diligence. Mr. Parry is not deceived by the pretensions of the Bohemians. He sees that their æsthetic rumble-bumble has been almost

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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as bogus as their political-radicalism, and that what has really moved most of them has been simply a crude kind of sexual curiosity—the yearning of the yahoo for the fornications of Paris. The book is pleasantly written and well illustrated, and has a good index. Parts of it first appeared as articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

FIFTY YEARS. 1882-1932.

Foreword by George Macaulay Trevelyan.

Lincoln MacVeagh

\$3.50 6 x 9 1/4; 224 pp. New York

This book, says Mr. Trevelyan, presents “a composite picture—however superficial from brevity—of some aspects of the later Victorian Age.” It first ran as a serial in the London *Times*. There are twenty-seven contributors, including the Countess of Lovelace, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Henry Hadow, Sir Arthur Pinero, H. A. L. Fisher, Dean Inge, Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and Bernard Darwin. They discuss politics, society, club life, literature, music, art, the theatre, the universities, religion, the national defense, medicine, and sports. Each of the authors has taken a personal part in the history of the period, and thus the volume has documentary value. It makes interesting reading, and the numerous illustrations add greatly to its value. There is an index.

OUT OF THE PAST OF GREECE & ROME.

By Michael I. Rostovtzeff. The Yale University Press
\$2 6 x 9 1/4; 129 pp. New Haven

Dr. Rostovtzeff is Sterling professor of ancient history and classical archeology at Yale. In this book, written primarily for senior high-school students, he attempts to present a brief survey of the life of the classical world in terms of some of its most important cities. He begins with a chapter on “Ancient Life Along the Black Sea,” follows it with a description of the Olympic games, and then deals with the culture and commerce of Pompeii, Messina, Petra in Arabia, Palmyra in the Syrian Desert, and Alexandria. There are many illustrations, but an index is missing.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. Volume V.

Edited by H. H. Dowdell. The Macmillan Company
\$7 6 1/8 x 9 3/8; 660 pp. New York

Volume IV in this series dealt with British India in the years 1497-1858, the period during which the East India Company was virtually the supreme governing power in the land. In 1857 came the Mutiny, which was quickly crushed, but which marked the beginning of a new kind of govern-

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Continued from page ix

mental control, direct from London. The present volume deals with the history of the country from that time down to 1918. More than a dozen English historians contribute to it. They discuss especially administrative development, but they also have much to say about education and missions, social policy, the evolution of famine relief, and the modifications of Hindu law. The authors are very friendly, not only to the government, but also to the East India Company. Mr. Dowdell, who is professor of the history and culture of the British Dominions in Asia in the University of London, says that the company "produced notable reforms." There is an extensive bibliography, followed by an index.

FALL OF THE INCA EMPIRE & THE SPANISH RULE IN PERU: 1530-1780.

By Philip Ainsworth Means. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$4.50 6 3/8 x 9 1/4; 351 pp. New York

The empire of the Incas is pretty well disposed of by the time one comes to page 45 of this stout volume, and what follows has to do with the Spanish satrapies set up in its place. The Spaniards, says Mr. Means, were out for gold only, and their government of their new lieges was designed to the sole end of getting it. The result was a saturnalia of oppression and corruption, in which the clergy joined the civil authorities. The laws made for the regulation of the South American colonies were, for that time, very enlightened, and a few devoted men, clerical and lay, made efforts to execute them honestly. But no notion of the reality is to be gained by reading them; it was immensely worse. Mr. Means's writing is not distinguished, but he tells an interesting story, and backs it up with heavy documentation. There are twenty-nine illustrations, and at the end is a folded sketch-map of the terrain. The index includes a glossary.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. IX. *The Roman Republic, 133-44 B.C.*

Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock & M. P. Charlesworth. The Macmillan Company
\$9 6 1/8 x 9 1/4; 1023 pp. New York

The narrative here, beginning with the Gracchi and running down to the assassination of Julius Cæsar, covers one of the most stirring epochs in Roman history. Its events include the conquest of Gaul, the rise of Pompey, his challenge by Cæsar, the civil wars, and a long series of operations in the East. As is usual in the Cambridge histories, a relatively large amount of space is given to cultural mat-

ters. There are excellent chapters on the fine arts, and others on the social organization of the time. The contributors to the volume include Hugh Last, Dr. M. Rostovtzeff, H. A. Ormerod, E. R. Bevan, G. H. Stevenson, W. W. Tarn, J. Wight Duff and F. de Zulueta. The bibliography is extensive, and there are chronological tables and a good index.

POETRY

CANDLES IN THE WIND.

By Charles J. Quirk. Lincoln MacVeagh
\$2 5 1/8 x 8; 88 pp. New York

Father Quirk is a lapidary of the school of Father Tabb. All of the seventy-two poems in this collection are quatrains. Working in such small forms requires a high degree of technical skill, and Father Quirk has it. His little pieces are never impromptus; even the least of them shows painstaking effort. Indeed, that effort is so obvious on occasion that it produces an effect of artificiality. Some of the quatrains are thus poetical, but not quite poetry. An example:

Life, wishing to be gay,
Beneath its pomp, would hide,
That which it cannot slay—
Death which has never died.

As in most verse written by Catholic clergymen, there is a preference for mortuary subjects. Brother Leo, of St. Mary's College, California, contributes a short preface.

COLLECTED POEMS OF ELINOR WYLIE.

Edited by William Rose Benét. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 6 x 9; 311 pp. New York

Herein are reprinted in full the contents of Mrs. Wylie's four books of poems in their chronological order of publication: "Nets to Catch the Wind," "Black Armour," "Trivial Breath," and "Angels and Earthly Creatures." There are also forty-seven additional poems, none of which have previously appeared in book form, and twenty of which have never before appeared in print anywhere. A close reading of the present volume makes it clear that Mrs. Wylie, who died in 1928, possessed poetic gifts second only to Emily Dickinson's among American women. In the field of the sonnet, indeed, she surpassed her, as witness the compact and sharply felt "Unfinished Portrait," "Unwilling Admission," and "False Prophet." As a lyricist she also attained considerable heights. Her ballads, on the whole, were

Continued on page xii

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, PUBLISHER

Continued from page x

somewhat less successful, as "The Mountaineer's Ballad" and "The Puritan's Ballad" show. Altogether, she was a remarkable poet, and her work will be remembered. There are two portraits and a facsimile of the MS of "To A Book." William Rose Benét, who was her husband, contributes a foreword.

FAREWELL TO MY MUSE.

By Clifford Bax. The Macmillan Company
\$2 4¾ x 7¼; 203 pp. New York

Mr. Bax began life as a painter, switched to poetry, and is now a dramatist. He announces in the preface to the present volume that he has written no verse for eight years, and proposes to write none hereafter. "Poetry," he believes, "represents a bygone phase in the history of the human mind," and "a poet has no more reason than an archer for expecting that many people will care to hear him talk of his craft." It is refreshing to encounter so candid a facing of the facts, but melancholy to find it disuading a poet whose talent, though slender, is nevertheless respectable. Some of the pieces in this collection are very charming, and in even the least of them there is an honest simplicity that has become all too rare among contemporary poets.

RIP TIDE.

By William Rose Benét. Duffield & Green
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 80 pp. New York

Mr. Benét calls this a novel in verse. It is told in three books. The first, "Sheila", recounts Sheila's early love for Gordon, her unhappy marriage with Dermot, a later meeting with Gordon, when their son is conceived, and finally her death. The second book, "Gordon", describes Gordon's marriage to another woman. The third, "Barry", is concerned with the love of Barry, Sheila's and Gordon's son, and Meredith, Gordon's daughter by his second marriage, and with Barry's tragic death. The first book contains some really fine passages, but the other two somehow fail to match it.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HAIKU, ANCIENT & MODERN.

By Asataro Miyamori. The Maruzen Company
\$5 5¾ x 8¾; 841 pp. Tokyo

The *haiku*, the shortest of Japanese verse forms, consists of three lines, the first of five syllables, the second of seven, and the third of five. Putting it into English presents serious difficulties, and few translators have ever overcome them. Mr. Miyamori



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gives some appalling examples of the attempts made by his predecessors, but despite his more literal renderings it cannot be said that he does much better, for he usually changes the two lines of the *haiku* into three, and substitutes unrhymed iambs or trochees for the metreless lines of the originals. The value of his anthology lies in its comprehensiveness, and in its notes. The editor gives versions of no less than 973 *haiku*, and tells something about each of the authors represented. They range from Sokan Yamazaki, who died in 1546, to poets who are still living. The book is beautifully turned out. The Japanese originals are always printed, and transliterations accompany the translations. There are eighteen drawings by Hyakusui Hirafuku and a number of other illustrations.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT POETRY.

By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf
\$1.50 5½ x 7½; 139 pp. New York

This book is "written for the average fair-minded reader, of whatever age, who has not hitherto paid any real attention to the subject; who has, perhaps, consciously or unconsciously, a prejudice against it; . . . [my aim is] to rouse interest, not to instruct." Mr. Strong has carried out his plan admirably. He is very brief, but very sensible. He takes up the usual topics of rhythm, rhyme, and the relationship between poetry and prose, and in each case he has something fresh and simple to say. His last chapter on obscurity in verse is particularly to be commended.

SOCIOLOGY

LAND & LABOR IN CHINA.

By R. H. Tawney. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 207 pp. New York

Mr. Tawney, who is professor of economic history in the University of London, went out to China in 1930 to study the matters dealt with in his book: the substance of it was submitted as a memorandum to the Conference on Pacific Relations held at Shanghai in November, 1931. The materials it embodies were assembled only in part by the author; he owes most of them to the aid of Chinese friends. But his discussion of them is his own, and it is always acute and informative. No better book upon Chinese economics, indeed, has yet appeared in English. It opens with an account of the position of the Chinese farmer, and proceeds to describe the rise of modern industry, not only in the towns but also in the villages. At the end there is a chapter on politics and education in China, followed by statistical tables.

Continued on page xiv

THREE KINGDOMS OF INDO-CHINA

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PRISON DAYS & NIGHTS.

By Victor F. Nelson. Little, Brown & Company
\$2.75 5 1/8 x 8 1/4; 283 pp. Boston

Two of the chapters in this book, "Prison Ethics and Etiquette" and "Prison Stupor", have been printed as articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, the first in December last and the second in March. The author, who has a long criminal record, was found in a Massachusetts jail by Dr. Abraham Myerson, the Boston alienist, and induced to set down his observations of life behind the bars. The result is a volume of extraordinary interest. Mr. Nelson avoids both the melodrama and the sentimentality of the usual literary convict, and devotes himself to a searching examination of the effects of imprisonment upon the prisoner. He believes that it is unqualifiedly deleterious, and he shows that little serious effort has been made to counteract its effects. One of his most interesting chapters has to do with the operations of prison psychiatrists, in whom, it appears, he has little confidence. A portrait of the author makes the frontispiece of the book.

THE ARTS

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

By William Steig. Ray Long & Richard R. Smith
\$3 8 1/4 x 11; 98 pp. New York

There is not one really bad drawing in all of the ninety-eight in this book, and some of them are superb. Mr. Steig's range of interest runs from tenements to boudoirs, and from Park avenue *grande dames* to washer-women, but it is plain that his heart and pencil are more at home when drawing scenes from so-called lower life. He obviously belongs to the old *Masses* school, though he also has a sharp eye for the full meaning of the Freudian psychology as peddled among the well-heeled illiterati. Some of his sketches are nearly perfect of their kind, in particular, "You Only Think of One Thing," "Loges," "I Don't Want No Flunkies Fussing Over Me!," "Can You Imagine Her Telling Me Where I Get Off?," "Bottle Baby!," and "Don't You Remember What Day This Is?" Some of the drawings first appeared in the *New Yorker*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Collier's*, and the *Gentle Reader*.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS OF DYNAMIC SYMMETRY.

By Jay Hambidge. The Yale University Press
\$2.50 6 x 8; 109 pp. New Haven

The late Mr. Hambidge devoted many years of his life to a study of design among the Greeks and

Continued in back advertising section,
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The American MERCURY

VOLUME XXVIII



NUMBER 112

APRIL

1933

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

SINCE January all of the State Legislatures save four have been in session, and at Washington the last lame-duck Congress has spread its death agonies before a rejoicing nation. What one has heard, chiefly, from the statesmen thus performing in ninety rings has been talk of economy. But how much economy is actually on tap today? Next to none, and maybe even less than none. Indeed, an examination of the legislative books would probably show that the total appropriations for 1933, whether national, State or municipal, are already substantially above the total for 1932, and that immense additions are practically certain before the end of the year. All we have really got out of the tall gabble about reducing governmental expenses is a few puerile gestures—and a long series of new taxes.

Well, what rational man expected anything else? Certainly none who knew anything about the nature and behavior of

politicians, and the accepted canons of their mystery. What good would it do a politician to save any considerable amount of public money? Little in the gross, and none in the net. The pressure groups that have him by the tail are never out for saving money: one and all, large and small, they are out for spending it. These groups range in aims and personnel from bankers eager to load the Treasury with their bad paper to tenant farmers who believe that the government should take over their mortgages and store-bills, and from pedagogues lolling in palaces of bogus learning to bogus war veterans howling for ever larger and larger hand-outs; but one thing, at least, all of them have in common, and that is a powerful yearning to get their snouts into the public trough.

The politicians have learned by experience that such prehensile fellows, taking one gang with another, constitute an overwhelming majority of the American peo-

ple—that the freeborn Americano who is really too proud or too conscientious to itch for a share of the loot is almost as rare as the Americano who is too prudish to steal a postage-stamp. They know that almost every demand for economy that reaches them is accompanied by a suggestion that the money saved be spent in some large and altruistic way, to the private benefit of the petitioners. They know that the concept of the government and its functions prevailing almost universally among their lieges depicts it as a mammoth milchcow with 122,775,046 teats, and room at one or another for every patriotic citizen. So knowing, they keep economy for their speeches, and give their votes to appropriations. The most they can hope to get out of saving money is a few letters from obscure (and, only too often, somewhat nutty) constituents, and a few commendatory editorials in dubious newspapers. But spending it keeps them safe in their jobs.



The late battle between the moribund Dr. Hoover and the thrice moribund lame ducks was only a sham battle. Both sides talked grandly of economy, but both sides really had their minds on new taxes. So, also, in every State Legislature, in every board of city aldermen, and in every panel of county commissioners or village selectmen. Whatever the issue of such a combat, the taxpayer is bound to lose, but who cares about the taxpayer? He has no organization, no leaders, no programme. Moreover, no politician of any experience believes in his *bona fides*, for every time he pops up with a demand that money be saved in one way he follows it instantly with an even louder demand that the saving be spent in some other way, and to his private benefit.

No wonder the politicians, when he is

thus heard from, treat his bellowing cynically, and content themselves with throwing him a couple of plaster-of-paris bones. Their commonest device, as everyone knows, is to announce a general reduction in the wages of their serfs, the horde of minor jobholders. This scheme is so transparent that a child of six should see through it, but it works beautifully, and in its ultimate issue it always gets rid of the economy nuisance. First, it fools the multitude of poor fish who envy and hate the jobholders, grossly overestimate the delights and revenues of their jobs, and do not stop to figure out how little is really saved by squeezing them. And secondly, it converts the jobholders, their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, into a powerful pressure group against the whole damnable heresy of economy, and as a result it comes under heavy and devastating fire, and in a little while the politicians are able to shelve it.

In all parts of the United States the poor schoolma'ms are now being used in this way. Despite the billions that have been wasted on the public schools since the turn of the century, the ma'ms as a class have always been badly paid, and even at the height of the Coolidge prosperity very few of them got what could be called lavish wages. The money that has been frittered away has not gone into their bead-bags but into the pockets of the gaudy Cagliostros who stood over them, drawing down large salaries to police and bedevil them, and erecting grandiose palaces to accommodate the business. But now it is the ma'ms who are thrown to the wolves. In almost every American State they have had to take cuts in their pay, and in those States where they have not been cut they are getting no pay at all.

The trick is working as it always works. Everywhere the ma'ms are setting up shrill

protests, and everywhere they are rounding up great gangs of sympathizers to mourn their sufferings. Meanwhile, all the head boys of the public school racket are still in office, and wherever it looks safe they are beginning to hint that the way out is to find new sources of taxes. Presently their proposals will take a concrete form, and the politicians will be ready to entertain them. And soon afterward the sweating and groaning taxpayer will discover that his load is heavier than ever before, and that the public schools are more extravagant, more impudent and more idiotic than ever before.



But suppose no new sources of taxes are discoverable? Suppose the law of diminishing returns begins to get in its deadly work? Then the boss pedagogues will suggest delicately that the thing to do is to borrow the money—that the public schools, after all, labor for posterity, and that passing on their cost is a plan well supported by logical science. But the poor taxpayer, though he will be fooled by this gabble, will not really escape. Interest and amortization will confront him only too soon, and he will discover when it is too late that they are charges which cannot be evaded, though he may leap and writhe like a chicken with its head cut off.

What is to be done about all this I do not pretend to say. Perhaps the easiest solution will be to abandon all vain talk of economy, and go on cheerfully to bankruptcy and repudiation. This seems to be the course chosen by many a proud American city, and by not a few of the States. For example, there is no apparent way to drag Chicago out of its present wallow. Its debts continue to increase faster than new sources of taxes can be found, and before long they will be quite beyond its capacity

to pay. There will then remain no recourse save repudiation in some form or other, though probably the local masterminds will be able to invent some new euphemism to designate it. At least one of the States has already defaulted, albeit only temporarily, on interest payments. And at least half a dozen others are headed the same way.



The thing that is really needed, if we are to avoid an endless series of similar wash-outs, is the reëducation of the American people. For a century or more they have been thinking of the public treasury as bottomless, and have turned to it confidently every time they have got into difficulties. In this strange imbecility the farmers, as everyone knows, have led the procession. They are today, in their public aspect, simply an organized band of mendicants, shameless and insatiable. Every time a crop fails or prices fall they demand relief out of taxes. In boom times they run up debts; in hard times they expect the rest of us to pay them. They have only one test for a candidate for office and that is how much does he promise to get for them. Their vote is always purchaseable for such promises, and in any really civilized country they would have been disfranchised long ago.

But of late this preposterous mendicancy has spread to the cities, propagated on the one hand by the malignant proliferation of the uplift, and on the other by the public schools, which have been diligent in teaching their children that anything they want should be given to them at the public expense. A pupil brought up on that degrading doctrine is inevitably robbed of whatever self-respect he was born with; he no longer blushes to ask for charity. The net result is that few Americans are left

who believe, as their fathers did, that they ought to pay their own way in the world, and do without what they can't buy. We have been transformed into a nation of panhandlers.



In another place I suggested lately that it might be a good idea to form a national organization of Americans who have somehow managed to resist this process—that is, an organization of Americans who hold themselves above handouts, even from the public treasury. Alas, it would probably be difficult to get together such a group of any size. Immense categories of patriots would be barred out *en masse*—the farmers, the bankers, the railroad men, the pedagogues, the war veterans, the endless varieties of uplifters. In view of the second-class postage rates I even have some doubt about magazine editors. For we come at last to the fundamental article of the latter-day American code: The other fellow is getting it; why not me?

Nevertheless, it might be worth while to make a beginning. My acquaintance among editors is very small, but I think I can speak for half a dozen, and certainly for one. What I propose is that competent accountants be employed to find out what it actually costs to carry magazines in the mails (the figures of the Postoffice have been challenged too often to be accepted), and that that charge precisely be laid upon all magazines hereafter, no less and no more. I believe that I can promise that at least six editors will make no protest against this plan, and I am sure that I can speak for one. There is no more reason for the poor taxpayer bearing any part of his neighbor's magazine bills (if he really does) than there is for him bearing his neighbor's gasoline, gin, Bible or chewing-gum bills.



The editorial writers who had the job of concocting mortuary tributes to the late Calvin Coolidge, LL.D., made heavy weather of it, and no wonder. Ordinarily, an American public man dies by inches, and there is thus plenty of time to think up beautiful nonsense about him. More often than not, indeed, he threatens to die three or four times before he actually does so, and each threat gives the elegists a chance to mellow and adorn their effusions. But Dr. Coolidge slipped out of life almost as quietly and as unexpectedly as he had originally slipped into public notice, and in consequence the brethren were caught napping and had to do their poetical embalming under desperate pressure. The common legend is that such pressure inflames and inspires a true journalist, and maketh him to sweat masterpieces, but it is not so in fact. Like any other literary man, he functions best when he is at leisure, and can turn from his tablets now and then to run down a quotation, to eat a plate of ham and eggs, or to look out of the window.

The general burden of the Coolidge memoirs was that the right hon. gentleman was a typical American, and some hinted that he was the most typical since Lincoln. As the English say, I find myself quite unable to associate myself with that thesis. He was, in truth, almost as unlike the average of his countrymen as if he had been born green. The Americano is an expansive fellow, a back-slapper, full of amiability; Coolidge was reserved and even muriatic. The Americano has a stupendous capacity for believing, and especially for believing in what is palpably not true; Coolidge was, in his fundamental metaphysics, a skeptic. The Americano dreams vast dreams, and is hag-ridden by a dæmon; Coolidge was

not mount but rider, and his steed was a mechanical horse. The Americano, in his normal incarnation, challenges fate at every step and his whole life is a struggle; Coolidge took things as they came.



Some of the more romantic of the funeral bards tried to convert the farmhouse at Plymouth into a log-cabin, but the attempt was as vain as their effort to make a Lincoln of good Cal. His early days, in fact, were anything but pinched. His father was a man of substance, and he was well fed and well schooled. He went to a good college, had the clothes to cut a figure there, and made useful friends. There is no record that he was brilliant, but he took his degree with a respectable mark, proceeded to the law, and entered a prosperous law firm on the day of his admission to the bar. Almost at once he got into politics, and by the time he was twenty-seven he was already on the public payroll. There he remained without a break for exactly thirty years, always moving up. Not once in all those years did he lose an election. When he retired in the end, it was at his own motion, and with three or four hundred thousand dollars of tax money in his tight jeans.

In brief, a darling of the gods. No other American has ever been so fortunate, or even half so fortunate. His career first amazed observers, and then dazzled them. Well do I remember that hot Saturday in Chicago when he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Harding. Half a dozen other statesmen had to commit political suicide in order to make way for him, but all of them stepped up docilely and bumped themselves off. The business completed, I left the press-stand and went to the crypt below to hunt a drink. There I found a group of colleagues

listening to a Boston brother who knew Coolidge well, and had followed him from the start of his career.

To my astonishment I found that this gentleman was offering to lay a bet that Harding, if elected, would be assassinated before he had served half his term. There were murmurs, and someone protested uneasily that such talk was injudicious, for A. Mitchell Palmer was still Attorney-General and his spies were all about. But the speaker stuck to his wager.

"I am simply telling you," he roared, "what I *know*. I know Cal Coolidge inside and out. He is the luckiest goddam —— in the whole world."



It seemed plausible then, and it is certain now. No other President ever slipped into the White House so easily, and none other ever had a softer time of it while there. When, at Rapid City, S. D., on August 2, 1927, he loosed the occult words, "I do not choose to run in 1928," was it prescience or only luck? For one, I am inclined to put it down to luck. Surely there was no prescience in his utterances and manoeuvres otherwise. He showed not the slightest sign that he smelt black clouds ahead; on the contrary, he talked and lived only sunshine. There was a volcano boiling under him, but he did not know it, and was not singing. When it burst forth at last, it was the Wonder Boy who got its blast, and was fried, boiled, roasted and fricasseed. How Dr. Coolidge must have chuckled in his retirement, for he was not without humor of a sad, necrotic kind. He knew Hoover well, and could fathom the full depths of the joke.

In what manner he would have performed himself if the holy angels had shoved the Depression forward a couple of years—this we can only guess, and one

man's hazard is as good as another's. My own is that he would have responded to bad times precisely as he responded to good ones—that is, by pulling down the blinds, stretching his legs upon his deck, and snoozing away the lazy afternoons. Here, indeed, was his one peculiar *Fach*, his one really notable talent. He slept more than any other President, whether by day or by night. Nero fiddled, but Coolidge only snored. When the crash came at last and the Wonder Boy began to smoke and bubble, good Cal was safe in Northampton, and still in the hay.



There is sound reason for believing that this great gift of his for self-induced narcolepsy was at the bottom of such modest popularity as he enjoyed. I mean, of course, popularity among the relatively enlightened. On lower levels he was revered simply because he was so plainly just folks—because what little he said was precisely what was heard in every garage and barber-shop. He gave the plain people the kind of æsthetic pleasure known as recognition, and in horse-doctor's doses. But what got him customers higher up the scale of humanity was something else, and something

quite different. It was the fact that he not only said little, and that little of harmless platitudes all compact, but did even less. The kind of government that he offered the country was government stripped to the buff. It was government that governed hardly at all. Thus the ideal of Jefferson was realized at last, and the Jeffersonians, who tend in these later days to be very well heeled, were delighted.

Well, there is surely something to say for that abstinence, and maybe a lot. I can find no relation of cause and effect between the Coolidge somnolence and the Coolidge prosperity, but it is nevertheless reasonable to argue that if the former had been less marked the latter might have blown up sooner. We suffer most, not when the White House is a peaceful dormitory, but when it is a jitney Mars Hill, with a tinpot Paul bawling from the roof. Counting out Harding as a cipher only, Dr. Coolidge was preceded by one World Saver and followed by another. What enlightened American, having to choose between either of them and another Coolidge, would hesitate for an instant? There were no thrills while he reigned, but neither were there any headaches. He had no ideas, but he was not a nuisance.

H. L. M.

YEGGS

BY JIM TULLY

THE yeggs are no more. Now and then, it is true, one reads of a safe being blown in a small town, but it is the work usually of amateur cracksmen, or "blasters," and never that of the most daring and colorful group of professional brigands ever known in the land. Defeated by the manufacturers of safes at last, the yeggs have retired from the scene.

They operated only at night. Neither thugs nor footpads, it was only when they were hard pressed that they ever did any one bodily injury. They are succeeded today by daylight stick-up men, the gutter-rat products of Prohibition, who become panic-stricken in the midst of a robbery, and murder at the slightest provocation.

Trained in a more lordly school, the yeggs had nothing in common with these hoodlums. A man did not suddenly become a yegg. It was like studying for the priesthood, or joining a high-toned Masonic lodge. The young applicant's character was observed closely. If he was too fond of gayety, of women and wine, he might talk too freely, and thus endanger his comrades. Many road-kids became yeggs. These young cast-outs from society generally took to the road from orphanage or reform school. Lads of spirit, they loved the freedom of wild wandering, and seldom returned to prosaic paths again.

If my sympathy for these boys is vast, it is because I was one of them. Young eagles, unable to fit into a social scheme built by

middle-class sparrows, they were nearly all distorted in time, their wings clipped, their spirits broken. But some of them got away—for example, Jack Dempsey, Stanley Ketchell, James Stevens, the able lumber-jack writer, and myself. I could name others: a famous sporting editor and a millionaire gambler. We flew down the narrow road and out of the dismal valley while the sparrows picked lice from their wings.

Like all men whose wisdom teeth are quickly cut, the yeggs learned early that only about one percent of the hordes of mankind can be trusted—and they were chary of half that one percent. Even when facing trial, they were often with difficulty induced to confide in lawyers, whom they regarded with contempt, as only pick-pockets with educations. Slow to trust, they were aware that the friend of today is the enemy of tomorrow, and guided all their actions accordingly.

There were few quarrels among them. They were not sentimental enough to want to go to their deaths scarred by the swords of their friends. Sharing glory, pelf, and danger alike, ambition and envy were weeds that flourished not among them.

They had a supreme contempt for all other thieves. Beethoven in a group of yodelers could not have been more solitary than a yegg among men who did not live as dangerously as himself. Dwelling in a land that thrives on melodrama rather than on thought, the yeggs moved sardonically in their mysterious realm. They fascinated

the newspaper reporters, who, even to this day, still talk of the high-school desperadoes who hold up scared bank clerks in daylight as yeggs. Thus the readers of newspapers believe that yeggs are still alert in crime, when it is only the débris of the gutter rattling in their shoes.

The police are aware that daylight bank-robbers are not yeggs. The former are always routed in a gun battle with cops, whereas yeggs used to fight their way out when outnumbered five to one. Several dead policemen were usually found after such a battle, but seldom, if ever, a dead yegg. With monotonous repetition the newspapers used the hackneyed words: "The yeggs made good their escape."

Having lived close to them for seven of my formative years, I learned their ways of life and was trusted by them. Why I did not become one of them is a problem for students of environment. Having become a writer, I am now a less honorable parasite, the contributor of nothing but words to a dying social system.

II

There have been many more or less accredited accounts of the origin of the word yegg. Some scholars insist that it came from John Yeag, a criminal of the yegg type. They are mistaken.

The word had its origin in San Francisco's Chinatown. At first given by the Chinese to the lowest of American mendicants, it was shifted to the highest and most daring of robbers by the newspaper reporters. The Chinese called American panhandlers yeggmen. They meant begmen, but were unable to pronounce a word beginning with b.

The original yeggs were called Johnson men. That was because, before explosives

began to be used, they opened safes with Johnson bars. Even today, in the underworld, thieves are sometimes spoken of as "members of the Johnson family." A Johnson bar was a steel crow-bar with a claw on the end like that of a carpenter's hammer. It was used by railroad section laborers to pull up spikes. The Johnson men used it to pry open the doors of the old-time safes. Needless to say, it was always stolen from a section house along the railroad. The word yegg quickly caught on in newspaper circles, for it was much simpler to say in a headline that a yegg had robbed a safe than to credit it to a Johnson man.

The small-town police were often ridiculed because of their inability to cope with yeggs. But William A. Pinkerton and his most astute detectives were equally at a loss. This son of Allan Pinkerton once said that if a man committed a crime and went on the road, finding him was like finding a needle in a haystack. The yeggs returned his admiration. Many a yegg has remarked of him to me, "He had plenty of larceny in him." It was a compliment; they wanted a man they admired to be like themselves.

Few yeggs were ever caught red-handed. If such a catastrophe did occur, their code was to shoot it out, and die with the guns of the police in their teeth. Their contempt for the police was immense. A yegg never obeyed the command, "Hands up!" He shot instead, and died, or won, where he stood. Three yeggs have been known to rout two dozen policemen armed with guns.

The lingo of the yegg was but little known to outsiders. The chief reason was that no yegg ever talked shop before strangers. Such writers as Josiah Flynt and Jack London were without intimate knowledge of the fraternity—Flynt because he was not trusted, and London for

the reason that his experience on the road was limited to about six months, several of which were spent in a New York jail.

London wrote of his experiences for a popular magazine: "It would take a deep plummet to reach bottom in the Erie County Pen, and I but skim lightly and facetiously the surface of things as I there saw them." A more gifted man than Flynt, who was only a dull and painstaking investigator, London often told more than he knew, for rich rewards.

Flynt was the nephew of Frances E. Willard, the temperance fanatic. He dropped the name of Willard after serving a term as a horse thief, and going the way of the tramp. He wrote such books as "Tramping With Tramps" and "The Powers That Prey." In the latter he launched the word graft, as it is used in current speech.

A sly, shriveled little cigarette fiend, he wrote tedious articles about the men with whom he tramped, and became a vogue. The newspapers announced his death about twenty-five years ago. One critic compared him to the verbose Bible peddler, George Borrow. But Flynt is now forgotten, and Borrow still remains—one of the unbalanced kings of picaresque literature.

Toward the close of his life, Flynt became a "special investigator" for an Eastern railroad. To the wandering gentry he was simply another railroad detective. This explains the animus toward his memory in the dingy realms of vagabondia.

To a yegg, a bank was a *jug*, and a *keister* was the inside box of a safe, where the money was kept. The *bug* was the burglar alarm. A yegg's tools were known as *jigs*. Powder was called *puff* and the fuse a *string*. A *mark* was a safe that could be blown, and *to kipp* was to sleep.

Stealing clothing or articles in such a way that they would not be missed from

the stock was called *weeding a joint*. The section boss of a railroad was a *king snipe*. Throwing merchandise off trains while they were traveling swiftly was called *rattling up*.

The *office* among yeggs was the method by which they warned one another that a stranger was listening. Like all that pertained to them, it was very simple. The fingers of the left hand might be rubbed over the left eye several times; the right hand might smooth a coat lapel. At once the conversation was changed.

Perhaps half the yeggs of twenty or thirty years ago were Irish; the rest were English or American. None were of Latin blood. Only two high-class yeggs were colored—Maracopa Red and Toronto Mac. The former was part Yaqui Indian; the latter was high yellow.

The yegg lived in a world of silence. No Jesuit was ever a greater master of himself. Coming in the night and going in the night, he was never heard.

If a yegg should weaken ever so little in the bull ring (the primeval term for what is now called the third degree), he was ostracized forever. No explanation sufficed. I have seen such ostracized yeggs hovering dejectedly about jungle campfires, forlorn as Benedict Arnold, never to be taken into comradeship again. The news in such cases traveled swiftly to the jungles of the nation.

III

The bull ring was an ordeal for a strong heart.

Taken into a room which contained maybe a chair and a table, the yegg was surrounded by a half dozen or more guardians of American civilization. A questioner sat in the chair; the yegg stood in front of the table.

The questioning began. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there was no answer. There was a belief among yeggs that the pain of the bull ring was best assimilated when the tongue was curled tightly upward, and the lips pressed together.

Soon the ceremonies started. The yegg's arms were twisted backward and his elbows beaten with black-jacks until they were black and blue. His shoes were removed and his feet stamped upon and scraped until the toe-nails were loose. His shins were kicked, and his knees were pounded with black-jacks, as were his elbows. Then his head was beaten with a rubber hose until the scalp broke. His face became swollen; his eyes closed.

As the blind and silent yegg groped before his persecutors, his eyes were opened wide by rough fingers, and a glaring light was thrown against the unprotected eyeballs. When he was able to walk, he usually went through the same agony again. The cops of those days were hearty fellows. But the yegg was banned by his fellows if he weakened under their treatment.

The laws of Sparta were not so inexorable as the code of the yeggs. As tight as a rope around a dead man's neck, it often made suspicion a fact, and circumstantial evidence a verdict of death. Like all primitive men who make laws to save themselves, the yeggs were unaware of humor. Like Woodrow Wilson, they had one-track minds. They talked of dead comrades as if they were still present at the jungle fires.

The yeggs smiled at the "Alias Jimmy Valentine" brand of fiction. There were no super-sensitive fingers among them, and neither did they listen to the click of the safe lock with a stethoscope. Their method was far simpler. They would first try to open a safe by the day combination. It was often known to several people, and was far

less complicated than the combination which locked the safe at night. The latter was made more difficult on purpose, for safes were robbed in the night.

The yeggs assumed several things which long experience had taught them were often correct. First, as most people are right-handed, they knew that the day combination would, in most cases, be so arranged as to open if turned to the right. They knew that, in at least two cases out of three, the employé told off for the business, upon leaving the bank, would forget or neglect to lock the safe with the night combination.

They would start the day combination to the right from the notch where the dial was set. They moved it forward one notch, then back to the starting point. They moved it two notches forward, then back to the starting point, then three notches forward, and back to the starting point. They kept this up, notch by notch and then back to the starting point, until they hit the notch that unlocked the safe. If the lock did not respond to the right-hand turn, they would reverse to the left, and go through the same procedure.

The night combination was usually far more difficult. A yegg might work on it for hours and yet fail to open the safe. As he never set to work until after midnight, his time was limited, so he usually blew the safe immediately he discovered that it was locked on the night combination. But in a great many cases he opened it by the day combination, and avoided using explosives.

Another method of learning the combination was to ascertain where the bank cashier lived, at what time he went home, and by what lonely section he passed. In order to learn this, a yegg might follow the man for a week. He would then be kidnapped and forced to open the safe.

One such unfortunate fellow, feeling that he would be blamed for the robbery, committed suicide. The four guilty yeggs sent the widow a fifth of the plunder. The captain's comment was, "She ain't to blame for marryin' a rube; she was a rube herself." She returned the money to the bank, and the papers told of her action. Incensed, the same yeggs blew the safe two years later.

Directly after the World War, the yeggs shot hundreds of safes in several Middle Western States. The unregistered Liberty Bonds gathered in were purchased at a discount by crooked bankers, who were known as *juggers*. Millions of dollars worth of registered bonds, which could not be disposed of, were burned or buried in cornfields.

Some of the greatest Johnson men and yeggs emerged after the Civil and Spanish-American Wars. The graduates of the latter war had been for some years in full swagger when I first became a road-kid. The most daring pioneer among the yeggs had the high-sounding name of Langdon W. Moore.

Many tales were told of this redoubtable fellow—that he had once studied for the priesthood in Ireland, that in his cups, among other Johnson men, he would claim kinship with Tom Moore. Like all heroes, he grew in legend. His walk was swift, tigerish. A suave desperado of direct and fearful action, he was a gentleman farmer in his leisure and a man of polished appearance. He operated directly after the Civil War.

He once tried a daring ruse. A safe which he knew contained a great deal of money was near a window which faced the main street, and in too prominent a position for him to rob it without danger of being caught. But he improvised keys to open the bank doors, and decided to

take a chance. Then an idea came to him.

Hurrying into the bank when it had been opened but a few minutes one morning, he asked the cashier to change a bill of large denomination. The cashier reached for the key of the safe—they had keys, not combinations, in those days—to get the money.

The next Sunday, Mr. Moore entered the bank. Opening the safe with the key which hung where he had seen the cashier put it, he took from it more than a quarter of a million dollars. Locking the safe door, returning the key to its place, and then locking the front door, he left the bank, and drove back to his farm.

IV

A yegg's capacity for solitude was something at which to marvel.

He lived and died somewhere along the railroad in a jungle, or, once in a while, too old and battered to stand, in the place he dreaded most, the pogeys, or poorhouse. None, to my knowledge, ever became a jungle buzzard, the scavenger among hoboos.

A yegg was seldom sent to the penitentiary for a crime he had actually committed, but sometimes he went up on framed evidence, which perhaps evened the score. For though he might be convicted of one crime of which he was not guilty, he was beyond doubt guilty of fifty others. The law, blundering like fate, balanced the books as best it could. Without self-pity, the yegg took his punishment from the hated rubes with no whimper. He differed from most rascals in that, unjust himself, he did not expect justice from others.

Not even gypsies were as loyal in distress as yeggs. Since I have been heard of as a writer, old time rascals, recalling my

road-kid days, sometimes ask me to visit such and such an ageing scoundrel in a distant jail. I comply whenever possible.

One yegg that I thus visited had been incarcerated for nine years. Money, supplied by friends, came to him at regular times. This old fellow, doing "ten straight," would be released in a year. He had more than \$600 to his credit in the warden's office.

He had been arrested for "breaking and entering" a small store. The proprietor swore that there had been four silver dollars in the money-box. He identified the coins which the yegg had as his property. He even remembered the years in which the coins were turned out of the mint. In the face of such evidence, the yegg went down the road.

But he was entirely innocent. He had actually come to the town to locate a bank for a crew of yeggs, and happened to be in the vicinity of the crime of a less cunning fellow. When released, he went direct to Limping Wally.

Limping Wally is a crystal gazer. At seventy-nine, he might pass for fifty. His beardless face is square. The top of his head is hardly more than five feet from the ground. His shoulders are wide in proportion. He limps, for one of his legs is part wood. He never talks of the old days unless he is among what he terms his equals.

My last visit to him was a gala occasion. He was soon to marry a well-to-do old woman whom he had first hornswoggled out of several thousand dollars. A middle-aged woman, not the bride-elect, graced our gathering. She had a trunk full of lingerie. Limping Wally was buying his future wife's trousseau for her.

The haggling lasted late into the night, and much liquor was consumed. But even though drunk, Limping Wally was not

the man who believed in spoiling a bride with too much finery. Never will I forget his expression when the lady with the trunk asked three dollars for a pair of slip-ins.

"Why, they ain't nothin' *to* the damn things," he shouted.

"You ain't buyin' quantity but quality—lookit that lace and that silk." The lady petted the garment as if it were a kitten.

Limping Wally reluctantly bought it when he became convinced that it was a necessary part of a well-dressed bride's wardrobe.

When the lady had gone I said to him, winking at another yegg, "She couldn't possibly be a shoplifter, could she, Wally?"

"Shut your damn mouth! You writers are always thinkin' guilty of everybody. People ain't all crooked like yourselves."

When asked how he had lost his leg, Wally would answer, "In battle for my country, you goddam fool!"

He lost it by going back, under fire, to rescue a comrade from the bullets of the rubes.

It was in a small Missouri town. Wally was one of the two look-outs, or soldiers. The captain of the yegg crew was caught in a fusillade. Wally hurried back with another soldier and was shot twice below the knee. Under a hail of lead, his three companions dragged him out of danger.

Bloodhounds were hurried up, but Wally and his friends knew how to defeat the animals by a method which long baffled man-hunters. They smeared vaseline mixed with iodoform on the soles of their shoes. This upset the bloodhounds and threw them off the scent.

His comrades carried Wally to a jungle and probed for the bullets with knives. Within a week they got him to a hospital. Gangrene set in. The leg was amputated. So Limping Wally became a scout.

V

A scout went ahead of the crew. He found the banks, or marks. By the time he was through he knew approximately how many people might sleep in the block, and how many policemen, if any, were on duty at night. He learned if the night marshal was a 50-50 clown, that is, an officer who was on duty from twelve noon until twelve at night. To learn this, the scout followed him home at midnight and "put him to bed." He would do this for several nights to make sure that the town clown actually went home at the same hour every night.

Yeggs left nothing to chance. The scout learned whether or not a restaurant or other such place near the bank was open all night. If it closed at midnight and opened at six in the morning, he also knew that. If a store to be robbed was closed at midnight, he would make sure that no one entered until six in the morning by putting chewing-gum in the key-holes. This method was called locking the joint up.

By coincidence, scouts for two rival gangs once located the same bank. Each gang, unknown to the other, decided to rob it the same night. The first gang started working an hour earlier and got the money. They were forced to shoot a policeman in the get-away.

The other gang, unknowing, arrived at the bank just as the smoke of battle cleared. The police picked them up. As usual with yeggs, there were no identification marks on them. But the citizens of the town were enraged over the death of the policeman, and for several days the innocent yeggs came near being lynched. A high class mouth-piece (lawyer) was hurried to the rescue, and they were eventually released.

The scout located the telephone exchange—if there was one—before every

robbery and cut the wires. It was generally in charge of a girl during the early morning hours. Badly frightened, she was usually captured, but never hurt. The telephone companies later installed a wire which caused an alarm if cut. Thus another victory was scored against the yeggs.

They were engaged by their captain to commit a series of robberies as casually as if they were laborers. All the money obtained was divided equally. The captain, or chief mechanic, was the leader of the mob, which contained from three to five men, according to the size of the job. If the captain could do the work alone, the others remained outside as lookouts, or soldiers. The captain's word, until the crew disbanded, was absolute law.

They would meet in the jungle, and their common expression was, "I have a meet with So-and-so on the next moon." Yeggs studied the calendar, and never pulled a job until the dark of the moon. It was quite often two hours after midnight when they started to work. Always the moon was on the wane.

Yeggs never paid railroad fares. Instead, they rode on freights, and cut the air within a few miles of their destination. By the time the train had slowed down, they were safe in the darkness. They then walked to the meet in the jungle.

They often killed trainmen. The reason was simple. The trainmen molested them. These unfortunate men never learned to differentiate between yeggs and mere hoboes, and often paid with their lives for their lack of astuteness. For, once a yegg was on his way to a meet in the jungle, *he rode the train.*

A yegg never trusted, and seldom associated with, a woman. Their term for her was cow. They would often say, "A cow can't stand up in the bull ring."

During the dark of the moon, a crew

of yeggs might rob from three to five safes. This period lasted, according to their reckoning, about eight or nine days. Their plans were always accurate, their movements precise. They did the bulk of their stealing in the Fall of the year, and robbed but spasmodically during the Spring and Summer. They never robbed in Winter unless destitute.

They seldom, if ever, bought the dynamite sticks from which they boiled their soup, or nitroglycerine. That would have left a trail, and the buyer might have been identified. The sticks were stolen from quarries, or hardware stores, and dropped into hot water to melt. They were made like sausages, and the yeggs squeezed them when they melted. The soup floated to the top of the water, and they skimmed it off. Often the man wringing out the sticks was carried away from the scene, unconscious from the effects of the nauseating fumes. He awakened with a deadly headache.

Even Oklahoma Red, the strongest of the yeggs, was not immune from the effect of the fumes. It made him nearly blind with pain above his eyes. He would grasp his forehead as if to tear the skin away. But he would not consent when other yeggs offered to prepare the soup. This was not altogether through chivalry. He had once attempted to blow a safe with weak soup, which *he* had not boiled. To his deep chagrin, he was forced to use a Johnson bar on the door of the safe.

Oklahoma Red always considered himself fortunate if the night upon which he robbed a safe was one of thunder and rain. He liked to crack a safe at the exact moment a fast mail or freight train dashed through the town. He considered it necessary for his scouts to mention such items as the arrival and departure of trains in their reports.

VI

A terrifying and picturesque desperado, Oklahoma Red was a more powerful figure among yeggs than ever Jesse James was among outlaws. He had a turbulent and vivid career. Impressing me greatly in boyhood, he became the leading character in my book, "Beggars of Life," and was later impersonated on the stage in "Outside Looking In" by Charles Bickford, and on the screen by Wallace Beery.

A man of vast proportions, it is possible that he might have whipped any man on earth in a stand-up fight. Beyond six feet, burly as an ox, lithe as a tiger, and weighing over two hundred pounds, he would either dominate or kill. His mind was quick and powerful. He thought nothing of the morrow, and far less of personal safety. His walk was like Jack Dempsey's. There was rubber in his heels.

He once fought an immense Negro who dangled a razor before him. The hardest ruffian in the jungle was horrified at sight of the blade. It made a circle once that, had Oklahoma Red's head been where it was a second before, would have rolled it on the ground. Smiling calmly, while pushing out a powerful left, Red said: "Steady there, Nigger, steady there! I'm goin' to make that razor cut your *own* head off."

A jungle buzzard tried to kick the Negro in the shins. Oklahoma Red shouted, "Let him alone, I'll get him."

Red fainted with a left. The razor went high. Red's right went low to the Negro's groin. The Negro's eyes protruded, as large as eggs. He moaned as Red's left struck his forearm and turned the edge of the razor in his hand. Driven toward his face with horrible force, it laid it open. Groaning and writhing, the Negro fell.

Oklahoma Red had a diabolical sense of humor. His favorite tale was of Cautious

Charlie, a tottering and senile yegg who even in suicide remained true to his ancient code of war on the rubes. Confined in a county jail and sentenced for the rest of his life to the penitentiary, he was told one morning that the sheriff's safe had jammed. The nearest expert was three hundred miles away. Would he blow the door off?

He consented, if allowed to prepare his soup—alone. When ready, he bade farewell to the yegg confined with him. Ten minutes later he blew the safe out of the building, and the sheriff and himself into the lap of God.

Red literally grew up in the business of robbery. He had "joined out" with Shifty Mike, an old Irish yegg, who was one of the first of the Johnson men. Mike was still a scout when beyond eighty. A sublime old actor, he could mend an umbrella expertly while the police gazed in awe, like Goldsmith's rustics. That such a tottering old mendicant was the brains of a gang of yeggs never occurred to them. He had never been an hour in jail.

A sack of bones and gristle, his knees sagging when he walked, the hair falling from above his eyes, which, though bleared, were still eagle-quick, he lived on a farm, bought by his own plunder, until he was nearly a hundred.

The ex-yegg with whom he lived was a fellow of about seventy-five. Having little to do with their neighbors, the two old disciples of robbery in the night went doddering down the evening of the years.

Shifty Mike, in his toothless dotage, gave only the vaguest hints of his earlier years. His buzzard-like face resembled Voltaire's. A thief all his life, he claimed to have met only one honest man on the side of the law. He had forgotten his name.

Learning early that silence had a tendency to keep his grisly frame from deco-

rating a gallows, Mike did not talk to strangers. But on a Summer evening, with only his own people around, he would sit on the porch overlooking a valley, in which, ten miles away, was a bank he had once robbed, and talk of the old days.

Living in the past, he would explain how the bankers were shrewder in those old days, and how the yeggs, too, were smarter fellows. "Why, the yegg nowadays couldn't rob a china egg from a hin—ayven if she was off the nist."

A bachelor, like all yeggs, he did not mingle with the rubes. He had known every sort of hardship. One night, when drunk, he slept by a fire built of railroad ties. One turned over and burned a hole in his back. Unconscious, he was hurried to a doctor. Over eighty-five then, he survived to brag of the incident.

He had never had a cold. His leather body was immune to disease. "I'm the last old crow," he used to say, "bullets go right through me, an' steel don't cut me."

The tale was long told of how he once left a warm place by a jungle fire for a short walk. Returning, he found a huge Negro stretched out on the spot he had vacated. As if too tired to debate the issue with the usurper, he shot him and called to several jungle buzzards: "Take this coon away. Dead niggers stink by the fire."

The old man followed my doings as a writer with avid interest. He would talk proudly of me when I was not near. To me he would say, with a harsh cackle, "So you're a writer *now*." Then, sneering, "It's a sucker's game. They tell me women do it." As if unable to hold his contempt longer, he would ask, "What would Oklahoma Red say?"

All his badinage ended with the name of Oklahoma Red. The great yegg's death had left a scar across his hard old heart. His shriveled head would go from side to side.

"They blew the safe he came in, and they lost the combination," the old man used to say. "Thire's niver been but the one like him, and there'll niver be another. He was the greatest yegg that iver lived, *he was, he was.*" His head shook slowly—"And to die in Arkansaw—Holy Mither of God!"

I had carried the news of Red's death to Shifty Mike. I described how he missed his footing and the train got him.

"I didn't think the train iver run that was big enough to git him."

Often, during the years, I have wondered at the hidden possibilities in the dead yegg that was Oklahoma Red.

When he strutted across the New York stage in the person of the powerful Bickford, a bespectacled and flabby critic intimated that I had imagined him.

A man of awful spirit, his ghost still whistles in the hearts of those who knew him.

His heart was bitter and black, but through it gushed the hot red blood of courage. May the Winds of Eternity blow peacefully over his soul!

When Shifty Mike came to die, he made but one request, "Don't bury me among the rubes," he begged.

His ancient yegg comrade ignored the request. "What the hell's the difference?" he said, "If he don't like sleepin' with the rubes, he kin git up an' kick 'em out."

And so Shifty Mike reclines in a Methodist grave-yard. A pine cross, painted white, stands crookedly on his grave.

"Why'd you put a cross over him?" I asked his friend.

"For Christ's sake, you gotta have somethin' to show where he is, or the rubes 'ud fall over him."

I looked at the crooked cross and mused for a moment.

What had been the meaning of Shifty Mike's life? He was no ordinary man. He

rented his large farm to the so-called rubes, exacted his tribute from them, watched weeds and flowers grow with equal unconcern, and died, clinging to the last straw of life until his bloodless hands went stiff.

The words of his comrade broke in upon my thought, "Do you know—the rubes *charged* me fer this grave—an' Mike ownin' enough land to bury a million bankers!"

VII

It was Shifty Mike who won the last victory over the safe manufacturers.

Having at last made a safe of manganese steel that withstood nitroglycerine, they relaxed in their effort to outwit the yeggs.

Then Shifty Mike discovered that an acetylene torch could cut even manganese steel. Being a man of public spirit, he passed it on, and within a year the yeggs were operating everywhere with acetylene torches.

Robbing safes became so easy that stealing became a bore. Yeggs began to travel and take it easy. One, more ignorant than the rest, deserted the jungle and joined a metaphysical society. Others, like Mike, bought farms and lived in their habitual solitude among the rubes.

Then the cruel manufacturers turned out a torch-proof safe. Mike was in his dotage. The war was over.

The yeggs faced their Waterloo with more poise than Napoleon, and went to their different St. Helenas, defeated at last, in silence. They lived out their code.

Not one went over to the enemy. Not one reformed and preached the Gospel.

Their blood-stained trails are now obliterated. They have passed into that Nirvana where bullets whiz not in the night, and bankers lay not up riches to tempt their turbulent hearts.

WHITE MEAT

BY GEORGE MILBURN

ALL Summer long they sat rocking. They rocked and they talked and they never took any decisive action about their rights in the white meat at Mrs. Nettleton's board. Nearly all of them had come to spend the entire season. Every time there was a vacancy they would see Mrs. Nettleton's small advertisement reappear in the resort columns of the *Sunday Times*:

PINE CREST MANSION, LAKE TRIAD, N. Y.—
Mountain scenery, broad piazza, Southern
cooking. \$18 wk & up. Christians only.
No invalids accepted.

They sat rocking and their rockers thrummed a hollow undertone on the board, screened-in piazza of Pine Crest Mansion. Over on the other side of the lake, where the pine crest really was, carded clouds browsed on the ridge like sleepy fowls. Long black lines of traffic fried continuously over the concrete at the foot of the barren slope, and sometimes an outboard motor moved a dab of frosting across the cool bright surface of the lake. This they did not see or hear. They leaned toward one another over the arms of their rocking chairs, very discreetly, talking in subdued voices about the white meat.

Each of them had lived wisely enough to have acquired a competence and all of them had lived long enough to have learned the aptness of platitudes. Even if it had occurred to them that they were carrying out a hackneyed theme with their unrest about the white meat, it would have

made no difference. Daily the subject grew more vital, not more banal, and daily their interest in it was excited and renewed.

Usually, along in the afternoon, four of them would get up a table of contract, but they had a hard time keeping their minds on their cards, because the white meat was always on their minds. Who dealt? They were moved by indignation about the white meat, although they concealed their true feelings before Mrs. Nettleton. Their indignation was strong and furtive when they were alone together on the broad, shady piazza. Who dealt? But they did not know what they could do about it. They were not sure what their rights in the white meat actually were. Who took that last trick? Even testy old Judge Leftwich, the boldest of them, a retired surrogate occupying one of the \$30-a-week bedrooms, never did anything more than to exclaim hoarsely that by Jupiter they were paying for the white meat and they ought to be getting the white meat, and to champ and glare when the others on the broad piazza shushed him and glanced nervously over their shoulders to see whether Mrs. Nettleton was within earshot.

She was not a woman who could be approached on such a subject, because she had given them to understand that she was a Southern lady who had been reduced. The loss of her husband had brought her to taking in Summer board-

ers. Before her paying guests Mrs. Nettleton was always very genteel and gracious, but she did not permit them any illusions about her charity, taking them in like that and accepting their paltry \$18-a-week-and-up. They were all Northerners, so they could appreciate her attitude. Mrs. Nettleton made her large mouth rather small when she talked and she often prefaced her remarks with a soft little *oo-wup-uh!* and, while she did not use a lorgnette, she had a way of holding her eyebrows high and her neck arched that always made her guests feel as if she were looking at them through a lorgnette. So they would have no more complained to Mrs. Nettleton about the white meat than they would have suggested to her that she shave off her sparse, colorless whiskers. Mrs. Nettleton was not a woman with whom one could be impulsive. But for all that there was dissatisfaction among the boarders, even though it always remained a velleity.

And they rocked and they talked and there was only one topic of moment. The only thing that broke the monotony of the long bright Summer days was the arrival of the mail, or, at infrequent intervals, the arrival of a new guest from the city, a spinster school teacher or a mother-in-law shipped off for vacation. The initiation was usually accomplished in a day or two of guarded conversation, and the routine would be scarcely ruffled.

Soon after lunch Oscar, the house boy, would climb into the station wagon and coast off down the crunching drive. Thirty minutes later the train whistle would echo mournfully through the valley and Oscar would come jouncing back up the hill in a spray of gravel, bearing the mail. Mrs. Nettleton subscribed privately for the New York *Times* and the Atlanta *Constitution*, and she would retire to her bedroom with

her newspapers. When tea-time came she would come back out on the broad piazza, twiddling her spectacles and rustling her crumpled newspapers, ready with her comment on current events. This digest of the day's news was an office that Mrs. Nettleton performed with a full sense of her responsibility and she made her opinions unequivocal and absolute.

"Oo-wup-uh!" Mrs. Nettleton would say, putting down her spectacles and the untidy roll of newspapers and assuming her pouring position by the tea table. "Ah see by the *Constitution* whuh they attended to anothuh negrah in Miss'ippi last Sad'dy. Lemon, Mis' Chambahs? Well, it wouldn' bothah me none if they wiped them all out, the black scounduls. Is it *you* that don' take sugah, Judge Leftwich?"

Mrs. Nettleton was obsessed with a great bitterness toward the entire black race, and she was fond of introducing racial news at these informal little afternoon discussions. When the cool breezes were blowing at Pine Crest Mansion the dog days were wearing on in the Southland, and Mrs. Nettleton's newspaper kept her supplied with brief reports of the current nigger hunts. These were items about which Mrs. Nettleton could be most voluble.

She often reported, with a trilling little laugh, a conversation she had once had in New York City. "And he says to me, 'How do you stand on the negrah question, Mis' Nettleton?' and Ah laughs and says to him, 'Mah deah suh, Ah didn' know they *was* a negrah question until Ah come Nawth and seen negrah bucks ridin' settin' down in the subway when white ladies was standin' up!'"

Southerners did not come to Pine Crest Mansion. Her guests were New Yorkers, the firmest respecters of the Southern tra-

dition. Occasionally, of course, there arrived one of those intrepid Yankees who would be pleased to flout Southern womanhood by taking issue with Mrs. Nettleton. But these regrettable encounters were rare and Mrs. Nettleton always acted with great calm and dispatch. Then the other boarders would anticipate seeing her small advertisement reappear in the *Sunday Times* and the amicable atmosphere of Pine Crest Mansion would be restored.

The Summer boarders were not puzzled by Mrs. Nettleton's unusual virulence against Negroes. They had their own explanation for it. It was whispered among them that her husband had been murdered by a Negro. The boarders' rumors described Mrs. Nettleton's husband as having been removed in a variety of ways, but it was always accomplished by a Negro. They sympathized with her even when, among themselves, they did not feel that they could go all the way with her in her attitude toward colored folks. But when one has suffered, they agreed, it makes a difference.

II

Mrs. Nettleton talked about her husband at great length, but she confirmed none of these rumors about the manner of his death. All of the boarders, however, were convinced that he had met it at the hands of a Negro, even though Mrs. Nettleton had never told them so. The reverent tone in which she spoke of him, at least, made him a man definitely and remotely dead.

"Why!" she told some favored female guests one day, rolling her eyes and talking back of her hand, "when Mr. Nettleton was alive Ah nevah so much as touched a slop-jah!"

She liked to recount the manly virtues that had shone in Mr. Nettleton as they

can shine only in a Southern gentleman. True, he had been a gambling man and he had gambled all around, but Mr. Nettleton had been a sportsman, never a sport. Mrs. Nettleton made that distinction quite clear to her boarders. He had been a man of wealth, an owner of race horses. She often related how Mr. Nettleton had won Pine Crest Mansion on the turn of a single card one night at Saratoga. Easy come, easy go. After the gambling debts were paid in the best Southern tradition, and after the stables were sold, all that Mrs. Nettleton had left to her were her diamonds and Pine Crest Mansion and two small daughters.

Nowadays the daughters attended Barnard, finishing their educations. They always arrived at Pine Crest in June, not long after the first paying guests. They were two pretty brunettes, silent and well-behaved. They seldom smiled and they spoke only when spoken to. If their Summer isolation from other young people made them unhappy, they never complained to the boarders. They appeared only at luncheon and dinner, and they maintained a bland aloofness that rather awed the elderly clientèle at Pine Crest. In the Winter the three of them, the mother and her daughters, all lived together in a female residential club in West One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Second street. Then in May Mrs. Nettleton, harbinger of Southern cooking and Summer ease, would set forth to reopen Pine Crest Mansion for another season.

Mrs. Nettleton usually talked on one or another of four topics when she presided at the dinner table. She liked to talk about her lamented husband, that handsome, dashing Southern gentleman from Atlanta. She liked to describe the opulence from which she and her two daughters had fallen when Mr. Nettleton had passed away. She enjoyed talking about the black race, talking

very bitterly about the filthy, lustful brutes, expressing her hatred and scorn in the strongest words of abuse a Southern lady is permitted. But most of all Mrs. Nettleton liked to brag on her two daughters.

Agnes sat at Mrs. Nettleton's right and Irene sat at Mrs. Nettleton's left and all the paying guests sat ranged around the table listening to Mrs. Nettleton venerate Mr. Nettleton and regret her reduction and loathe negroes and praise her two lovely daughters to their faces. Of all the girls at Barnard, Agnes and Irene were the most popular. Of all the girls at Barnard, Agnes and Irene made the highest grades, unless the professor happened to be partial. Agnes and Irene danced wonderfully. Agnes and Irene sang beautifully. Agnes and Irene had been remarkable babies and extraordinary small girls. Agnes and Irene wrote better themes than any of this stuff that gets published. Agnes and Irene were clever. Sometimes they got off the cutest things. In New York the suitors waited on Agnes and Irene Indian file.

Agnes and Irene sat looking down modestly at their untouched plates, two plump, pretty girls, sloe-eyed and shy. They never interrupted while their mother was talking, and they neither affirmed nor denied what she said about them. They sat toying delicately with their food. They ate very little at the table.

"Oo-wup-uh! Ah simply caint get mah guls to eat hahty!" Mrs. Nettleton would say, beaming on Agnes and Irene and then toward her guests assembled. "Sometimes Ah think they'll just swivel up and blow away, not eatin' any mo' than they do. Ah always like to see a puhson eat hahty, but mah guls nevah did. Ah guess Ah haven't got much right to complain mah ownse'f, though!"

Then the paying guests would all exchange secret, meaningful glances. Mrs.

Nettleton wasn't fooling them at all. They knew that she and her daughters filled up in the kitchen before the waitress sounded the chimes to call *them* in from the broad piazza. Filled up on the choicest white meat, too. So when the fried chicken, crisp and tawny, cut up and cooked Southern style under Mrs. Nettleton's supervision, was passed around there were never more than three or four teasing pieces of white meat on the platter. There were drumsticks and necks and backs and even thighs aplenty, but the breasts were missing,—devoured, the boarders were convinced, by Mrs. Nettleton and her two daughters before the meal.

"Oo-wup-uh!" Mrs. Nettleton would say. "It seems lak mah daughtahs don' eat enough to keep a buhd alive!" And Mrs. Nettleton's two pretty daughters, one on her right hand and one on her left hand, stuffed with white meat before the paying guests ever had a chance at it, would flutter their long, dark eyelashes and dabble languidly at the food on their plates.

That was what disturbed the boarders so much. They felt that Mrs. Nettleton wasn't doing right, having deprived them of the white meat, to remind them of their deprivation. But Agnes and Irene, so placid and beautiful, and with their patrician aloofness, seemed beyond reproach and the boarders found it difficult to imagine them in the kitchen gobbling up the white meat. And yet they knew it must be so.

Then one night at dinner Agnes, the youngest and prettiest daughter, astounded them all, her mother included. Mrs. Nettleton had been describing a particularly luscious lynching that she said she had once had the pleasure of attending in Georgia. She was a madcap young girl at the time. A most irregular thing for a Southern girl to do, but just for the lark, they understood. Youth, just youth! It was one of Mrs. Net-

tleton's favorite anecdotes and it was too familiar to everyone there to be harrowing to anyone. She had scarcely got going good on the details of the torture when Agnes looked up and interrupted sharply. "Mother," she said, "you ought to be ashamed, telling that disgraceful story at the table!"

Mrs. Nettleton rared back in her chair with an equine gesture and she gasped, "Ashamed? Ashamed! Well, Ah nevah!"

"Yes, ashamed!" said Agnes. "You don't seem to realize that a real *lady* would never gloat over such horrible things. The upper classes do not hate the Negro. It's only the whites who are in economic conflict with the Negro who —"

"Aggie! Hush yo' mouth! Stop talkin' to yo' mothah in that disrespectful mannuh!" Mrs. Nettleton exclaimed harshly.

Agnes stared straight into her mother's eyes for a moment and her lips were pressed together in the same way that Mrs. Nettleton's were pressed and her chin was tilted at the same angle that Mrs. Nettleton's chins were tilted. At last she looked down at her plate again, but her hands were trembling so violently that her fork rattled against her plate. Irene did not even glance up. The boarders ate in silence for a few minutes while Mrs. Nettleton glared at her youngest daughter, still as much in surprise as in anger. After a while Mrs. Nettleton changed her expression, simpered, and said with frigid sarcasm, "Ah reckon the next thing Ah know you'll up and tell folks that you'd just as leave *marry* a negrah!"

Agnes pushed back her chair suddenly and stood up. "If I loved him I certainly would," she said firmly. Then she tossed down her napkin and thudded flat-heeled out of the room.

The blood came back to Mrs. Nettleton's face darkly and bright sweat stippled her

forehead and she strained to breathe. Old Judge Leftwich jumped up quickly and, wetting his napkin with drinking water, began to make passes at Mrs. Nettleton's face. But she waved him back haughtily and groaned that she would be all right. She sat with one hand pressed against her bosom, drawing deep breaths for several minutes and then she looked toward her electrified guests.

"Some fool college professuh has put that notion into that child's head," Mrs. Nettleton panted apologetically. "Ah swan, it's just a question whethuh a body is doing right these days to try and give they childun a college education. So many infidels and bolsheviks and negrah-lovuhs and I don' know what all teaching in the colleges now'days. That's the kind of stuff childun gets in college now'days. That's whuh Aggie got that notion. Aggie nevah got no notion lak *that* at home!"

III

After dinner the boarders all filed out on the broad piazza, leaving Mrs. Nettleton alone in the dining-room. They hadn't quite got their bearings yet. They were puzzled and distressed. It was all so extremely unusual. As they rocked they could hear murmurs of a protracted battle filtering through the walls of the Nettleton suite overhead.

Presently old Judge Leftwich clicked his false teeth and chuckled low. He said, back of his hand, "That kid's a chip off of the old block, all right. The old lady's going to have a hard time quelling *that* kid, let me tell you."

"It's all so *very* unusual," breathed Miss Ernestine Watts, the schoolteacher from Brooklyn.

"I feel so *sorry* for Mrs. Nettleton," Mrs. Traylor whispered. "I always say a per-

son slaves and cares for a child, bringing them up, and then what thanks does a person get? I know what it is to suffer from a child's ingratitude myself."

The following day there was a persistent coolness between Mrs. Nettleton and Agnes. Irene seemed not to be taking sides, one way or the other. Agnes sat gazing sullenly down at her plate without even picking up her fork. Mrs. Nettleton avoided the controversial subject at meals, but she redoubled her laudatory comment on Irene and she did not mention Agnes at all.

This went on for a week. The boarders carefully pretended not to notice that anything had gone wrong. They kept up this pretense before Mrs. Nettleton and her two daughters. But as soon as they were alone together on the broad piazza they resumed their murmured discussion of the family rift. The tension was growing unbearable to them. Their excitement would take their minds off the indignity of the white meat for hours at a time.

One noon they came in to lunch and found that both of Mrs. Nettleton's daughters were absent from the table. Agnes and Irene had never come down for breakfast, so they had not been missed earlier in the day. Mrs. Nettleton's face was fixed in a grim smile and she explained nervously that the girls had gone away the night before for a short visit to their cousins in Syracuse. It was obvious to the boarders that she was telling a falsehood.

IV

Day by day they saw Mrs. Nettleton's fleshy, complacent face go haggard with the little gullies of care and fear. She kept her face set in a languishing smile, but she fell into strange silences and whole meals would pass without her having uttered more than a dozen words.

One afternoon, not long after the mail had come up, the time of the siesta, Mrs. Nettleton came plunging forth on to the broad piazza, her yellowish-white hair dishevelled, her eyes blurred red, hysterical sobs billowing her bosom. She bore a crumpled, tear-splotted letter, and she wailed out a report of its contents. It was from Agnes and Irene. The postmark showed that they were in East Orange, N. J. They had jobs selling Real Silk hosiery from house to house. They weren't ever going to live with their mother again. They were sick and tired of Summer boarders, fried chicken and Negro baiting. They were both of age and they were going to be their own bosses from now on.

Mrs. Nettleton's paying guests, clucking and murmuring, rallied with their sympathy. Mrs. Chambers chattered endlessly about how her niece Helen, her sister Ella's child, had done the very same thing. Ran off with a vaudeville team and then wrote exactly the same sort of letter home to her mother. And Mrs. Traylor kept asking everyone whether her son Clarence had not been just as heartless, marrying a young snip and sending his mother off to spend the Summer alone, the first time they had been separated in thirty-five years.

Meanwhile Mrs. Nettleton's hysteria had risen to a point terrifying to behold. The others stood around, aimlessly trying to comfort her. But every time one of them would lay hands on her, her sobs would become shrieks and she would fling herself about the porch like a mad woman.

"God knows Ah did evuhthing Ah could foh mah guls! God knows Ah tried to give mah guls evuh advantage! God knows Ah did!" And her insane cries echoed against the mountain and came trailing back across the lake. All of a sudden she yelled, "It's the low-down Nettleton in them! None of mah folks would

evuh have done a trashy thing lak this! That low-down Nettleton tribe *was pah*t *niggah*! Evahbody knowed that was why he left the place he was from. But Ah nevah knowed it! Ah nevah knowed it till Ah'd had two babies by they daddy. Befo' God, Ah left him the day Ah found it out. As God is mah witness Ah left they daddy when Ah found out what he was!"

Her gaping guests no longer tried to subdue her. They stood back as frightened and embarrassed by her revelation as they would have been if she had stripped off her clothing. They stood helpless while her hysteria ran its course. She began wailing again, "Ah tried to do foh mah guls! God knows Ah tried!" Soon she collapsed on a porch swing, moaning in sing-song, "Mah guls! Mah po' li'l guls!"

It was a touching thing to see a woman once so proud now so humble. The boarders finally got her off to her chamber upstairs and they deposited her on her bed, a sodden, miserable old woman. She was all alone in the world and they felt a great wave of pity for her.

That evening at dinner there was fried chicken again, the first that had been served since Agnes and Irene ran away. There was plenty of white meat for everyone. They ate their fill of white meat.

Somewhat sluggish from overeating, they moved back out on to the broad piazza. They sat rocking and they were silent for a while. A butter-colored moon bobbed against the pine crest across the lake. Someone belched softly in the dark. Occasionally a throat was cleared with abrupt garrumps.

Once or twice they made uneasy attempts to start a conversation. Mrs. Traylor stopped rocking for a moment and leaned over an arm of her chair and said, "Well, I always say you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" But no one had any interest in recalling the frightful things that had happened that afternoon. They searched for something else to talk about, but they were unable to find a subject of common interest. Presently the only sound was that of the rocking chairs muttering on in the darkness.

The hovering, vague discontent gradually settled over them. None of them knew the reason for their discontent. They had the white meat now. But there was something lacking. Something that they had had before was gone. One by one the rocking-chairs went quiet. One by one the boarders stood up, mumbled, and went off to bed. There was really nothing left to talk about.

THE COPS OF NEW YORK

BY STANLEY WALKER

IT WAS a cold night in January, 1918, and John F. Hylan was entering upon what was to be a period of eight fabulous years as Mayor of New York City. Hylan, the former motorman who at that time had a curious hold on the electorate, lay a-tossing with his dreams in the darkness of his bedroom in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. It was five years later, in a speech, that he confessed what happened that night, and it was this: a voice came out of the foggy Freudian borderland, calling insistently and with authority:

"Get rid of Bugher. He will make trouble. Enright . . . Enright is the man."

That is how it came about that Mayor Hylan, known with tolerant affection as Red Mike, supplanted Frederick H. Bugher, who had held the office of Police Commissioner for three weeks, with Richard E. Enright, a talkative and extremely ambitious police lieutenant with a mop of curly gray hair which had brought him the nickname of Silver Dick. Enright lasted eight years. He was replaced as one of the first genuinely constructive acts of the new Mayor, James J. Walker, of sainted memory.

It is by such insubstantial things as dreams, the chance suggestion of a reporter, the desire to reward an old friend, or the whisper of a political boss at a dinner, that Police Commissioners in New York are often made or broken. The wonder is that the town occasionally gets a good one.

But it is a difficult job, and few of the good ones last long. Always the Police Department, when the hot and cold winds of civic and political righteousness begin to blow, is the whipping boy of the reformers. It may be an unsolved murder, or bribery, or brutality, or booze, or gambling, or prostitution—whatever it is, the police are always open to attack, whether rightly or wrongly. The head of the department thus occupies the most vulnerable spot in the administration. He can't begin to please everybody. Most citizens don't understand his job, know nothing of the law, and have an ingrained opposition to cops anyhow.

And yet New Yorkers, for all their snarling at the police, and regardless of who is Commissioner, still have a certain fondness for the force. The department now has, roughly, 20,000 men. It is hampered some, as always, by Tammany interference, but not so much as many persons believe, and certainly not so much as in the old days. The recruits in recent years have been of an increasingly sounder type. Promotion is usually pretty much on merit. In ordinary decency and courtesy to the harried plain citizen there has been a vast improvement. Physically, the cops are among the best specimens to be found anywhere; mentally, though few among them are giants, they have come a long way from the dumb and surly flatfeet one used to know. It takes definite ability to pass an examination for promotion into the higher ranks.

In such a large group there are, of course, both hold-up men and heroes, yellow-bellied sneaks and the bravest fellows on earth, double-crossers and men who are more to be trusted than the average bishop, philanderers and home boys, drunkards and teetotalers, stupid oafs and readers of good books, bullies and gentle souls. They are all there on the force which some admirer long ago called the Finest. Two of them recently were charged with helping some gangsters kidnap a bootlegger and hold him for ransom. But the work of the seventeen detectives who caught the gangsters goes a long way toward answering the complaint that there is no really high-class detective work being done any more.

What a job the cops have on their hands! New York has its overtones of true splendor, its full complement of really decent citizens, and all that sort of thing, but it also has the most appalling aggregation of conscienceless cut-throats and ravening hyenas ever turned loose on a rich and supine city. Worse than Chicago? Well, there never has been anything quite like Chicago's St. Valentine's day massacre, but for all-round thuggery the New York boys, if they wanted to make out a case for themselves, would have little trouble proving their superiority.

It is possible, to be sure, for a citizen to live a long life in New York without molestation either from the underworld or the police (that is, if he is insensible to the various forms of extortion and racketeering which indirectly affect his pocketbook), but there is no use denying that a large part of the population of the town is made up of as sinister, reckless, perverted and hopelessly damned individuals as may be found anywhere. They range from the smart Broadway gunman, who would take his own grandfather for

a ride if there was anything in it for him, to the utterly depraved rat in his Harlem cellar; from the unnaturally smart madam of the infamous mansion in the Fifties to the shoplifting little chippy in Union Square.

Bank robbers, murderers, racketeers, bomb-throwers, brothel-keepers and confidence men have been shown, time and again, to have an interest in night clubs and speakeasies where nice people go to have their idea of good clean fun. In many cases it has been shown that the police themselves were in on the play. New Yorkers, to say nothing of the out-of-town people who visit the city and help give it its infamous reputation, want their alcohol and their amusement, and the harpies will continue to give it to them, just as they always have. About the best that New Yorkers can hope for is that some of Mayor Gaynor's old ideas of outward order and decency will remain, that the more glaring crimes will be punished quickly, that the cop found grafting will be kicked off the force, and that the Commissioner will remain the type of man in whom the people have some degree of confidence.

Out of the mess of minor crimes, thievings and skullduggery there sometimes comes a day when business is a little brisker than usual. Such a day was last December 15, when the Associated Press sent out the following summary:

The crime wave which led Police Commissioner Mulrooney to issue a shoot first order to his force yesterday, after the slaying of a patrolman, continued today with the following developments:

Five bandits robbed a bank of \$15,000, threw tear-gas bombs, and escaped after a long chase.

Four robbers held five persons at bay with pistols and escaped with \$1,000 from an apartment-house safe.

The proprietress of a Brooklyn boarding-

house was found beaten to death in her locked room.

Two bandits bound and gagged a Brooklyn dentist and escaped with \$20 in cash and a medical kit.

A bomb damaged the home of a retired Brooklyn furrier, who had been involved in labor troubles.

Dr. William J. Walsh, physician to the New York Giants, died from bullet wounds inflicted by a "patient," who killed himself when escape was cut off.

Truly a sad business. But in fairness to the police it should be set on record that in the case of the bank robbery, the thugs identified as having been responsible were rounded up a few days later by good police work. They were the usual sort of young gunmen, of the type which abounds in great numbers in almost every American city of any size and which gives the police their greatest problem. It is amazing that so many of them are caught and sent to prison when one considers the many possible avenues of escape.

II

What are the cops like? I have dealt with them as a newspaper man for many years, beginning with the days when I cooled my heels in police stations and fumed until a detective condescended to tell me why he thought the Polack put the girl in the furnace, or how that arson suspect really spelt his first name, or why that little mug he brought in a while ago got those black eyes. There have been many not very exciting experiences, but last year my advice was asked on a matter of crime prevention, and the Commissioner and I, if anyone cares, call each other by our first names.

Cops have refrained from socking friends of mine who probably deserved to be socked. They have been very stern indeed with a few scoundrels who have committed

crimes against my noble and beautiful profession. They have been grateful for tickets, and kind words, and sympathy, and an occasional bit of helpful publicity. They have stood at bars with me and told me of their starved boyhoods, their outlandish ideas, and their little griefs. Once, when I told one of them of a man who had attempted to do a frightful thing to me, I had to restrain him from performing, in his misguided friendship, an unmentionable deed of revenge, for I was not that angry.

Therefore I suppose I am a sort of police buff, and I like the cops, for all their occasional stupidity and venality. That is one reason why, as I grew older and feebler and gave out assignments to young reporters with good legs, I was always puzzled by the fact that so few newspaper writers have any genuine liking for police and crime stories. I have also wondered why there are so few outstanding police reporters. There are such reporters of many years' experience who cannot name twenty patrolmen and detectives with whom they are really well acquainted.

The reason, I imagine, is that the run-of-mill material of crime news, after a time, has a certain sameness to it, and would bore anybody, and that the atmosphere of station houses becomes very depressing after one has smelled it for a few years. Even so, the doings of the cops always have seemed to me to be full of rich stuff, and though friends of mine, veterans of newspaper work, have gone to their deathbeds screaming that there never was a good cop, I'd still rather have dinner with any half-dozen detectives I could name than with the American Academy of Arts and Letters in full regalia.

The cop, man and beast, will repay the careful study of anyone who cares to set himself to the task. In general, it will be

found that they are uniformly brave when facing danger, that they have a brutal contempt for the lower types of criminal, that they regard extra money received from certain sources as entirely legitimate, that they will stick together and lie their heads off if necessary when one of their number is in trouble, that they are more than ordinarily susceptible to flattery, that they have their favorite lawbreakers whom they designate as right guys, and that they are likely to fawn on any man of wealth, even though that man may be no better than an ordinary thug. That is to say, they are somewhat like everybody else in America. As persons, they exhibit the same variations and contradictions which might be found in any other group of men of that size. Some individual examples:

There is a New York detective who is so kindly that he was once caught sitting on a doorstep helping a little Italian boy with his algebra lessons. This same man, beside whom, when aroused, a mad lion seems like a pansy, was once charged with beating up a prisoner and then throwing him from the second-story window of a tenement.

A police sergeant, known among his fellows as a master of chicanery, and never notable for his civic spirit, was walking down a side street one night when he saw a ten-year-old boy knock over a can of garbage. He asked the boy very politely to help him put the mess back where it belonged, and then delivered a kindly lecture on the beauties of clean streets. The youngster was flabbergasted.

The first Negro on the New York police force, Sam Battle, was subjected to an unmerciful hazing during his early days. But he took it patiently, proved his competence and bravery, and his white colleagues became his good friends.

A detective was fined thirty days' pay

and put back in patrolman's uniform after he had been found guilty of associating at a social affair with criminals, of failing to report promptly the ensuing robbery of the party, of entering a place on the suspect list, and of carelessness in betraying to the robbers that he had a pistol, which was taken from him. This man, who had a record of considerable valor back of him, has since distinguished himself by working hard on difficult cases while off duty.

A patrolman reported that he had saved the life of a longshoreman who had fallen into the Erie Basin. He received a reward of \$100 from a newspaper and was cited for bravery by the honor board of the department. But strange rumors reached headquarters. Finally, investigators threw the cop into a pool of water seven feet deep. He couldn't swim a stroke. He was dismissed from the department, but was reinstated by the next Commissioner.

One of the swankiest speakeasies, owned by old offenders against the laws of God and man, and patronized by some of the smartest detectives on the force, was raided on the complaint of a neighbor who could not be ignored. Some of the cops got behind the onyx bar and acted as bartenders for an hour or so, and then departed with some of the liquor they had found in the place. The joint was open for business as usual later that night. Nobody cared.

As a general rule, it may be found that the traffic patrolman who is most abusive to the motorist who passes a red light will exhibit the greatest consideration to old women and blind people at dangerous crossings.

There was a mounted policeman who appeared utterly callous to the ordinary courtesies and niceties of life. He was the sort of man who causes editorial writers to run frothing into their coops to write

blazing pieces about Cossacks. But when he had to give up his favorite horse, which he had ridden for many years, he went on a monumental bender and embarrassed everybody at the bar by his sentimental tears.

There is a very tough detective who will break a rowdy's arm, slap the faces of killers in a night club without fear of a comeback, or charge a mob with his bare fists. He will also give his money, sometimes when he can't afford it, to unfortunates, and his love for his family has been commented upon favorably by all who know about it.

One of the best detectives in the department was put in evening clothes and assigned to keep watch over the baubles at a wedding celebration at the home of a family of great wealth. When no one offered him a drink, he became so enraged that he went down the block to a speak-easy, where he passed an hour before resuming his duties.

A bartender said to me: "I see there's a new cop on the street this week." The bartender was enthusiastic. "A fine fellow," he went on. "Minds his own business. Comes in here once a day, gets his shot of rye and his five dollars, and that's the last we see of him."

III

James J. Walker, as a power in politics, is as dead as Bill Sulzer and the brontosaurus. He quit as Mayor of New York when, after an amazingly slipshod and inept defense to the charges brought against him before Governor Roosevelt by Samuel Seabury, counsel for the legislative committee investigating New York City, he saw clearly that he had no chance to avoid removal. There were too many things he couldn't laugh off. He became, rather sud-

denly, a tired and lovesick little man, a symbol of a vanished era.

But whatever may have been James's other aberrations, there was one point on which, with a few exceptions, he was consistently sound. He really wanted to keep the Police Department clean, to have it run in a fashion that would not leave his administration open to attack on that quarter. He knew, as a lawyer-politician who was reared in New York must know, that the hounds of Heaven, given the scent, will always bay first at the cops.

The men he picked to head the department were George V. McLaughlin, banker and apostle of harshness, who got sick of the job because the Tammany district leaders got sick of his men raiding their clubhouses for gambling; Joseph A. Warren, Walker's former law partner, a well-meaning ineffectual little man who finally cracked up and who never should have had the job in the first place; Grover A. Whalen, a department-store executive whose chief trouble was a liking for showmanship, though he did some good things for the department, and Edward P. Mulrooney, who has been a policeman all his life and who still heads the department. When Enright was Commissioner under Hylan, the complaint was made frequently that it was bad policy to have a man from the force in the job—a point of view which may be upheld with many persuasive arguments. But under Mulrooney, who has held the place for almost two years, there has been no such complaint.

The difficulty, in theory, about having a cop boss the cops is that he is likely to have too much of the police viewpoint and not enough regard for the attitude and needs of the citizenry. Although there has been an increase in some types of crime, Mr. Mulrooney, taking one thing with another, appears to be the most satisfactory

Commissioner the city has had, certainly in modern times, and that goes back to the incumbency of Theodore Roosevelt, who headed the department when Mulrooney joined the force. Even the more vociferous reformers, always kicking about something (and Lord knows, there is plenty to kick about in New York) have refrained from booting Mulrooney. The higher council of Tammany says that, with all the other troubles plaguing the Hall, it would be suicide to replace him.

Although he is, naturally, a thorough-going cop, who wears his gun even when he lies down to take a nap, he appears to have none of the weaknesses which sometimes bring ruin or ridicule upon unformed men who achieve positions of great authority. He is devoid of swank and, so far as anyone knows, has no political ambitions. Enright's flourishes and ruffles, his bombast and his posturing—all these are outside Mulrooney's scheme. He does not announce, as Arthur Woods did when he was Commissioner under the late John Purroy Mitchel, that "the gangster and the gunman are practically extinct"—a statement made in the period which was getting ready to spawn mobs of gorillas beside whom the oldtime gangsters seemed only amiable roughnecks! Nor does he complain, as the theorizing civilian Woods did, that the Commissionership is "the graveyard of promising careers." If there is an increase in stickups he admits it. If a newspaper goes wild over the details of a crime, he seldom complains. He announces no spectacular drives against gunmen, nor does he use the old phrase, "An arrest is expected within twenty-four hours," when he knows very well that there may never be an arrest.

Mulrooney, moreover, avoids the most dangerous pitfall of them all: he doesn't put his foot into trouble by making

speeches which contain injudicious or inflammatory threats or wisecracks about the powerful amount of law in the end of a nightstick. The Commissioner, poor fellow, has to make a great many speeches, and it is a lucky man who can make his public remarks read sensibly when set down in cold type. Enright's speeches were remarkable for their fustian and for their denunciations of the Interests, the press and everybody else who differed from his policies. Whalen, the great welcomer, made a pleasant speech but, boiled down, about all that he ever said was that the cops were all right and that New York was a great city. Mulrooney does much better.

Most of the improvements under him have been accomplished quietly. The Reds still have their meetings and parades, and Mulrooney doesn't care; his men see to it that there is no disorder, but there is no headcracking and hell-raising such as delighted Moscow when Whalen was Commissioner. He has actually made the police more courteous, and has told them plainly that they cannot expect the support of the people by insolence and misconduct. He has little patience with the weak business man, often a grasping crook at heart, who lets himself be preyed upon by racketeers. He doesn't fall for the guff that beer, even if stronger than 3.2%, will have any effect upon stopping the racketeering in alcohol. At his office he sees almost everyone who wants to see him, including a few nuts. Under his direction the police, without fanfare, have carried on much unemployment relief.

It is always a temptation for a Police Commissioner to make a great many innovations. Few of these folderols ever do much good. For example, Arthur Woods organized a rifle club, a signal corps, a police militia and machine-gun squadron,

a glee club and a corps of marine divers. He brought over Belgian police dogs. He approved a junior police force, thus setting loose a horde of offensive little squirts to annoy the citizens. And yet Woods is remembered as a pretty good Commissioner; some experts regard him as the best the city ever had. He improved the criminal identification system, made a little headway in making the cops polite, and insisted that the pot bellies be taken off.

Enright also was fond of gewgaws, especially such things as the annual police parade and the police glee club. When McLaughlin succeeded him he abolished most of this stuff, including Enright's amazing collection of honorary cops, whose chief function was to crash police lines with their badges. He also forbade the use of the police band at private functions, which would seem a sensible enough reform. Indeed, when McLaughlin left office there was considerable regret. He had been strong for immediate rewards and quick punishments for the men under him. However, some of his public statements led one to wonder if he was not a bit warped in his understanding of "due process of law."

Whalen, who will live long in the memory of New Yorkers who were lucky enough to see him perform during the great welcoming days, had many good traits as Commissioner. He improved the handling of street traffic, insisted upon a certain military trimness in the force, and was a good enough judge of men to detect Mulrooney's ability and place him at the head of the detective force, from which job he was promoted to the commissionership when Whalen decided (some say with the enthusiastic approval of Walker) to go back to his department store.

Mulrooney, like all Commissioners, abolished a few of the pet notions of his prede-

cessor and installed a few of his own. Probably the most effective of the Mulrooney innovations was the organization of a radio alarm system. Under it tremendous man-power can be brought within a very few minutes to any spot where serious trouble is reported. Fast police cars equipped with radios already have proved their effectiveness.

IV

The most shocking aspect of crime in New York—that is, the thing which attracts the greatest attention—is the failure of the police to solve the murders of well-known underworld figures. Why, it is asked, if detective science is worth anything at all, are not more of these cases cleared up?

The list is long: Frankie Uale, Sicilian leader who was shot down in Brooklyn; Arnold Rothstein, gambler and pawnbroker for the underworld, who was found dying at the side entrance of a hotel; Jerge the dope peddler, killed in an automobile on Broadway on a Sunday afternoon; Vannie Higgins, murdered outside a dance-hall in Brooklyn; Vincent Coll, the reckless, gat-goofy youth who was killed by a machine-gun while in a telephone booth in the Chelsea district; Joe Masseria, the famous Joe the Boss, whose violent ending may have been brought about for any one of a number of reasons; Frankie Marlow, who was lured from a restaurant in the West Fifties and taken for his final drive into Queens county.

There are so many others, big and little, that the record becomes appalling. The truth is that in some of these cases the police knew perfectly well who did it, but had no proof which would mean anything in court. Most of the more prosperous and powerful of the mob leaders (although they are for the most part ignorant, un-

couth apes) have a certain jungle cunning which makes them, for all practical purposes, immune to prosecution.

Their profits, of course, are mostly in alcohol. They learned long ago that, while counterfeiting and forgery and bank robbery and payroll snatching may be all right in their fashion, there is more money and less danger in making, cutting and distributing booze. As a corollary, if their incomes from liquor were cut off, the boys would go back to the old standard trades. New York is tolerant, even proud, of its better speakeasies, some of which are preferable in many ways to anything the old-time barrooms had to offer. But murder, especially murder by machine-guns, bombs, sawed-off shotguns and this new-fangled method of trussing them up and leaving them in a sack (the last one was left in a sack in a car abandoned at the door of Police Headquarters, much to everybody's embarrassment) sometimes gets a bit thick even for New Yorkers.

What to do about it? The closing up of all the speakeasies would hardly help; that itself would lead to an outcry that would wreck any administration. The attitude of the police toward the speaks is that the selling of booze is none of their business (New York having no State enforcement law) unless liquor is found while they are in pursuit of some other offense. At the same time they have been very harsh with a few of the tougher joints, particularly with any proprietor who was caught selling bad liquor. Some of the more forward-looking thinkers say that repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution of some system of liquor control will bring order out of chaos. Maybe so, but one thing is certain: unless places are allowed to be open where liquor, hard liquor at that, may be sold openly over the bar, then there will be a beautiful fight among

the mugs who will try to control the inevitable multitude of illegal bars.

Better detective work might help the present situation. The detective who expects to match wits with a smart racketeer must be a man of considerable character and ingenuity. The difficulty is that the detective will become too friendly with the very persons he should be watching. Rothstein, for example, was a close friend of many of the cops. Owney Madden, who has been described as the supreme boss of New York's rackets, though this estimate may be exaggerated, has scores of friends among the detectives and patrolmen. Indeed, Madden, and with considerable reason, as he is a firm believer in peace, is regarded by some of the cops as a good influence. Up at Sing Sing, where he was sent recently as a parole violator to complete an old term, Warden Lawes finds him of great help in keeping the inmates of that great recreational and educational institution reasonably well behaved. Parole officers have told me that he has delivered many a severe lecture to young men who showed signs of going wrong. All this sounds upside down, but it is true. The men who are regarded by the public as malefactors, and lumped together in one class, are divided by the cops into right guys and wrong guys.

And yet, here is the sinister part of it: Suppose two experienced, handsome and intelligent detectives from headquarters, with perfectly honest intentions, frequent a high-class speakeasy run by a man whom they regard as anything but a criminal. Suppose they become friends, accept favors from him, and drink his booze. Then suppose it turns out that the great man is wanted for crimes far more serious than selling liquor. Well, such a delicate situation, though hardly the regular thing, is far from unknown.

On the other hand, how are the detectives to know anything about serious crime, or, more particularly, the conjunction of forces which are likely to cause serious crime, if they don't frequent such places? It is a problem as old as police work itself. Whalen created a sort of secret service, made up of young detectives whose faces were not known to the bosses and patrons of what he called "breeding places of crime." These boys were supposed to get at the very marrow of the secrets of the underworld. The scheme worked in a few cases, but it was not notably successful.

Only recently Mulrooney abolished another of Whalen's creations, the so-called gun squad, consisting of thirty-seven men. This squad had been formed on the theory that the gangster evil might be abated by having these men visit speakeasies, pool-rooms and other resorts where gunmen were suspected of assembling. By searching suspects and arresting those upon whom weapons were found, the squad was supposed to stop a lot of shooting before it started. "It did not justify its existence," was the Commissioner's explanation of its abolition.

New York detectives do not have the reputation for efficiency and sagacity which is attached, rightly or wrongly, to the men of Scotland Yard. It may be that, with so many potential lawyers, doctors and other educated youngsters out of work, some of them can be recruited for

the police force, there to solve all the crimes which now baffle the old-line detectives. But it is a rather forlorn hope, and it is not by any means improbable that the present system results in about as high an order of detective work as we shall ever get. The boys let a lot of them get away, but sometimes such New York detectives as McVeigh, Horan, Fitzgerald, Sheridan, Owens, Moore, Broderick and Cordes, who are an extremely practical group of men, turn out jobs which would get the admiration of the great stars of Scotland Yard.

New Yorkers, disgusted with the long trail of slimy testimony brought out two years ago, when the vice squad was put on the rack for framing women, nevertheless still believe that the force is sound at bottom. The cops have their troubles. After contending with the ordinary police business, they have to contend with the District Attorneys' offices of the five counties which make up New York City. In only one of those counties, the Bronx, where Charles B. McLaughlin is District Attorney, has the prosecutor's office done any work in helping suppress the criminality associated with racketeering which has called forth any public comment. The cops get steadily better, but the prosecutors still make New Yorkers yearn for another William Travers Jerome.

As for some of the judges—ah, well, no matter. No use getting too steamed up over sin.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE GOES BROKE

BY ARTHUR MANN

THE current theatrical season has set a new economic low for the American drama. Not since 1905, a year of acute indigence among stage people, has the theatre been in so perilous a state. And there is no immediate hope of recovery. The optimists of today are simply pessimists who have stumbled upon temporary successes.

At the peak of the season now drawing to a close there were 6,000 darkened theatres throughout the country. About half of them were abandoned legitimate theatres which had been wired for talking pictures. This total has mounted in the past three months, and it will be further increased with the coming of Summer.

The empty theatres hold the vanishing hopes of some 8,500 unemployed actors and actresses. They are monuments to the folly of countless bankrupt producers and owners. Up to five years ago there were 410 cities in the United States and Canada in which dramatic and musical productions could be played for from two or three days to two or three weeks. Today there are only twelve cities outside Greater New York to which a Broadway play may be sent. These dozen spots represent what is left of "the road."

Until five years ago there were 165 stock companies in the United States, twelve of which were in Greater New York. Today there are fewer than thirty-five in the whole country. In 1928 a total of 152 tent-shows were roaming the land, employing

more than 2,000 people. They presented standard productions, and were not to be confused with circuses and medicine outfits. Only fifteen of these tent-shows remain.

Five years ago the Actors' Equity Association had a membership of 10,000 performers, 8,500 of whom were in good standing—that is, had their dues paid up. Today there are barely 3,500 in good standing, and only 2,500 of this number obtained employment on the legitimate stage during the past season. The New York theatres, which employed more than 600 union stage hands, carpenters and electricians five years ago, employ fewer than 200 today.

The Shubert Theatre Corporation, the most powerful organization in the legitimate field five years ago, has collapsed. The corporation's assets were finally reduced to a string of dark theatres, control of which had been assumed when the boom of 1925-29 was at its height.

The once powerful association of producers and managers, the P.M.A., organized to combat Equity, has frizzled away to nothing. It is no more than a name now. Most of the leading managers of a few years ago have either gone bankrupt or retired from the field. The majority of the New York theatres are in the hands of mortgage-holding banks. One of them was recently taken from its owners to satisfy a judgment of \$200,000; they had refused \$1,000,000 for it only a few years ago.

In January some of the managers began slashing prices. The device brought in a few more patrons, but it did not increase gross receipts. The table at the bottom of this page, based upon the weekly estimates of *Variety*, the leading theatrical paper, shows the gross receipts of the New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston theatres for a single week in January of each year since 1927. Nothing more is needed to reveal how the American theatre has declined.

II

The blame for the decline of the drama has been laid at various doors. My own guess is that the first turn in the wrong direction was taken when the managers began neglecting the gallery. No gallery, of course, with its few hundred seats at twenty-five or fifty cents, will carry the overhead of a production, but it contains a vital germ. The boy in the gallery yesterday is in the balcony today, and tomorrow he may be in the orchestra with his girl. The transition in each case probably takes about five years. But the inception of the neighborhood theatre idea brought in the hole-in-the-wall house for intimate productions, and the gallery disappeared. The balcony was tolerated, perhaps, but the gallery boy was not wanted. He was abandoned along with scene-chewing villains. There followed a whispering style of delivery which

was barely audible even in the balcony, and soon it was empty too.

Theatres went up very fast in New York after the war, and only rarely did a new one contain a gallery. The Chanin brothers worked fastest. They erected the Biltmore and the Mansfield in 1926. Then came the Majestic, the Royale and the Masque. Of the five not one theatre had a gallery. The new structures were rented quickly. Lee Shubert, for example, leased Chanin's 46th Street Theatre in 1929 for twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$85,000—an overhead of \$4,250 a week for a twenty-week season.

The old gallery theatres, in the meantime, were torn down. The Century, the Broadway and the old Casino disappeared, as did the Knickerbocker. Others were given over to burlesque and the talking pictures: the Republic, the Gaiety, the Eltinge, the Lyric, the New York Roof, the Cohan. Today about a fourth of the sixty-six legitimate theatres in New York have galleries. The bosses of the drama have made no effort whatever within the past ten years to appeal to the younger theatre-goer.

The boy with the half-dollar and the young man with the dollar, thus spurned, have perforce given their money to the girl in the gilded cage outside the picture palace. They have gone into awesome, cathedral-like structures to gaze at the pulchritude of motion-picture beauties.

Year	New York		Chicago		Philadelphia		Boston	
	Productions Playing	Gross Receipts	Productions Playing	Gross Receipts	Productions Playing	Gross Receipts	Productions Playing	Gross Receipts
1927	44	\$796,900	12	\$213,000	7	\$157,000	4	\$ 82,500
1928	45	849,100	11	230,000	7	114,500	6	110,500
1929	42	804,500	10	193,800	8	113,500	7	115,000
1930	43	716,300	10	185,000	6	94,000	4	67,000
1931	29	445,000	11	154,000	7	69,000	4	43,500
1932	25	410,800	8	137,000	4	46,500	4	47,200
1933 ¹	24	289,000	..		..		..	
1933 ²	18	222,500	6	61,300	2	21,500	3	16,500

¹ Two weeks prior to the reduction in ticket prices in New York.

² After the reduction in prices.

There in soothing, softly-lighted sanctuaries they have been beguiled by Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford and hundreds of others, each of whom makes the average feminine lead on Broadway look like a neglected scarecrow.

Here comes to light another transgression of the legitimate theatre. The quest of naturalness has turned loose a regiment of husky-voiced, flat-chested heroines who couldn't bestir the imagination of a half-wit. The entire structure of the drama, from reviewer and wise-cracking columnist up and down, has been framed during the past decade for the top-hatted patron of the orchestra. The managers have failed to incorporate re-forestation in their plans. No youth can be expected to develop much enthusiasm for the drama at a cost of \$4.40, or even \$2, a seat.

The performers have been taught to play to the first thirteen rows—and tickets for the first thirteen rows of a success are invariably in the hands of the ticket brokers, and thus quite beyond the reach of a normal income. To enter that sacred precinct you have to be either a critic, a business executive, or a traveling man with an expense account. During the golden years 1927-28-29 the best seats for more than half the Broadway productions were monopolized by the agencies as a result of a "buy" agreement.

Under such an agreement the brokers banded together for each hit and effected a corner on about 500 of the best seats every night for four weeks. If, at the end of that period, the production continued as a hit, the buy would continue in effect for another four, eight or twelve weeks. These tickets were available only at the agencies which formed the buy, but left-overs were redeemable at the box-offices. Of the nineteen musical productions running during the representative week of January, 1927,

thirteen were agency buys. A year later fifteen of nineteen musical productions were buys, and in 1929 there were eleven buys out of fifteen.

An average of twenty-two buys were in effect for the total of 40-odd productions on Broadway during the good weeks of these three seasons. This would indicate that approximately 10,000 of the best seats were dispensed each night through the agencies. Since the law permits a surcharge of fifty cents for each ticket so sold, the theatre-going public paid at least \$35,000 every week in excess of the box-office price for its seats. But this amount was only about half the tribute really paid for preferred locations, as is proved by the following:

Late in 1930 and early 1931 the management of one of the season's outstanding successes sold 200 tickets every night to independent agencies at \$2 above the box-office price, which was \$4.40. These tickets were peddled to gullible natives and eager out-of-towners for \$7, \$8 and even \$10 each.

A few of the producers made a spirited attempt to wipe out this usurious ticket hawking. The League of New York Theatres came into existence for that purpose. But the organization received only lukewarm support from some of its members, and certain producers refused to turn their backs on their old friends, the ticket hawkers, by joining. The league finally handed over its business to the Postal Telegraph Company. But buying through the Postal proved just as expensive as patronizing the brokers, for it not only had to be paid for the telegram reserving a seat and the reply confirming the sale, but also charged the fifty cents a ticket commission allowed by law.

It didn't take people long to discover that they could do just as well, if not better, among the despised brokers. After los-

ing \$200,000 on the idea, the Postal turned back its concession to the League of New York Theatres. The ticket brokers subsequently came to the rescue. They assumed the league's deficit of \$36,000, of which \$12,000 was for legal fees. They paid the bills and quickly made up a fund to cover them by an ante of five cents on each ticket they sold.

But even the ticket brokers have failed to escape the present excessively lean days. With only two or three sell-out productions during the past season, there was no scarcity of tickets, and patrons began to discover that there are box-offices in the lobbies. Not long ago the brokers discussed the question of a coalition, but they apparently decided against it. Throughout most of the past season there were more ticket agencies on Broadway than legitimate productions!

III

Beyond Times Square the decline of the drama has been even greater than at its centre. Up to four or five years ago it was able to wage a fairly successful battle against the chain motion-picture theatres, and even the powerful Paramount-Publix string of crystal palaces failed to shake the hold which it had on large numbers of the American people.

But the introduction of talking-pictures brought the battle to a climax. Here the Warner Brothers, pioneers in the field, caught Paramount-Publix and the rest of the picture magnates, with the exception of Fox, napping. But the laggards could hardly be blamed, for the engineers of the General Electric Company had made the following statement in January, 1928:

Sound and sight pictures simultaneously transmitted are a matter of perfection *within two to five years.*

This statement appeared in the face of Warner Brothers' full year of success with the talking film. At the very moment it was made, "The Jazz Singer", starring Al Jolson, was taking \$25,000 weekly at Warner's Theatre in New York, and within a few months the silent pictures were discarded as obsolete.

Paramount-Publix tried to make up the ground lost to the Warner Brothers by offering them \$15,000,000 for their patents, gadgets, stories, stars, theatres, etc. But the Warners refused to sell. Instead they purchased the string of 250-odd Stanley theatres for millions of dollars and wired them for sound. The weekly expense of a half-million dollars or more for running the new chain was dismissed lightly. It would be covered by the 250 additional prints of each feature released.

Paramount, backed by seemingly limitless capital, rented opposition theatres wherever possible. And when there was no opposition theatre available, grand and glorious new ones were built. Many an owner of a legitimate theatre bent a willing ear to a fabulous offer for his house. The cost of converting a theatre for talkies ranged between \$3,500 and \$5,000, but as soon as the job was completed extra prints of films were shipped and the money began to roll in.

The rival picture forces left no source of income untapped. They acted as their own producers, distributors and exhibitors. Being unable to eliminate each other, they settled down to the task of killing off the remainder of the opposition, which consisted chiefly of legitimate productions. The owner of a legitimate theatre who refused to sell his house, or to darken it for a consideration, which was frequently a block of stock, saw a sparkling palace of gilt and tinsel rise across the street. His theatre, with its musty trappings and plush

seats, offered little competition to the newcomer, with its tall, uniformed barker to bow to passers-by whether they went in or not.

The programme soon proceeded along less subtle lines. Witness the adventures of the stock company at Lincoln, Neb. Its members lost their theatre, which they had occupied for a considerable time, to the talking pictures. Undaunted, they leased and fixed up another old theatre and began anew. Their new lease was suddenly vacated on a technicality, the theatre darkened, and they were again without a place in which to offer their productions. Finally, the local chamber of commerce and civic clubs intervened, and the theatre owner was induced to restore the company to its second site.

This sort of thing went on in many cities where there were no intervening civic bodies. Thousands of theatres were sold or traded to the picture barons. Those unsuited to their needs were deliberately darkened and kept dark. The moving-picture patron footed the bills. The fight developed into a war against "drama consciousness," and a campaign to popularize the new entertainment. The public, curious about the talking-pictures, lost no time patronizing the new and comfortable theatres.

The picture magnates did not want for material. Within two years more than 150 silent feature films of the past had been made over into full-length talkies. Time-worn plays were resurrected. Playwrights began to plan their efforts in accordance with the needs of the barons and the taste of the fast-growing talkie public. Broadway productions were often sold to the talkies before rehearsals had started. Producers found that it was possible to realize their production expenses from their shares of the sale of motion-picture rights.

The activity of the picture men was reflected in the film export figures for the period. In 1928 a total of 195,000,000 feet of film and 7,133,000 feet of negative was exported to all parts of the world, with a valuation of \$4,798,000. One year later the corresponding figures were: 250,000,000 feet of film, an increase of 55,000,000; 7,885,000 feet of negative, an increase of 752,000; and a total valuation of \$5,939,000, a rise of \$1,141,000.

But the picture barons did not stop with taking over or crowding out the legitimate theatres. They discovered that some of the most imposing stars in silent pictures were unable to justify their bread and butter in the audible films, for they lacked the very thing which the stage provides: voice training. There was only one field from which to draw. Stars and featured players of the stage were baited with fabulous salaries, and hundreds of them went to Hollywood, never to return. Their places have not been filled, for it takes many years to fill the void created by the departure of a Barrymore, an Arliss or a Helen Hayes.

During all this the Actors' Equity made the only official protest. The producers' association was warned repeatedly of the obvious consequences. The warning was not only that the road was disappearing, but that the stock companies, the traditional schools of the drama, were dangerously close to extinction. But the producers did nothing.

The Actors' Equity offered a concrete plan when the situation became acute. It proposed the formation of twenty subsidized road companies, to be financed by twenty producers, each putting up \$1,000. The twenty companies were to have one good lead and a strong supporting cast. They were to do legitimate modern plays, and it was hoped that they would win back for the theatre some of its old patron-

age. The producers declined the idea, but incorporated it in an omelette of their own. They sent out Marjorie Rambeau as head of a Shakespearean company. It lasted two weeks and cost the producers \$60,000.

Today there is no road. It is impossible to book a tour of one-night stands. The available theatres, most of them in the hands of mortgage holders, are so strapped with debts and liquidation proceedings that it is suicide to step in their doorways.

A radio star went out under the banner of the National Broadcasting Company last Fall. He was the fulcrum of a down East play based upon his radio character. He had a large cast and high hopes. He had been schooled for many years in Broadway productions. But of the dates he played only 10% were in legitimate theatres. He was obliged to play Massey Hall in Toronto. He played an auditorium in Buffalo on a stage which had taken only thirty-six hours to build. The pine boards squeaked and the acoustics were abominable. Finally he was stranded in Syracuse.

All this gives only a faint hint of what has happened to the legitimate stage. The freeze-out has been such that even tent-shows cannot play in certain States because of discriminatory legislation enacted since the inception of talking-pictures, and on the motion of the picture magnates.

The disappearance of the road has forced the New York drama to a pushcart standard. A producer must play at least ten weeks of almost capacity business to get back his investment. It is Broadway or bust and, of late, it is usually bust.

IV

Not until the season of 1931-32 did the picture industry begin to show a decline in receipts. The following comparative fig-

ures for first-run theatres, reported by *Variety* for a late week in January of each year, show the climb in takings that came with the talking-picture:

Year	New York		Chicago	
	Theatres Open	Gross Receipts	Theatres Open	Gross Receipts
1927	12	\$325,320	10	\$192,950
1928	14	479,700	10	195,800
1929	14	463,800	8	175,700
1930	16	479,700	9	220,300
1931	13	490,500	11	209,200
1932	11	377,900	7	221,400
1933	14	365,500	7	138,500

Philadelphia: 1930, \$192,500 in ten theatres; 1933, \$89,000 in seven.

Boston: 1930, \$126,800 in four theatres; 1933, \$95,500 in six.

But those figures do not tell the whole story. To maintain such enormous grosses, the picture barons have been obliged to lower prices as well as to almost double their output of feature films. Just where the profit lies, if any, is hard to say. High pressure production is evident, however, in the condition of the Warner Brothers' schedule. As the year opened, one-third of the entire list of titles scheduled for release in 1933 were in negative form, ready for printing. Nineteen full-length productions, representing an expenditure tie-up of \$4,000,000, were being held in readiness. They were to be dispatched to Times Square as quickly as first-run pictures failed to draw on second-week holdovers. In late January three Warner pictures were running concurrently in non-Warner theatres on Broadway—the original Roxy, the RKO Music Hall and the Capitol.

Overproduction has practically ended the day of the long run. The producers sigh, and justifiably, for a public that will spend as it did to see "The Big Parade". A total of 965,200 people paid \$1,186,249.20 to see that film at the Astor in sixty-two weeks of its run. "The Ten Commandments" ran sixty-one weeks. "The Covered Wagon" had fifty-nine weeks in New

York, "Ben Hur" fifty-one weeks, "The Birth of a Nation" forty-four weeks, and "Way Down East" forty-three weeks. Today it requires a huge volume of high-pressure advertising to bring a picture a profit for even the second week.

The picture barons are now stewing in their own juice. News of their sufferings is not to be found among the drama items, but back on the financial page. The stock of the ambitious Warner Brothers, which climbed above \$141 a share, was down to \$1 at the peak of the Winter season. That of Paramount-Publix, before it finally reached a receivership, enjoyed similar

fluctuations and could be obtained for less than \$1 a share. Today the barons are turning back theatres to anyone who will assume the responsibility of their continuation or idleness. Not long ago Paramount gave away 150 theatres from its vast group. The banks that hold the bag are open to any kind of offer. Any business man eager to obtain control of a first class theatre in any large American city may get it by applying to the town banks. By this route, perhaps, the humbled producers will one day get their theatres back. The structures are there, waiting only to be filled with actors and patrons.

A NEW KIND OF ENGLISH

BY JANET RANKIN AIKEN

A NEW English language has been devised. It is a tiny, compact, 850-word speech hewed out of the great sprawling bulk we call our mother tongue. But it is selected rather than artificial. In its formation certain parts of speech have been suppressed, others have been stressed, and there has been a salty admixture of something very akin to American slang. Basic English, as this new tongue is named, has been formulated with several large aims; in fact, those who know it believe that it may be destined to accomplish the task of making English the auxiliary language of the whole world. Radio talks, trade communications, scientific publications, diplomatic exchanges of the future may use Basic English as a convenient and flexible medium easily acquired by any student of any nationality.

In order to show just what this language is and how it works, I shall make use of Basic throughout this article, with the exception of these first two paragraphs. You will notice certain words enclosed in single quotation marks; they are extra, technical terms, necessary in explaining a subject in the linguistic field. Of such technical linguistic terms there are about a dozen in the course of the article. Apart from them the Basic vocabulary and the permitted international words, to be explained later, are all that have been used in writing this sketch of the new international language.

More than a hundred years back Jeremy

Bentham made the outline which today has given us Basic—an English with everything unnecessary taken away but still able to be used for the exchange of ideas between persons and nations. But it was not till our own time that the ideas of this great man were put into a system. About ten years back a group of British experts under the direction of C. K. Ogden, head of the Orthological Institute, got started by making a selection of words and forming the rules for using them in a new language, which would still be English.

It was necessary for these experts to take thought about a great number of questions. How great a number of words does the common man with little or no education make use of? How great a number the man who has an education? How small a number is he able to get along with? What sorts of words are of most use for saying things, and what ones may be taken out with no loss? Will two words do better work than one, in the process of making a simple language out of English?

These experts saw very quickly that it was possible to do away with the 'verb' almost completely, in a language of the least possible number of words. When they got the 'verb' broken down into its parts, they saw that very frequently it is made up of an operation and a direction. They saw that *insert* is put in, *eject* is put out, *accomplish* may be put over, put

across, or put through, *conquer* is put down, *disrobe* is put off (clothes) and so on through a long list of words with general and special senses. It is clear that a small number of simple 'verbs', with some words giving direction, would be able to take the place of a very great number of 'verbs' having these special senses.

In fact, these same simple 'verbs' will give special senses when they are put with 'nouns' in place of direction words. This is clear from the story of the writer who had to put the last two parts of a story into one 'sentence'. The 'sentence' was: "Marmaduke took his hat from the table, his coat from the chair, his leave, his way down the street to his lodgings, his outer garments off, a knife from the drawer, and his life." Here we see another of the theories at the back of Basic English.

By putting eighteen simple 'verbs' or operation words—*come, get, give, go, keep, let, make, put, seem, take, be, do, have, say, see, send, may, and will*—with a short list of direction words ('adverbs' or 'prepositions') like *in, out, to, and of*, Basic English keeps the number of its 'verbs' as small as possible. As you may see from the examples I have given, some of the forms we get in the end are very like American 'slang.' This fact is no cause for protest among the Basic experts. They have an idea that American 'slang' has gone forward more than has British English, because it is not hard to get it broken up into its basic parts. And they are not at all unready to make use of the forward-looking detail of the American language.

This decision may give us cause for amusement if we make a comparison between it and the statements of those other experts who say that Americans are unwise to make an attempt at covering a number of word senses with a *get* or a *take*. The Basic experts see good in the

very thing for which we Americans have got a bad name. Which are right, I put the question, the Basic experts or the American wise men of 'grammar'?

II

The backbone of Basic English is the 'noun'. Six hundred 'nouns' are in its word list, 200 of which may be pictured and 400 of which are general in their senses. But it would not be right to get the idea that these are all simple little words; among them we find *competition, organization, tendency, society, and representative*, as well as *dog, cat, rat*, and the other important words of our first reading books. In general, a Basic word has been put through two tests. First, has it a necessary place in some field or division of all language? Second, of what other words may it take the place without serious loss of sense? For example, the word *society* has a very important and necessary place in present-day talk, and it may take the place of a number of other words by its different senses, as *club, companionship, a social level*, and so on—with no doubt about what is being said. For these reasons it is a good Basic word.

'Adjectives' in Basic are in number only about 150, but the list of possible 'adjectives' is made longer by the use of the *-ing* and *-ed* endings on 'nouns'. In this way from the 'noun' *sugar* one may say *a sugared cake*, or from *test*, *a testing time*. 'Adverbs' are not frequent, but here again an ending is of use, for *-ly* may be put to such 'adjectives' as *cheap, free, wise, quiet*, to make 'adverbs'. What is more, the 'prepositions' *in, at, under*, and so on all have uses as 'adverbs'.

Put together with 600 'nouns', 150 'adjectives', 18 'verbs', and a small list of little words of different sorts like *when*,

yes, the, and please, and you have the 850 with which Basic has the design of covering the earth. With these 850 may be placed 50 more, such as *automobile, madam, police, theater, and volt*, which are so far international as to give a clear sense in almost all languages. The expert in writing of any special science will have need for possibly 50 more words which are of special use in his own field, as well as of a number of international words of science; but there is no need for the person who is not an expert to be troubled by these.

What is the use of keeping so many words out of the way, do you say? If words are the money of a language, making it well off, why make their number as small as possible? And if your only purpose is to make the work of learning English as simple as possible for the person of another country, that has been done very frequently, in numbers of "English for Foreigners" school-books. Why is Basic specially better than these?

These different questions get a number of different answers. First, by taking away 'vocabulary' you take away some of the complex nature of English. You make a way of talking which is more simple for learning and using, and quite as clear in effect. You have taken away much of the trouble of learning English. The 'selected vocabularies' of the school-books do not have this effect. They give the learner only a start in the direction of learning English. Their 1000 or 2000 words will let you say some things, but not all things. In short, they are not languages, while Basic is a language.

And does everybody have a desire or a need for a short, simple English to say things with? Well, as you are reading these statements, all over the earth armies of persons—black, brown, red, yellow, and

white—are learning the English language. They are making violent attempts at getting control of the 'irregular verbs' and their 'tenses', having fights with the cruel English 'preposition', doing their best to get in mind that strange thing to which we give the name of English 'idiom'. And if we may put with the masses of learners in other countries who are working with our language the year's produce of babies, boys, and girls giving their early days to getting control of the English language, we shall come to a number of roughly 80,000,000 learners, making English the field of knowledge more widely covered than any other in existence. Now, might a simple, short language be of use to these 80,000,000, a language any man or woman may get control of in a month or two? It would seem so.

English is even now an international language, being the language, in use or in government, of some 500,000,000 persons, or more than a fourth of all on earth. But the greatest trouble with normal English as the international language is English itself. The great numbers of its words, the 'exceptions' to its rules, the complex forms of the rules themselves, all make it true that a learner of another nation will frequently take years to get the full knowledge and use of it, and for the men and women of the Eastern countries the getting of this knowledge is hardly ever possible. Basic English makes the process of learning much less hard.

True, Basic English will not give a complete reading knowledge of English as well as a knowledge of how to say anything in English. The 25,000 words said to be necessary for reading the general news in the London *Times* will not come overnight. But we must keep in mind that a reading knowledge of a language is got much more simply than a

talking knowledge. When the learner has this talking control of Basic English, it will not be very hard for him to get in addition the words which will make possible his ready reading of English books and newspapers. And then, as Basic goes on, more books and newspapers will make use of it. Public men will put their statements in it, to make their words go out as widely as possible. Business men will make use of it in their letters to other countries, as will international meetings for their special business.

School men, engineers, peace supporters, and men of science all over the earth are today seeing the possible value of Basic. In Japan, Poland, Denmark, and many other nations men are putting out books, teaching groups of learners, and sending out details by word and by letter. The head organization is the Orthological Institute, 10 King's parade, Cambridge, England.

The Basic word list is so short that it may be put on the back of a bit of writing paper or said slowly in fifteen minutes on a phonograph record. This Basic word list is in every one of the Basic books, little white books which go into the pocket. Among these Basic books are a word-book giving the Basic equals of 7500 common words, a learner's school-book of Basic, and a number of reading books such as "The Gold Insect," Poe's noted story, put into the little language, which does not have the good American word *bug*.

Basic English certainly comes short of one's hopes in some ways, as anyone may see if he will take the trouble to do a little work with the system. Numbers have uses and yet they are not in the wordlist. Details are not given with care. Some of the rules are not based on necessary law; for example, a great number of the 'nouns'

might be given uses as regular 'verbs,' but Basic does not let the learner do this. The learner of another country will get into trouble over the 'idiom,' which is frequently very complex, specially in relation to 'prepositions.' And worst of all, Basic is so far without the very important test of school use, a test which should have been made before the system was put into book form. How Basic may overcome these troubles is a question to which time only can give the answer.

III

This account of Basic English has let you see what the new language is like, but to let you see in addition just how it is different from regular English I will give a 'paragraph' from one of the Basic books, "International Talks," by Wickham Steed, who was at one time in control of the London *Times*, and who is now a good friend of Basic. You will see how truly the 850 words are able to give English 'idiom' and how well and clearly they put the idea before the mind. Here is the 'paragraph' in regular English, as Mr. Steed set it down:

Nowadays newspapers are the chief means of popular culture. The English language itself may, little by little, be corrupted by the reading of badly or hastily written journals. Pure English is one of the finest, if not the finest, modern vehicles of thought; and its use should spread in proportion as it retains the virtues of directness and simplicity.

And here is the same 'paragraph' in Basic:

Most men today get their knowledge and opinions from newspapers. The English language may itself, little by little, be damaged by the reading of bad writings, put together without care. Good English is one of the best, if not the best, of languages, for the thought of today; and its

use will become wider only in so far as it keeps simple and straight-forward.

The two 'paragraphs' have about the same number of words. This fact makes them not completely good examples, for in general a Basic page will be a little longer than the same thing in regular English. In other ways the Basic 'paragraph' is certainly not less good than the one in regular English; and you will see how the Basic writer gets out of trouble with the 'singular' and 'plural' of *vehicle*, which make a bad place in Mr. Steed's writing. In expert hands Basic will generally be able to do as well as here in giving the facts and ideas of present-day society.

Basic English makes use of phonograph records and pictures to put the learner in touch with its sounds, its words, and its 'sentence constructions'. Experts are getting ready more school-books and the Panopticon, a 'sentence'-making machine made of circles or rings getting larger and larger, on which are 'nouns', 'verbs', and

so on. By turning the circles round, 'sentences' are made automatically, and these are of use in teaching English word-order to the learner.

Without question the nations of today are in serious need of an international 'auxiliary' language. Trade, political science, learning, and art are now as wide as the earth itself in their range and relations, and some day they must have a common language. Those who have a belief in the made-up international languages—Esperanto, Volapük, Ido, down to the young Novial, born in 1928—say that English is not the best language for international use. They say it is hard and complex in comparison with their more simple systems. But now Basic seems to have gone these made-up languages one better. It is fully as simple as they; it may be bent to as many uses; and it is quite as clear and complete.

Is Basic English in fact the answer to the old question of a truly international language?

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

FROM the classified columns of the Los Angeles *Examiner*:

BEVERAGE salesmen with Hollywood clientèle; something new; repeat orders assured. Clean up, boys; the season is here. This is not grape juice. Apply 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. 5661 Melrose ave.

LITERARY note from the San José *State College Times*:

George Moore, the famous British novelist, died in London on January 21. Students know him as AE, his pen name.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

How the master-minds of the House of Representatives earn the \$8,215,174 they are costing the taxpayer in 1933, as set forth in the *Congressional Record*:

The Clerk called the next bill, H. R. 2531, for the relief of Frank Wilkins.

Mr. BLANTON. Reserving the right to object, I call the attention of the House to the report of the Secretary of War on this bill. From it I quote:

The purpose of the bill is to pay to Frank Wilkins the sum of \$200 for the death of a horse, said to have been caused by a shot from the military reservation at Fort McPherson, Ga., in December, 1925.

The records of the War Department show that on January 6, 1926, an investigation was made by the station veterinarian, Fort McPherson, Ga., of a report that a horse had been shot by a stray bullet from the rifle range at Fort McPherson. The investigation disclosed that the animal, which was claimed to have been shot on or about December 24, 1925, by some soldiers, was about 12 or 13 years old and badly crippled in front by sidebones. Mr. Wilkins, the man claiming to be the owner of the animal, after some difficulty, showed a scar on the horse's skin about 3 inches behind the point of the left elbow and on the lower third of

the fifth rib, which he said was the entrance of the bullet. There was an indurated swelling all around the base of the left side of the sternum from the first rib to the sixth or seventh, slightly below this scar, and on the right side of the neck from the third vertebra to the seventh there was a diffused and soft swelling that Mr. Wilkins stated had appeared after the animal was shot.

The veterinarian said he got the animal up on its feet and had it led around and that it appeared normal, but was both hungry and thirsty, and he could see no signs of approaching death, as had been reported. The veterinarian further stated that it was impossible to state that the animal's condition was caused by being shot, owing to the length of time that had elapsed since the alleged occurrence and the fact that there was no wound beyond this scar and the two swellings. The filthy stable and the want of proper care and feed should, in his opinion, be as much responsible for the animal's condition as the former injury claimed. He also stated that from the animal's age and size, and with ringbones, its value should not be more than \$25.

In view of the above, the department is of the opinion that there is no valid ground to substantiate a claim with reference to the animal in question, and therefore favorable consideration of the proposed legislation is not recommended.

Sincerely yours,

PATRICK J. HURLEY,
Secretary of War.

You will note that the Secretary of War says that this horse was 13 years old and was not worth over \$25, and that "the filthy stable and the want of proper care and feed was much responsible for the animal's condition." I do not think the government ought to pay eight times as much as a horse is worth, just because the government is charged with killing it.

Mr. RAMSPECK. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLANTON. I yield.

Mr. RAMSPECK. I do not think the government should pay eight times as much as it is worth either, but if the gentleman will read the affidavit of the party who sold the horse, he will see it was worth a

great deal more than \$25. This horse was owned by an old colored man.

Mr. BLANTON. But I am talking about what the Secretary of War said. This is not the usual Secretary of War. This is Mr. Patrick J. Hurley who is talking. He knows all about horses. He has lived down on the Oklahoma frontier and he is familiar with these things.

Mr. STAFFORD. Is he acquainted with old horses?

Mr. RAMSPECK. But he did not go down and look at this horse. If he had, I am sure he would have recommended payment of this bill.

Mr. BLANTON. He indicates that the horse died from improper keep; that he was kept in an old dirty stable, and that it was largely the filthiness of the stable that caused the horse's death.

Mr. RAMSPECK. Well, he is quoting some veterinarian that they sent down there.

Mr. BLANTON. I am willing to give the old colored man the benefit of the doubt about whether or not the government caused the horse's death. If the gentleman is willing to reduce this claim to the amount which the War Department said the horse was worth, I shall not object, but if not, I shall object.

Mr. RAMSPECK. I call the gentleman's attention to the fact that there is an affidavit from the man who sold this horse to the old darky. He said he bought it just a short time before that and paid \$200 for it.

Mr. BLANTON. If he paid that much, he paid too much.

Mr. RAMSPECK. Perhaps that is so; but he lost his horse.

Mr. BLANTON. My friend does not seem to know anything about the value of horses.

Mr. RAMSPECK. This happened back in 1925. I think the reduction is entirely out of line.

Mr. HASTINGS. What is the difference in price and the amount claimed?

Mr. RAMSPECK. He claims he paid \$200 for it and the War Department says it was not worth \$25.

Mr. BLANTON. It was an old, crippled horse, 13 years old.

Mr. RAMSPECK. But I call attention to

the fact that in 1925 the price of horses was very much higher.

Mr. BLANTON. Oh, I could have sold the gentleman horses galore in 1925 for \$25. My colleague from Amarillo could probably furnish more horses than could be shipped by a train for \$25 each.

Mr. RAMSPECK. That may be so now. I do not think he could have done so at that time. I hope the gentleman will not insist on his amendment.

Mr. BLANTON. If the gentleman will agree to accept the amount that Secretary Hurley said this horse was worth, I shall not object. That is \$25.

Mr. BLACK. All there is here is the statement of the Secretary.

Mr. BLANTON. I shall object, Mr. Speaker.

A PRINCETON alumnus, now gracing the nation's capital, tells Einstein where to get off in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*:

Editor, the *Weekly*

Sir:

Well, let us be thankful that Fritz Crisler arrived at Princeton this year to build a good defensive football team; next season he will have a fighting offensive outfit. It may be a strong antitoxin to the pacifistic principles of Albert Einstein.

Good sportsmanship demands that athletes must be *bona fide* students, representative of the University, not employed players without interest in the institution.

Loyalty to one's own family, State, or university is absolutely necessary to attain the greatest ultimate success for the respective unit.

Why should we not love our country best? Radicals try to belittle patriotism. They attempt to say it is racial hatred, and preach internationalism.

Professor Einstein will "be in residence in Princeton annually from October 1 to April 15," connected with "the Institute for Advanced Study" in the professorship of theoretical physics, announced the *Weekly*. He will use Fine Hall until a permanent location is established.

He is not representative of Princeton—thank heaven. At heart he is not American in his principles; he naturally would have no loyalty to Princeton or to the United

States. He comes as a scientist. He is not satisfied to abide by his trade, as a *bona fide* scientist. He is not accredited as a statesman or economist, yet he breathes internationalism, Socialism, and ideals that are destructive of Americanism.

To Heywood Broun of the Scripps-Howard newspapers Einstein wrote: "World peace, a crying necessity, is not to be achieved unless spiritually progressive forces refuse to yield to public authorities. Thereby they bring upon themselves a conflict with public authority."

Again, in an address in New York, December 14, 1930, on "Militant Pacifism," translated into English and published in the radical paper, the *World Tomorrow*, Einstein offered one suggestion: "It is refusal to engage in war service of any kind, under any circumstances. I advise recruiting of people for this idea all over the world."

So he believes in recruiting in Princeton.

We have a non-scouting agreement with Yale. If Albert Einstein would adopt a non-scouting policy for his ideas against our country he would be more loyal. I, for one, am sorry he is coming to Princeton. "Much learning maketh a man mad." "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

COURTLAND NIXON, '95
Washington, D. C.

FLORIDA

THE spiritual life in Jacksonville, described in the celebrated *Times-Union*:

An automobile will be placed on the rostrum of the Riverside Avenue Christian Church Sunday night in recognition of the Automobile Show. Automobile night will be observed. All owners, dealers, and those connected with the industry, are invited to be present. The Rev. J. E. Barbee will preach on the subject, "Old Tags and New."

This probably will be the first time an automobile has been shown on a church pulpit, and an interesting message will be presented. Everyone that attends is asked to bring a friend or neighbor in their auto-

mobile. Recognition will be given to the family coming in the newest car, the oldest, the two seated car bringing the largest number of persons, and the one-seated machine bringing the largest group.

ILLINOIS

SAD news from Benton, capital of the Southern Illinois Bible country, in the Du Quoin *Daily News*:

Pastors, evangelists and church people throughout Southern Illinois have sought in vain for a satisfactory explanation for the marked change in the attitude of most congregations toward the preaching of the gospel to that which was evinced a year ago.

During the Winter of 1931-32 pastors were highly encouraged over the apparent eagerness of congregations to listen intently to the gospel messages and quick to show their anxiousness to embrace the Christian religion. This Winter it has been very different and preachers and others are non-plussed over the change. Evangelists state that the congregations give equally as good attention this year, but they find it next to impossible to penetrate the metallic armor which apparently encloses the hearts of their listeners and to gain any response to their appeals.

Last Winter many revivals witnessed more than fifty conversions, while quite a number saw better than a hundred added to the church, and one in particular, held at Mt. Vernon by its pastor, Elder C. W. Maulding, witnessed nearly four hundred conversions during the nineteen weeks of the campaign.

Elder C. E. Bullar, pastor of a Benton church, when asked for an explanation of the changed conditions, said: "It seems to me that many men have become so despondent over their inability to get jobs or to accomplish things as they would like, that they have just settled back with a What's the use? attitude, and though they will listen intently, they will not move. Others who are not so worried over worldly matters display an unmovable disposition and this is beyond explanation for me."

Elder T. H. Dorris, another pastor and

evangelist who has been eminently successful in past years in conducting revivals, says:

"I can't begin to explain it. I never had more attentive congregations but they are generally unresponsive. I preach the same gospel and try even harder than last year, but with comparatively poor results."

Some have ventured an explanation that the fine attention noticeable in most meetings might be a sort of absent-mindedness—that the listener only had his gaze fastened on the preacher and that his mind was far off.

LITERARY opportunity:

WANTED

The Movie Fans of the world to send poems, articles, stories or clever ideas about their favorite Stars, Directors, Picture or just anything pertaining to the Movies, which will be compiled into a book called "Movie Fans' Ideas of Movieland."

A payment of 50c entitles you to write an article about the Movies containing 250 words, and 50c for each additional or fractional part of a 250-word article, which gives you one book FREE when published.

CHARLES (CHAW) MANK,
The Movieland Publisher
STAUNTON, ILLINOIS

Book Copyrighted Do It Today!

LOUISIANA

THE effects of the Higher Learning at Tulane, as described by the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

Tulane students still haven't learned the old lesson that "you can't judge a book by its cover."

Although 1932 saw their literary taste improve somewhat and tend to more serious reading, their choice of books is still largely determined by the attractiveness of a binding, according to Helmer M. Webb, Tulane librarian.

"I have never seen the test fail," he said Saturday. "If I place two books on the display shelf, one in a pretty, well-lettered binding and the other in a dull, worn one, no matter what the contents of either may be, the pretty one will go first."

Music criticism in the Shreveport *Journal*:

RACHMANINOFF WINS

BY LARGE MARGIN IN

MONDAY NIGHT GAME

Audience Given Real Thrill as Triple-Threat Pianist Rolls Up Big Score.

BY SUNFLOWER DALY.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rachmaninoff!

Sergei Rachmaninoff, fifty-nine-year-old triple-threat pianist, picked by many critics as all American timber, appeared on the Municipal Auditorium gridiron Monday night, and gave a one-man performance that will go down in local musical records as one of the most thrilling ivory key battles of the century. His clean-cut victory gives him a record of 327 straight wins since leaving Bolsheviki Hi at Moscow in 1917, and entering the big-time circuit. In all of that time, it is reliably reported, his goal line has never been crossed.

MISSOURI

FROM the Higginsville *Jeffersonian*, the pride and joy of Lafayette county:

Wm. H. Taft is now the only living ex-President.

FROM the celebrated Manchester (England) *Guardian*:

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT

A reader of the Manchester *Guardian Weekly* in Missouri writes to cancel his subscription and gives the following explanation:—

"The reason for this cancellation is the fact that the Manchester *Guardian Weekly* carries regularly pictures. The Ten Commandments are universal in character and application, not limited to age or race: thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not lie, thou shalt not commit adultery, &c., &c.; these are eternal. Even the command to remember the Sabbath day the world recognizes as rightful and goes through the form of closing business once a week. But the Second Commandment, not to make any graven images nor likenesses, is universally overlooked. Likenesses means pictures, as in the expression, 'Have your likeness struck.' But, one may

object, it says not to 'bow down to nor serve them: we make them and use them, but do not bow down to nor serve them.' What did your picture cost, pray? Ten cents, ten dollars? And how did you get that ten cents or ten dollars? Did you not do service for it, working for it? Then to that extent, ten cents or ten dollars, you 'bowed down' or 'served' that picture."

NEBRASKA

ACHIEVEMENTS of the Holy Spirit in Nehawka, as reported in the *Enterprise* thereof:

The eight-day evangelistic campaign put on by Miss Violet Heefner and Miss Anna Sudenga at the United Brethren Church, which closed last Friday night, was mightily blessed of God, and forty-eight precious souls bowed at the altar in repentance, asking God for forgiveness. In this group were four whole families who came to Christ and are now coming into the church to work and live for Jesus who saved them. This was not accomplished without much opposition from the Devil. First he tried to keep the people away by sending 22 below zero weather, but that didn't work, as some walked six miles in and six miles home on that cold night. Then he tried to keep the Rev. and Mrs. Otto Engebretson away by smiting their baby with sickness, but that didn't work. God took care of that. Then Satan tried to do away with some of our advertising and again God intervened and as a last resort Satan tried to stop the mouth of God's servant, Miss Heefner, by filling it with canker sores, but by the grace of God she was able to continue to the end, although it meant much suffering.

The power of God was in every service. Souls were saved at our afternoon prayer meetings and people would come in the daytime and ask how to be saved. This revival didn't stop when the campaign closed last Friday night, because on Sunday morning at the Otterbein Church the power of God was so manifest that the Rev. Mr. Engebretson didn't need to preach. The altar call was given and precious souls came in contrition and repentance. Praise God.

Unsaved friend, are you going to let God include you in this great harvest of souls? It may be Nehawka's last revival before Jesus comes. Come to Him now. We will do all we can to help you in this greatest of all decisions, deciding for Jesus. In the name of Jesus we are going forward singing our battle song, winning souls for Jesus.

Nehawka for Jesus is our battle cry.
Nehawka for Jesus we will win or die.
We will battle sin until all is pure within.
Help us, Lord Jesus, Nehawka to win!

Amen.

REV. O. ENGBRETSON.

MORAL progress in this great State as revealed to the world by the Lincoln correspondent of the Associated Press:

Motion pictures showing women smoking cigarettes would be barred in Nebraska if a bill introduced today by Representative A. A. Heater (D.) of Custis is passed. "I think we ought to keep these high-salaried movie stars from corrupting our pure country girls," Heater said.

NEW YORK

THE eminent *Sun* describes the inauguration of a new justice of the Supreme Court in Marvellous Manhattan:

Justice Hofstadter was the recipient of a large white ivory gavel, trimmed in silver, the gift of Republicans of the Fifteenth Assembly district, the former Senator's own district. Keyes Winter, who recently resigned as Republican leader in that district, was present, but did not present the gavel. The presentation was made by Max Shapiro. Also present were Harold Riegelman and H. H. Nordlinger, Justice Hofstadter's former law partners; Justice Louis A. Valente, Rabbi Shepherd Z. Baum of Albany, former Municipal Court Justice John R. Davies, Joseph N. Schultz, Republican leader of the Seventeenth Assembly district; Mrs. Charlotte Osserman, the justice's former secretary, and J. Philip Berg, a lawyer, who presented Justice Hofstadter with a pillow of artificial flowers representing an American flag across which was a gold banner with the word "Justice" inscribed thereon.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM GREENPOINT

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

VARIOUS city officials shifted their vast bulks uneasily in the witness-chair during the most recent legislative investigation into the chronic maladministration of New York City. But Samuel Seabury, chief counsel to the probers and a gentleman of great legal cunning, was baffled when he attempted to cloud the character of the Hon. Peter J. McGuinness, Democratic boss of that section of Brooklyn called Greenpoint. Judge Seabury produced documents which, he said, revealed professional gambling in the clubhouse of the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization. Pete not only admitted that he was leader of the club; he boasted of it.

"Judge," he said, "there is only one leader to that club. Right here in front of you."

But that was as far as he would go. He admitted that some of the boys might have followed the ponies, might even have handled a bet or two, but he was emphatic in his denial that he had, personally, the remotest connection with such matters. Judge Seabury examined and cross-examined him in vain. Finally, they came to an interview Pete had given out soon after the police raided the club in March, 1927.

"Do you remember saying 'I'm clean as a whistle'?"

"Judge," replied Pete earnestly, "I *always* say that."

It was the simple statement of a fact.

During thirty years in politics, he has taken part in many a gorgeous fight, but his boast has always been that he is "as clean as a whistle". No enemy has ever been able to disprove it. Faith in himself and in the quality of his leadership is thus deeply grounded in Pete McGuinness. But even more profound is his faith in the superiority of Greenpoint to all other sections of New York City, to all other parts of New York State, to each and every other locality in the United States. The women of Greenpoint are more fair. The men of Greenpoint are braver. The children are more respectful to their parents.

"Greenpoint, the Garden Spot of the World," is the way Pete describes the region which calls him leader, and regards him as the true fount of wisdom, as well as of Christmas baskets and jobs.

For eleven years, one month and three days—the tabulation is Pete's—he represented Greenpoint in the Board of Aldermen. When he resigned in February, 1931, to become Assistant Commissioner of Public Works of Brooklyn, he consented to summarize his services. He had driven the cows and hogs from the streets of Greenpoint. He had chased three hundred Chinese ("You can't make a vote out of a million of 'em," he explained) out of the district. And he had got Greenpoint a farm garden for the kiddies, three playgrounds, a subway extension, a \$2,000,000 garbage incinerator, traffic lights, and a \$1,500,000 bridge over Greenpoint Avenue.

His heroic efforts in behalf of Greenpoint did not cease when he left the Board of Aldermen. About a year later it was proposed that a ferry to Manhattan should be shut down. The city had met deficits of \$2,000,000 in operating costs; a resolution for the abandonment was before the Board of Estimate. Pete appeared in opposition and addressed Jimmy Walker, who had not yet resigned as Mayor, in a voice choked with emotion:

Don't take away the old ferry, Mr. Mayor! It would be like separating an old couple that has been together for many years to divorce Manhattan and Greenpoint. There would be tears in the eyes of the old ferryboats as there would be in the eyes of the people of Greenpoint if they were put up to rot in some dry-dock or sold at public auction.

Tears glistened in Pete's own eyes as he concluded this plea, and Jimmy, announcing that the old ferry would be spared, looked down from the dais.

"You're my favorite alderman," he said.

Greenpoint always comes first in Pete's heart, but that organ is also large enough to take in the city as a whole. A slur on Greenpoint would arouse him to pugilistic reprisals; a slur on New York stirs, at the least, a spirited defense of the town. He is willing to criticize New York himself; such an occasion came when he tried to halt smoking by women in public. But when the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church declared that New York combined the worst features of Sodom and Gomorrah he leaped to his feet in the Board of Aldermen:

New York is the cleanest city in the world. You can't find a more moral race of people on the face of the earth; I'll bet you can't. The theaters of New York are great educational institutions. There's no more profanity here than anywhere else in the

country. New Yorkers may swear on impulse, but never from the heart.

New York has the healthiest air in the country. What of it if the girls do go in for few clothes? The good air gets to their bodies and makes 'em healthier. There's no harm in women wearing little clothing.

II

Pete is the last of a noble line. Your modern politician, whether urban or rural, is usually a slick little fellow who advances along the path to power through craft. He hires press-agents to write speeches in which nothing is said on any given subject. He makes deals with the opposing party. He establishes alliances with contractors, and he grows prosperous, as well as powerful, with the years.

Pete belongs to an older, all but vanished, school. An organization Democrat, he has dared to defy his party in the past and will do it again. When he has anything to say he says it as loudly as possible and his meaning is clear. He has shrewdness to spare, although his mind may move a little ponderously. But in him there is no guile, trickery or deceit. Pete has not profited financially from his decades in politics. At the Seabury hearings he testified:

You know, Judge, that I faced the people of Greenpoint with the ballot sixteen times in twelve years. Sixteen times in twelve years . . . and every time they sent me back with glorious colors . . . and I want to tell you, Judge, that I have dug deep into my pocket more times than any leader in the history of the State.

In appearance he is precisely and exactly what an Irish ward leader should be. His hair is gray, now that his fiftieth year draws close. His paunch may have increased a little. But the muscles which hardened during his years as a dock-

walloper still play in his arms. He can climb to the top floor of a tenement without losing breath. His eyes are as blue as the skies above the Killarney lakes, and his voice is deep, guttural and commanding. Excessively emotional, Pete sheds no crocodile tears when he weeps. But he can also become angry on provocation, and then he hurls epithets with vast effect.

In 1925 he was running for leader of Greenpoint against a fellow Democrat named James A. McQuade and he toured the district nightly casting aspersions on his opponent. McQuade, said Pete, was a "disgrace and dishonor to the Democratic party". He should be called "Park Avenue Jim, the Jesse James of Greenpoint". He had obtained too many jobs for his relatives and Payroll Jim was another appropriate title. But Pete's anger fades quickly. After McQuade had been vanquished other leaders suggested peace in the interest of harmony and it was quickly arranged. Pete then issued a statement:

From this day forth Pete McGuinness and Jim McQuade march forward, hand in hand like brothers, for the benefit of the grand old Democratic party. Everything is adjusted in the most satisfactory way.

Greenpoint glories in such fights. The residents of the area which lies between the East river and Newtown creek do not concern themselves with international debts, the Manchurian question, or the tariff. "When a McGuinness fights a McQuade, that's politics in Greenpoint." The region is, of course, solidly Democratic; not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has a Republican been elected to office. On Election Day the voters go to the polls and vote the straight ticket, and there is small excitement because the result is never in doubt. But on Primary Day red fire burns, bands play, and oratory rends the air.

Greenpoint has changed very little in the past fifty years. McCarren Park, a somewhat dismal space with a few struggling trees, is still thronged on a Summer's night with Greenpointers who hope that a breath of air will be carried across the lumber yards from the East river. Most of the residents live in ancient houses, either in cold-water walk-up flats, as does Pete himself, or in two- and three-family dwellings. Manhattan avenue, with its shops and movie theaters, is the main business district. A Greenpoint debutante can, and often does, buy her entire outfit there, from her lingerie to her fur coat. On the more important corners of Manhattan avenue there are always groups of men, smoking and discussing the latest political developments. Is it true that Jim McQuade may stage a come-back? Is it possible that Pete McGuinness will one day break with John McCooey, the Democratic boss of all Brooklyn? The pros and cons of such pulsing questions are heatedly argued.

The inhabitants of the Garden Spot of the World are, in the main, working people of Irish and Polish extraction whose families came to the United States three or four generations ago. They are conservative and resist all change. They opposed such innovations as woman suffrage and Prohibition. The rest of the city was amazed, in December, 1921, when the newspapers said that an ordinance sponsored by Pete McGuinness to stop smoking in public by women had been passed by the Board of Aldermen and would be enforced by the police. Pete smokes rather sparingly, himself, and does not drink at all. In offering the resolution he said:

The morals of our young girls are menaced by cigarette smoking. . . . Young fellows go into our restaurants to find women folks smoking cigarettes. What happens? The

young fellows lose all respect for women and the next thing you know the young fellows, vampired by these smoking women, desert their homes, rob their employers and even commit murder so that they can get money to lavish on these smoking women. It's all wrong, and I say it's got to stop.

News of the ordinance was greeted with mingled amusement and derision in Manhattan, but Greenpoint remained calm during the uproar. Then it was discovered that the measure had not actually been approved by the city fathers, that some clerk had erred. The girls of Greenpoint smoke now, of course. Speakeasies flourish as everywhere else in New York. But the wilder extravagances are held in check by a lower middle-class viewpoint and by the domination of the Catholic Church. About 85% of the residents belong to the ten Catholic churches in Greenpoint.

Nearly all of them belong, also, to the fifteen Democratic clubhouses which dot the area. The Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization is by far the most important of these. All roads lead to its clubhouse, where Pete McGuinness presides to dispense favors, justice and punishment.

III

An old-fashioned brownstone front with a high stoop, the house is like countless thousands in Brooklyn. Lights stream from its windows until well after midnight and the two rooms on the first floor are thronged with Greenpointers who seek a word, never denied them, with the leader. The Depression, in its third Winter, greatly increased the responsibility of all such clubs. Pete may boast that his flock consists of honest, thrifty folk and that the savings banks of Greenpoint have \$44,000,000 in deposits, but at least a score

of petitions for relief are received every night; there are landlords to be cajoled or threatened into delaying eviction proceedings. Food and coal and clothing must be provided.

This is democracy reduced to its most practical, working form. Every favor to a Greenpoint family means at least one vote; if the family is large it may mean from four to ten. Immediately past the entrance of the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization is a large room, bare save for five or six convenient cuspidors, some chairs, a bust of Jefferson and an enlarged photograph of Pete McGuinness. The people wait here for their turn to see Pete and they are not delayed long.

He is behind a desk in the adjoining room. Near him is a stenographer and at other desks are lieutenants. At 8 o'clock every night starts a procession of people in trouble or in need. There is, for example, Mrs. O'Rourke, a widow who runs a boarding-house down near the lumber-yards. She sits down to tell Pete that her poodle inconsiderately nipped a neighbor, one Mrs. O'Leary, three years ago. The wound was not serious and the doctor's bills have been paid. But some lawyer has persuaded Mrs. O'Leary to bring suit and she is asking \$300 in damages. Pete listens in silence and then waves his large hand.

"It's a holdup," he says. "Don't give her a cent and don't worry about it."

Another time Pete's advice is sought by an elderly man who has been working on the docks at night and has come home to learn that his sixteen-year-old daughter has been gadding about. His wife is dead; what shall he do?

"Bring her here," Pete orders.

On the following night the girl appears, a pretty and rather defiant young wench

who sits down and looks at Pete with apparent detachment. But soon she has lost this pose, for the Boss is telling her about his own mother and weeping a little in the process.

"You don't have but one father and one mother," he says, "and you'd better obey 'em."

What Pete runs is a combined arbitration and domestic relations court. If the corner grocer has a row with the owner of the vegetable market, he hears the evidence and hands down a verdict. Almost nightly there is some case involving the holy bonds of matrimony. The lord and master of Mrs. McGarragh, let us suppose, has been A.W.O.L. for a week. Mrs. McGarragh has been told by neighbors that the proper course is to have him arrested, in which event she will receive a widow's pension from the city. So she trudges over to Pete to ask the amount of this pension.

No such benefit for jail-widows exists, of course, and Pete's Irish wrath mounts as he sets Mrs. McGarragh right. "You've got some neighbor trying to make trouble!" he warns her. "There ain't any pension. You'll be in jail yourself if you don't look out. Bring your man in to see me; I don't care *how* drunk he is."

Scouts are despatched to the gin-mill where McGarragh is lurking and soon loud cries issue from the doorway as he swaggers in.

"Sit down!" Pete roars. "You think you're tough? I'm tougher. You go back home with your woman and keep away from the booze!"

Then he turns to Mrs. McGarragh. "Stay away from those neighbors who fill you up with lies."

The stream of visitors goes on, night after night. Indignant citizens, arrested for traffic violations, appeal to Pete to

have the charges dismissed. The unemployed ask for letters to the gas company, to Brooklyn's department stores, to the trolley and subway companies where jobs, perhaps, may be obtained. Boys in their first tangle with the law come in shame-faced terror.

"Murder, rape and robbery with a gun; these I don't mix with," Pete explains. "But a lad who just breaks into a house has no wickedness in his heart."

Very rarely, he insists, is his confidence misplaced. Very rarely do these first offenders repeat their crimes. Pete is happy that the reformatory population is reduced by his good offices. He is even more pleased that his counsel has preserved many a home.

"I meet the man and his woman shopping together the following night," he says. "I ask them 'How are things?' and they tell me, 'They're fine, thanks to you, Pete McGuinness.'"

IV

It would be difficult to deceive Pete, and that, no doubt, is why he succeeds so well in the rôle of arbitrator and judge. He knows all the 1,500 members of his club by their first names. He knows hundreds of other Greenpointers almost as well; their faults (if they have any, which he denies), their virtues, their private griefs, and their public joys. For he was born in the Garden Spot and will die there. His father served for forty years as foreman of a brass plant in Greenpoint and died at the age of seventy-four. He left, in addition to Pete, five sons and three daughters to mourn him. He also left an estate of about \$20,000, accumulated through thrift and hard work.

Pete's life might have been very different had there been any such fortune in his

early days. He went to work, without undue regret, after leaving public school when he was fourteen. His first formal job was on the lumber docks, but even before that he had earned a penny or two. In 1900 or thereabouts there flourished in Greenpoint the Rinky Dink Social Club, which gave occasional balls and carnivals and had great political influence. Pete's connection with the Rinky Dinks was only remotely related to politics, however. At the age of ten he found it necessary to have money for candy and picnics. He applied for the job of standard-bearer in the parades whereby the Rinky Dinks advertised a forthcoming ball. These were held at night and wound a riotous path through the streets. The youthful McGuinness, staggering along with the banner, received a quarter in compensation for his sufferings.

One night the Rinky Dinks were indiscreet enough to invade a hall where another social group was having a cotillion. Pete was promptly made a target for chairs and beer bottles. He then felt himself being picked up bodily and hurled through an open window. Fortunately for the future of Greenpoint, the window was only six feet from the street and he was not much hurt.

"I went around the next day and got me quarter," he recalls proudly.

Such incidents were part of a Greenpointer's education. Pete was a full-fledged longshoreman by the time he was twenty. He was a gregarious youth with a talent for making friends and soon he was active in politics. His first job was that of runner; he spent his spare time climbing to the top floors of tenements and extolling the virtues of John Carpenter, the current Greenpoint leader. In due time he became a precinct captain, and then he was detailed to work at headquarters. His

speeches and his glad-handing always brought in votes and by 1918 there was talk that he would make an excellent alderman. He took his seat with the board a year later. In April, 1924, he defied the machine and was elected leader over Jim McQuade. He was known, by now, as the Fighting Alderman from Greenpoint.

The title was accurate. In the Summer of 1922 Pete heard that three hundred Chinese had moved into Greenpoint and that some had been hired, at low wages, at a paper box factory. He protested to Washington without result. Then he called on the head of the factory and pointed out that American workmen, who were also loyal Democrats and voters, were being deprived of their livelihood.

"What of it? I save dough," said the industrialist.

"Well," answered Pete, casting an eye around the plant, "it looks to me like you're violating a couple of city ordinances here. Guess I'll speak to the building inspectors."

By nightfall the Chinese had been fired. But this was not enough to satisfy the fighting alderman. For several nights following he trailed them to their lodging-houses and then brought action against the landlords on the ground that the city's sanitary regulations were not being observed. So the Chinese were evicted and the next they sadly crossed the Williamsburgh Bridge for the more hospitable confines of Manhattan.

That same Summer Pete launched an attack on the Ku Klux Klan and said "I will drive them out of Greenpoint as I did the Chinamen and the cattle". This last was a reference to his success in stopping the local custom of herding cows and hogs on their way to slaughter through the boulevards of Greenpoint.

But Pete's most sanguinary battles were waged against successive police commissioners of New York. He loyally supported Mayor Hylan and, in 1923, suggested him for President on the ground that he was the greatest man since Lincoln.

Pete had, though, no use for Dick Enright, who was Hylan's police commissioner. This may have been due to an alleged remark by Enright to the effect that he (Pete) was "a two-cent politician from Greenpoint who is constantly bombarding the police commissioner with personal requests for the transfer or promotion of his friends."

"He called me a two-cent politician from Newtown creek," exploded Pete in the aldermanic chamber. "He had better brush up on his geography. The last Congress changed the name of Newtown creek to the Nassau river and it has more commerce in one year than the Mississippi and Raritan rivers combined."

The public issue on which they quarrelled was the Special Service Squad, that malodorous arm of the Police Department which seeks to stamp out prostitution and other forms of vice. Pete was almost ten years ahead of his time when he declared that the Special Service Squad was framing girls in vice cases; the extent to which the police had been doing this was brought out during the Summer of 1930. Had Pete's demands for an investigation been fruitful many an innocent girl might have been spared. He received, at first, support from several Democratic aldermen, but they backed down under orders from the machine and Pete's loud and indignant pleas at the next meeting of the board were futile.

"You fellows should not be pictures on the wall," he roared. "You come here as legislators and have the right to criticize

any commissioner. If you don't think you have that right, shut up forever. Go home and send up some of your old campaign pictures."

The next police commissioner to be taken on was George V. McLaughlin. Placed in office at the instigation of Al Smith when Hylan was deposed, McLaughlin was a rather stiff-necked gentleman who cared nothing for politics or the perplexities of local politicians. He felt that he was obliged to enforce the law, even the statute which prohibited professional gambling. He detailed some officers to obtain evidence, in political clubhouses and elsewhere. On the night of March 12, 1927, the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization was one of a number of clubs raided. Pete, together with forty of his bully boys, was escorted to the police station, conveniently located but a door or two away. Most of them were charged only with disorderly conduct, but Leader McGuinness, to his acute distress, was accused of gambling. His feelings were terribly hurt. Even his prompt discharge on the following day did not stay his flaming wrath.

"I have never gambled in my life," he said. "I have never attended a horse race. I have never bet so much as a nickel or accepted the bet of a nickel."

Three days later he rose to a point of personal privilege and said that the raid had been a frame-up. He would not have been so mortified, he said, if he had been "taken with the rest of the boys on a disorderly conduct charge. I would have said 'Let's roll'." But the gambling accusation was a libel. Moreover, the story that he had called out "Cheese it, here comes the cops!" when the police arrived was another.

"I said, 'Sit down, gentlemen, the police is here,'" Pete corrected.

V

The raid on his clubhouse more than three years before was about all that the legislative investigators could bring up when Pete was called to the stand in October, 1931. His old rival, Jim McQuade, had been less fortunate. McQuade was found to have deposited more than \$500,000 in seven years; of this total only \$50,000 was in salary checks. The balance, he testified, had been borrowed to support his very large family, his cousins and his brothers and his sisters and his aunts. In all, thirty-three McQuades were dependent upon him. Many other revelations of large profits on the part of city politicians were made. These included, of course, the accusations which the dashing Jimmy Walker found so difficult to explain and which resulted in his resignation as mayor of New York.

Having a clear conscience, Pete was the most charmingly ingenuous witness among all the scores who faced examination at the hands of Judge Seabury. One constitutional protection theoretically enjoyed by witnesses at such hearings is that they cannot be compelled to take the stand if their testimony may subject them to prosecution. But there is a catch to it; all witnesses are requested to sign a waiver of immunity. If they refuse, it is a virtual admission of guilt. For this reason most of the Seabury victims waived their constitutional rights. In some cases they did so with extreme reluctance, as though they were signing their own death warrants.

Pete, however, almost tumbled out of the witness-chair in his eagerness to sign. He described briefly his rise to power in Greenpoint. The examination then proceeded to the gambling raids. He testified that he had a fairly good idea of the activities at the clubhouse, although "if a man

murders another man, I hope they don't lock up McGuinness". His first intimation that professional gambling was going on came in February, 1927, when he was informed by Boss McCooley that complaints had been received by the police. Pete, as he hurried back to the clubhouse, decided to be his own detective. Stepping softly to the second floor, he hid his sturdy person behind a pillar.

"You weren't spying on your own club members, were you?" asked Seabury in pretended surprise.

"Yes," answered Pete. "I would spy on them too. Don't forget that."

Four or five members, he admitted, were apparently betting on the races and he warned them that this would have to stop. It was true, then, suggested Seabury, that he agreed with the police regarding wrong-doing at the club?

"Judge, in my public life, me and the police never agreed," retorted Pete.

Somehow the counsel for the legislative committee did not seem to be getting very far, either in connecting Pete with the gambling or in throwing light on such practises in other political clubhouses. The replies of the witness bristled with such statements as "I'm here to tell the truth and nothing but the truth and I've got nothing to fear". He testified freely regarding the raid in March, his arrest, his prompt arraignment and discharge. Seabury wanted to know why the other forty defendants had not been cleared as quickly; had not Pete stirred himself in their behalf?

"Let them ask for themselves," was the answer. "This was Pete McGuinness at stake."

His account on the witness-stand paralleled very closely the speech of explanation he had made in the Board of Aldermen. He was very certain that the club

had never profited from gambling, and was in no way dismayed when Seabury became inquisitive regarding the custom of having financial records kept at the home of the treasurer instead of in the clubhouse. Following is the official transcript of the testimony:

Q. (By Judge Seabury) Why would it be better to file them in his house?

A. Because up at the clubhouse sometimes they would go up there and start a little rough and tumble, and start to fly things around, and away goes all your records. . . . They would fire everything.

Q. They wouldn't fire the financial report?

A. Wouldn't they?

Q. Of the treasurer of the organization?

A. If one or two of them was fooling together they would pick the book up and hit the other with the book.

Q. And that might have damaged the accounts?

A. Always.

Pete expanded cordially when Seabury asked him regarding the charitable activities of the Greenpoint People's Regular Democratic Organization. "Judge, you're doing me a great and wonderful favor," he said and launched into a description of

the Christmas baskets given to the poor, the carnivals and dances held to raise funds. But when Seabury sought to imply that certain of the gambling profits might also have been used for this good work, Pete grew indignant.

"Judge, bury it! It is dead!" he pleaded. "Don't be talking about that any more! Tired of looking at it!"

So was everyone else. Seabury asked a few routine questions about the raising of campaign funds in Greenpoint and their disposition. Pete answered them to the chief counsel's satisfaction and then was excused. He seemed just a shade reluctant to leave the stand.

"A pleasure, I assure you, gentlemen, having this great pleasure of coming before you," he said. "I want to thank Mr. Seabury, too, for being so kind and courteous to me."

Judge Seabury bowed. The members of the legislative committee bowed. The audience applauded with enthusiasm as Pete McGuinness, surrounded by an admiring delegation from Greenpoint, left the hearing room to return to the Garden Spot of the World.

CLOSE VIEW OF A CALVINIST LHASA

BY W. J. CASH

IT is a magnificent and outrageous irony that the town of Charlotte, the capital of Mecklenburg county in North Carolina, should set up to be the original birthplace of what used to be called, without conscious cynicism, American liberty. According to the chief legend of the place, the men of Mecklenburg, foregathered in the log courthouse which stood at the corner of what nowadays is Independence Square, declared themselves free and independent of the wicked George III on May 20, 1775—more than a year, that is, before the Continental Congress enacted the Declaration of Independence. As to the truth of this, I am not able to say. No one, indeed, is. It rests wholly on the testimony of those who represented themselves to be the chief actors in the proceedings, and that testimony was delivered long after the Revolution was safely fought and won. But with its truth or lack of it, I am, after all, but little concerned here. What really concerns me is the astounding contrast between the town's legend and its character.

For, in its essence, Charlotte is an old Tory town, a citadel of bigotry and obscurantism—one of the most hunkerous, if not, in fact, the champion for hunkerousness, in the South generally, and certainly by long odds the champion of North Carolina. It is possible, in truth, to chart the flow of civilization in that great State by the simple device of conceiving it as a thundering field of battle whereon the justly

famous State university at Chapel Hill gallantly defends the standards of intellectual integrity against the ferocious assaults—no, not as one might think, of everything and everybody else in sight, but chiefly, and almost wholly, of this very town of Charlotte.

Elsewhere in North Carolina the spirit which reaches its apogee in the university has been getting in its work, and for a long time. For instance, there is Greensboro, a town which for two decades has been clearly emerging from the old grooves. To say that it has completely emerged or that it is likely to do so soon, would be to go far beyond the facts. Its liberalism, in so far, at least, as it is not a vague and amorphous thing, is the property of relatively small groups, and its advances are intermittent: it may be questioned, indeed, that there have been any notable ones since the day, some years ago, when Gerald W. Johnson folded up his desk in the office of the morning newspaper and crossed the Potomac. Nevertheless, the tendency unquestionably exists; it would be difficult, and maybe impossible, to make a lynching there or to stir up a pogrom for any of the more imbecile of the ancient superstitions. And the same thing may be said, in varying degree, for other towns in the State.

Charlotte, of course, is not its only Tory stronghold. But if Raleigh and Wilmington, for example, are also to be set down as exponents of the old *Kultur*, then they are only passively so. In them is a great

defeatism. The Goth, they know, is upon the Flaminian way. The Hun swings southward from the infidel universities of the North and makes himself at ease within the Tar Heel gates. Tomorrow—next week—in time—, they understand with a great certainty, their world will end. Meanwhile, they will not think on it, they will not fret themselves with contending against the inevitable. They will doze in the sun, they will pull on their jugs, they will make love to their charming women, they will cultivate serenity and a kind of elaborate, but still somehow homespun, Tar Heel grace, thanking an inscrutable God that the day of wrath is at least not yet.

But the Toryism of Charlotte is militant. At its heart is a vast and nearly insatiable zeal, an immeasurable itch for blood. The town breeds crusades as a pup breeds fleas. Out of it have proceeded every one of those forays, not only against the university but also against liberalism in general, and not only against liberalism in general, but even against elementary sense and decency—every one of those forays which have from time to time in recent years elevated North Carolina, blushing and cringing in some vague realization that she was somehow being made to seem ridiculous, to the front pages of the nation. And on its stage have been enacted the more atrocious, at least, of the lynchings (I use the term figuratively, of course: all North Carolina may be said practically to have abandoned the sport in its old raw and vulgar form of frying the black brother) which have disgraced the State in the same period. Do I seem to exaggerate? Then get down the newspaper files and examine the record for yourself.

There, in 1926, was cooked up the Committee of One Hundred, which had for its aims the enactment of a monkey-law

and the throttling of the university's appropriations unless it agreed to swallow the law without a whimper and to fire every man of any honesty from its faculty.

There, again, in 1928, was born the Anti-Smith Committee. There arose its captain and most of its members, and out from Charlotte went most of the warnings that the Pope was hovering off Wilmington with thirty thousand sail and a hundred million wops—all that idiotic clamor which in the end brought North Carolina up slaving to avert the Coming of the Scarlet Woman.

It was from Charlotte again—as all informed Tar Heels guessed even then—that, in 1929, its handmaiden, Gastonia, drew the inspiration and the courage to resort to shooting and burning against the Communist strike-leaders who had set themselves down in its virgin precincts, and so turned what was essentially farce into tragedy. And it was in Charlotte, as everybody will remember, that these strike-leaders were at last formally and legally lynched.

It was Charlotte, and almost wholly Charlotte, which stood on its head and tore its shirt and screamed for gore, when, in 1932, Norman Thomas and the Negro poet, Langston Hughes, appeared on the lecture platform at the university. And it was in Charlotte, and almost wholly in Charlotte, that, immediately thereafter, the Tatum petition—which demanded that the Governor of the State forthwith expunge from the university library the works of Darwin, Freud, John Watson, Bertrand Russell, and, indeed, of everybody who has had anything to say since 1800—was hatched. The authors and promoters of that document were all Charlotteans, and of the 284 signatures, at least three-fourths were drawn from the town or its satellite villages.

II

Well, and what is the explanation? What ails the place? Wherefore all its Christian zeal? How does it happen that this town of the Mecklenburg legend not only remains impervious to the spirit of liberalism but pants to put it down?

Probably I have already suggested the answer in calling it a Tory town—but that plainly calls for a great deal of explaining. Certainly the casual observer would be hard put to it to discover anything of the traditional Tory there. For, by an irony but a little less striking than that of the legend itself, Charlotte is one of the two or three greatest exponents of Progress in the whole Southern country. Forty years ago a shabby village, horribly dogged and torn by the poverty of Reconstruction, it has grown up to be the key town, both industrially and commercially, to the valley of the Catawba—the cotton-mill country *par excellence* in Dixie—and the metropolis of both the Carolinas.

Physically, it is nearly Middle Western. The South survives in the yellow wash of the sunlight; in an occasional burst of flowers and vines about the shacks where the coons live in the alleys back of Friendship Baptist Church; in two or three blocks of moribund old houses set back in shaggy lawns along North Tryon street where it descends to the Seaboard depot; above all, in the sedate beauty of the Old First Presbyterian Church, which sends up its single gracile spire from a park of great trees in the heart of the downtown district. But, for the rest, the scene is supremely commonplace and modern—a matter of the inevitable crown of so-called skyscrapers, of a girdle of factory villages and sub-divisions, of warehouses and spur tracks, of chain stores and filling-stations, of country clubs and snooty suburbs with

their faces new-washed, and of an infernal din which, when the citizens are in a really patriotic mood, when they bear down on their automobile horns with true civic zeal, is comparable to nothing save Hell or Chicago's Loop.

All of which is to say, of course, that Babbitt swarms and pullulates. As realtor, as cotton-mill sweater, as banker, above all as the Duke Power Company, which has its principal offices in Charlotte, he overshadows and overruns the scene. No-where else in Dixie is the hierarchy of Rotary more firmly established, and no-where else is the Chamber of Commerce more an oracle, nowhere does it whoop more grandly for the Future.

But Babbitttry, *per se*, does not explain Charlotte—not adequately, at any rate. The fact is, indeed, that, if one leaves aside the Yankee he-men who infest the place in hordes, the local Babbitt is apt to be a very different fellow at bottom from his compatriots in Buffalo and Omaha. Scratch under his hide deeply enough and you find, not a visionary, but a Tory; you find, that is to say, that what counts primarily in his make-up is what counts primarily in the make-up of Tories everywhere: the past—that, in reality, he is simply the natural, and maybe even the inevitable, outcome of his town's past.

And this past? Primarily and fundamentally, a matter of the Scotch-Irish and their dour Presbyterian God. There are other gods in practise in Charlotte, certainly—Methodist, Baptist, Holy Roller, Catholic, what you will. And there are other blood-strains—mainly English and German. But either these other gods are servile understrappers, aping the ways and opinions of the Presbyterian God, and worshipped only by stuffy *bourgeois* and the brassiest of *nouveaux*, or they are outcasts, kept under the surveillance of the police,

and adored only by the utterly damned. And these blood-strains, wherever they are not amalgamated to the Scotch-Irish by marriage or long tradition or both, are the blood-strains of long generations of green-grocers or of cotton-mill peons lured in from outside. Only Presbyterianism and the Scotch-Irish really count.

A hundred and ninety years ago, a band of them reached the lower valley of the Catawba from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and set up seven fanes in honor of their God. And a hundred and sixty years ago, the seven congregations came together in the wilderness and built a courthouse and, a few steps away, an eighth fane—and the town was born. In that beginning, I suppose, the God of the place was simply the God of Presbyterians everywhere. Nor, so far as I know, is there any evidence that these Scotch-Irish differed noticeably from the norm for the Scotch-Irish generally. They were enormously strait-laced, they looked upon industry and the getting of goods as pious exercises peculiarly pleasing to Heaven, and they had all the smugness, all the complacency and self-righteousness, natural to the belief that they were handpicked for Grace. They exhibited all these qualities in the measure common to their race.

Gigantism, however, set in immediately and has continued through all the years since, with the result that Charlotte today is a sort of holy town, a Lhasa of Calvinism, a Gargantuan blue-nose posed on the face of Carolina. Its God is not merely a Presbyterian; he is such a Presbyterian as it would be impossible to match anywhere else in the South or even in the ranges of interstellar space. And the Scotch-Irish of Charlotte are no ordinary Scotch-Irish but the very peak and capsheaf of their kind.

All this is the outcome of vast and primal forces. In the first place, there was

the backwoods. Down to the beginning of the present century, the valley of the Catawba remained a relatively isolated section, and in the first seventy-five years after its settlement it was almost completely cut off from the world. Between it and the Eastern seaboard stretched a vast and nearly uninhabited waste, which yielded but slowly to the advance of the plantation. The Confederacy (by which I mean all that economic and social order which centered in the plantation) did not come to Charlotte until late; the first cotton-gin in Mecklenburg was not set up until about 1830. Accordingly, the local Scotch-Irish, never very susceptible anywhere to modifying and restraining influences from outside, found themselves completely removed from such influences. In Charlotte the lid was off. There their Presbyterianism could flourish as *in vacuo*. And there all their tribal qualities could shoot up in neoplastic abandon.

The country fitted with the people. Before them was the forest, old, untamed, pagan—the obvious symbol of Satan. To mow it, to burn it in great heaps, to bend the earth to their will—that was at once to slake their lust for acquisition and to acquire favor on high. And the proof of that favor was that they prospered. None of them had any money, but all their log-barns swelled with grain and all their flocks and herds multiplied after their kind, for the earth was fecund with the accumulated mold of centuries. And so inevitably they waxed in piety, and so inevitably they sank deeper and deeper into complacency.

If now and then the world swung close, then it only served to confirm them in their way. The Revolution rolled southward and Cornwallis came along to set up his headquarters. But the fates and the Scotch-Irish conspired against him, and presently he was hastening north to Yorktown. And

the Scotch-Irish, forgetting the fates, remembered only that their God was obviously a very puissant fellow, only that the redcoat had dubbed them Hornets for the ferocity with which they had defended their razorbacks. Afterward, gold was discovered, and newcomers trooped in—rough and hearty Germans, an Italian who called himself a count, and a beef-eating Englander with a lackey and two wenches. But the Germans married Presbyterian gals and set up for storekeepers, the Italian took himself off sadly for more promising fields, and the Englander, abandoning lackey and fancy women, took to saving souls.

So when the Confederacy at last heaved across the skyline, it found Charlotte already far gone in Calvinistic giantism, already definitely a holy town—and completely adamant against the thin stream of paganism which was properly a part of the classic Confederate tradition. But that is not to say that it was adamant against the Confederacy in general. Far from it. With glad hosannas, the Scotch-Irish fell upon cotton culture and the coining of shekels from the hide of the black brother, seeing in them but the natural reward of their virtues, but another proof of the favor of their God. And with equal joy, they seized upon the central notion of the Confederacy—that of aristocracy—and made it their own.

III

Certainly, they had not been aristocrats in the beginning. On the contrary, they had been the simplest of men: peasants, smiths, artisans of one kind or another, practically to the last jack. And certainly, they had not got to be aristocrats in the valley of the Catawba, though, of course, several families had emerged as local magnates.

One family in particular—with a grand Scotch clan name—had so prospered that one of its members had built himself a two-storied house of flint rock. But that was the limit. Everybody else lived in houses of logs; and Washington, riding this way on his junket to Charleston, could find nothing resembling gentry to entertain him.

But none of this deterred the Scotch-Irish. All about them, everywhere in the South, other peasants and smiths were turning aristocrat overnight, so why not they? With cotton came wealth, and with wealth political power, and with political power social ambition. As well as they might, they adopted the manners of the Virginians and the more polite Carolinians to the east. Then the greatest family—that one of the clan name, of course—gave a Governor to the State, and the thing was practically done. All that remained was to endow themselves with a sufficiently imposing tradition and a sufficiently dazzling ancestry.

This was easy. For there, ready to hand, was the legend of the Mecklenburg Declaration. The greatest family, recalling that it could boast the author and the chief signers of this immortal instrument, seized hungrily on the half-forgotten story, routing all its dotards from their chimney-corners to set down their memoirs as to just how it happened. And the other signing families naturally hastened to follow suit. It was a little embarrassing, of course, that the document itself could not be produced, but then there had been a fire. . . . And if Mr. Jefferson and his Virginians sniffed and hooted in high contumacy, then what ailed them, obviously, was ignoble envy. The Charlotte gentry could and would stare them down.

Nor would they stop there. The greatest family, observing its grand clan name,

turned back and proceeded to adorn itself with kings—traced itself to David II of Scotland, and beyond David to the Bruce, and beyond the Bruce to Alexander I. Here again, of course, the lesser families followed eagerly. In time, indeed, it got so that a family which could show only one king was accounted but little better than white trash—with the natural result that the supply of kings presently began to run out. So with the years, the Scotch-Irish got themselves back to Kenneth McAlpine, and beyond Kenneth to Scota, and in the high melodramatic time which followed the Civil War they abandoned Scotland altogether and took to the Lost Tribes, carried themselves back to David, the son of Jesse, and beyond David to Noah, and beyond Noah to Adam and the quickening breath of God. I do not exaggerate; they literally did it.

And so, by dint of fiercely asserting their aristocracy, they half-began to convince even the snooty Virginians and wholly convinced their own imaginations. But, of course, they did not really become aristocrats; of course they did not succeed in investing their subconsciousness with that peculiar coloring which was the secret of the few genuine aristocrats the South could show. In their hands, indeed, the notion of aristocracy became simply a new and powerful sanction for their ancient standards and ways.

In all this, it is difficult not to see the hand of their peculiar God. Certainly it smacks of predestination and manifest destiny. For if Charlotte had really achieved the standards of the Confederate aristocracy, or even if it had only really attempted them, then it plainly could not be what it is today. If, in the years when the cotton-mill was rising on the land, the town seized the ascendancy, and became, not only a great industrial hive but also

merchant and banker to all the country within a radius of a hundred miles, if today it is the great Babbitt town in Tarheel-dom, then it is primarily, as it seems to me, because of the character which it brought to the new order.

IV

The Scotch-Irish-Calvinist *Kultur* was admirably adapted for the business in hand. Without exception, every Southern town which has risen to eminence in the new order has been more or less under its sway. And in Charlotte, where it reached its apogee, it naturally worked most perfectly.

There the coming of Babbitry involved no revolution, nor even any conflict. There were no heart-breaking last stands and massacres, no Bourbon houses in bitter, shuttered mourning for the advent of Gradgrind and Bounderby—nothing of that struggle and defeat which has accompanied the industrialization and commercialization of such a town as Charleston, of every town where the classic Confederate culture had really taken root—but only hosannas and *Te Deums*. There the past flowed into the present soundlessly and without a jolt. There the gentry not merely received the Yankee go-getters with open arms, but themselves, and to a man, turned Babbitt without a qualm or a pang and without an iota of change in their proper character—took to Rotary with all the loving gusto with which a duckling takes to water, with all their ancient zest for acquisition and all their historic confidence that they were laying up treasures in heaven.

And here, of course, we have the last great justification. This is the final secret of the town's unbending adherence to its ideals, and the key to its militancy in Toryism. The thing works—and, even in

these days of Depression, it pays. Yesterday and today, it has made and makes uniformly for the prosperity and security of those who rule in Charlotte. What is more, it promises to keep on making for them indefinitely. Do the peons in the mills begin to rise and protest that to work for five dollars a week—as they do work these last bitter days—is too much for human flesh and blood? Then what better answer than the Presbyterian answer that it is all God's will, ordained from the first day, and so to be endured quietly lest complaining draw down fire from Heaven? What better answer than the Scotch-Irish answer that, if the peon is exceedingly ragged of behind and lean of belly, it is because he is shiftless and unthrifty, because he and his fathers have succumbed to sin and sloth?

Tradition and economic interest join hands and fuse as they have rarely done elsewhere, in the South or out of it. The very Chamber of Commerce can reserve its proudest boasting, not for the biggest cotton-mill, not for car-loadings, nor even for the high-spouting fountain on the Duke estate, but for the slogan: After Edinburgh, the Greatest Church-going Town in the World. In fine, save for the little matter of its manners, Charlotte is well-nigh perfectly integrated. Theology and the hog literally make one flesh, and that, so far as the natives go, without any alloy of dreadful hypocrisy to sully their innocent confidence. To question Babbitry is to question God, and to question God is to question Babbitry, and to question either . . . And so, plainly enough, liberalism, the university, whatever questions and challenges in North Carolina, must be destroyed. Plainly enough, Charlotte is called on to take up the rôle of Defender of the Faith, to fare forth, shining-eyed and unafraid, under the standard of the Cross and

the Feed-bag, in the happy knowledge that Heaven will give the victory.

The consequence of all this, however, is appalling for the town. If its culture is not actually on a level with that of the Tshi speakers of West Africa or the natives of Nias, it is nevertheless of the same general order. There is the same enormous concern with decorum, the same vast body of taboo and penalty, the same terrified truckling to *shaman* and rain-maker. Life is one continuous blue-law. Does a handful of naïve mamas, hearing that their high-school daughters are necking gloriously at public dances, arise to suggest timidly that maybe chaperoned dances at the high-school itself would be better? Their petition is thunderously vetoed by the town clergy, and they (the mamas) themselves are pilloried in public bulls as so many Messalinas. Do the bookkeepers of the place, having no automobiles to escape in like the Presbyterians, think life would be more bearable if the public library was opened to them on Sunday afternoons? They are denounced as agents of Satan and the library is shut up tighter than ever. Does the Junior Chamber of Commerce, in its youthful ingenuousness, take pity on the proletariat and suggest Sunday baseball? The holy men proceed to ram through a law banning Sunday tennis on private courts and even Sunday bridge in the parlor, and are only persuaded to retreat from this position by the earnest prayers of the chief Babbitts.

Intellectually—but, in the very nature of the case, the word has no applicability. One takes what the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church is thinking, one takes what the Duke Power Company is thinking, and one arrives at the editorial page of the *Charlotte Observer*—the very living mirror of the Charlotte mind and a catechism for all true believers. "The Bible,"

it appears, "is the best textbook of biology." "The bulk [*sic*] of the Depression," it appears, "is all in the talk." The cotton-mill barons, it seems, are Little Flowers, and the Duke Power Company a sort of orphan asylum for cold, wet, hungry kittens. And the Carolina cotton-mill peon, it seems, is the happiest of all men. And the arts? And books? Ah, yes, the arts and books! A matter of no import to be disposed of in a puny weekly column sandwiched between tales of the tall deeds of obscure Babbitts—a matter (until quite recently at least) to be handed over to a spinster whose æsthetic yardstick is her Fundamentalism.

Such stuff is significant of the mental status of Charlotte, it ought perhaps to be said, not because everybody is inherently so stupid as to be unable to rise above it, but because nobody or nearly nobody (the town has two or three somewhat querulous and rabbitty "liberals") ever *dares* rise above it. These people are not without the elements of mind. Take them out of here and they often distinguish themselves. Two of the three presidents who have made the University of North Carolina what it is arose from Charlotte. Even in the town itself, it is possible, and pretty often, to discover individuals who, as individuals, are at once sensible and charming. Behind the privacy of their locked doors and over their jugs, they reveal, not only flashes of intelligence but, sometimes,—and however improbable it may sound—even a streak of something perilously like poetry.

In mass, however, they are a people chronically and greatly frightened—of themselves. Let the word come down and they become simply a herd; their idiosyncrasies and their private convictions slough away and they click into line like so many marionettes, slide through the grooves of their *Kultur*-pattern with all the inevitability of Hardy's dynasts in the coils of the

Immanent Will. If any man hesitates, he is lost. If he belongs to the upper orders, he finds himself in a prickly situation in which it is impossible to live and so has eventual resort to potassium cyanide; if to the lower, he is branded a Communist and handed over to the humors of the cops.

Thus life degenerates to a dreary ritual of the office, golf, and the church—becomes nearly unbearably dull even for Presbyterians not wholly pathological. A superior dozen or two find refuge in classical learning or the Flemish primitives—in something utterly and safely removed from any possible contact with their daily lives. Others, turning neurotic, go in for mysticism and live out their days in dreams.

V

A melancholy picture, no doubt—maybe, in truth, a shade too melancholy to be left so. It may be that, even as I write, what I say begins to be a little untrue; it may be that even this last citadel of Calvinism in Tarheeldom begins to crack—that the latest sorties testify, not to strength but to decay. Certainly, there are strange signs to be seen. For one thing, there is a Little Theatre now—a Little Theatre which, whatever its shortcomings as a temple of art, has at least had the courage to go on with a play which the town pastors had forbidden. For another thing—a wandering Spanish fiddler, armed with all that capacity for faith which distinguishes his race, sat down in Charlotte a year or two ago to organize a "symphony orchestra." To say that his faith has been justified would be to exaggerate unduly; nevertheless, at the last hearing, his performances were enabling him to eat regularly and to wear a pair of sound pants—surely no mean success for a fiddler in Dixie.

More promising yet is the fact that, in June of last year, the town rose up and, in the teeth of the whole body of holy men, repudiated its own first citizen, the uproariously dry Senator Cameron Morrison, to vote overwhelmingly for an even more uproarious wet. More encouraging still is the story of the *Charlotte News*. When the Tatum petition appeared last August, this sheet, following its immemorial policy of echoing the *Observer*, published an editorial whooping it up. Then the editor resigned and one of the owners, a young fellow, took up the task, frankly repudiated the former stand, and published a series of editorials panning not only the petition but the town's bigotry in general. It was a brave and decent thing to do, for the signatures of the owners of

the two chief department-stores, and, indeed, of other principal advertisers, were on that petition.

Finally, there is the younger generation. Tradition, shaped in the days when the institution was a Presbyterian stamping machine, still sends it to the university to be educated. Most of its members, it goes without saying, are immune to ideas, but the number of those who succumb tends to increase. They take it out largely, as yet, in drinking loud and violent damnation to all bluesnouts and in flaunting their amorous antics. Maybe, however —

But this, all of it, is, after all, only maybe. I have reported the town for what it is: the chief enemy of civilization in the Near South.

Let the future answer for itself.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE SOUTH TURNS ITS BACK ON METHODISM

BY CARTER BROOKE JONES

Atlanta

THE most dramatic phenomenon observable in Dixie in these days is the steady decline in the power of the Methodist-Baptist *bloc* of Puritans. Officeholders who so lately as a year ago still lived in shaking dread of them now boldly denounce Prohibition. Louisiana has already repealed its dry statute, and all of the less liberal neighboring States are agitating the same thing. An active wet movement has been launched in every Southern State, and every effort is being made to hustle along Federal repeal.

Georgia, hitherto the driest of all the Dixie Commonwealths, is crumbling with the rest. Its new Governor, Eugene Talmadge, said recently:

If Tennessee, Alabama, the Carolinas and Florida repeal their Prohibition laws Georgia will have as much liquor as ever, but if it does not repeal its own bone-dry law it will not get one cent of taxes from the liquor that will come into the State from outside its borders.

Imagine, if one can, such talk coming from any recent Governor of Georgia! Dr. Lamartine G. Hardman, the Governor before last, was co-author of the act of 1915, which made it a chain-gang offense to possess alcohol for *any* purpose, sacred or secular, and his predecessor, Clifford Walker, was a practicing and active Baptist. Even young Dick Russell, who turned over the office to Talmadge and ascended

to the United States Senate, never openly flouted his fellow Methodists while he was Governor, despite his private dislike of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A poll lately conducted by the Atlanta *Georgian* showed an overwhelming majority of the Georgia General Assembly to favor either outright repeal of the State law or submission to the people. A few years ago such a result would have sounded as plausible as the news that the Legislature was about to erect a memorial to William Tecumseh Sherman.

And, in fact, when the Assembly next went into session, bills attacking the Georgia bone-dry law in various ways appeared promptly. The House Temperance Committee first took up a bill to allow 3.2% beer, and a public hearing was held in an Atlanta hotel. The hearing brought an open clash between Atlanta's wet mayor, James L. Key, and Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, who runs Methodism in Alabama and sometimes elsewhere. The mayor, heckled by the prelate, retorted: "Sit down, bishop! I will not be dictated to by a bishop or any one else." And this from the temporal authority to the ecclesiastic power in a Southern city! And Atlanta, of all cities—the old constituency of that dry paladin, ex-Congressman William D. Upshaw! No wonder the wets scattered among the pious and stalwart ladies of the W. C. T. U. chuckled blasphemously.

In all the surrounding States similar devilry is afoot. Men of influence have begun to denounce openly the immemorial effort of the evangelical churches to

control all human conduct. An emboldened Alabama Legislature has granted the prayer of Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile for Sunday amusements, and the mayor of Charleston, S. C., has brazenly instructed the police to quit molesting citizens who tote flasks or gather for a convivial evening. The Charlestonians, he says, abhor Prohibition, and have so indicated at every chance they have got.

Like defiances of the Methodist Book of Discipline are piling up daily. It begins, indeed, to look as if the Wesleyans and their friends the Baptists had been driven back to the thin days at the turn of the century, when they hung on the results of local option elections and their orators went about exhorting the rustics to beware of wine. After nearly three decades of complete control over the secular affairs of the Southern States, they are now in full retreat. The revolt against them which had been gathering slowly for several years found full expression in the November election. They still show some fight, of course, but it is only feebly and futilely, as a routed army fights. There are sporadic attempts to reorganize the lines and launch counter-attacks, but the ranks of consecrated zeal seem to be hopelessly discouraged, and the utterances of the prelates have taken on a sour and cynical tinge.

At an important Methodist meeting this statement of policy was lately adopted:

Organized temperance societies and their adherents must be reinforced by a great uprising of the rank and file of the Christian church if the cause of national Prohibition is to be saved.

At about the same time a district Methodist conference passed a set of resolutions which, after the usual affirmation of faith in the Great Amendment, added these significant words:

That we no longer depend upon the law to prevent intemperance, but resume the character of personal temperance evangelism of the early days of the temperance movement.

Said Bishop Arthur J. Moore to the South Georgia Methodist Conference:

A breakdown of spiritual and moral idealism offers the greatest present danger to our Prohibition law. Men apparently have grown willing to revive that which blights, blasts and damns in order to increase dividends in this period of financial stringency.

The situation has left Dr. J. Dean Crain dubious and wondering, and he said to the South Carolina Baptist Convention:

The women put the rock on the serpent's head with the Eighteenth Amendment. Will they now take it off with another? We hope not.

Dr. J. R. Hobbs, pondering how far the revolt would go, said sadly to the Alabama Baptist Convention:

What end the tides of liberalism in America will meet is an enigma as perplexing to prophet as it is to the wondering man in the street . . . Sunday as the Christian day of rest and worship bids fair to be remembered only as a relic of Puritanism by the self-indulgent many.

This same Dr. Hobbs, discussing the new Congress before a Protestant mass meeting in Birmingham, sought to revive the tactics of past wars. He asked:

Isn't it possible for us to create enough sentiment to make them feel like it would be better to be reëlected than to carry out their present platform pledges?

But he added lugubriously:

We are matched against the best brains in America. They have made fewer mistakes than any organization of a similar kind I have ever known.

Bishop Ainsworth told a dry rally in Atlanta that the forces of Prohibition were "standing at their Verdun." He went on:

Because we thought we had the country safe and turned our attention to other matters, the wets have made serious inroads, and unless we push them back at once we are liable to see dire consequences.

The Southern Baptist Handbook reports "a miserable and tragic falling off in contributions" and complains that, despite the hard times, Southern Baptists are "still wasting money on riotous living." The Handbook says that the brethren are spending \$40,000,000 a year on tobacco, from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000 on the movies, more than \$21,000,000 on weekend motor tours, \$35,000,000 on soft drinks and chewing gum, and above \$43,000,000 on cosmetics and beauty parlors. How much they are spending for corn liquor it does not say.

The Methodists and Presbyterians have loosed similar wails: cash customers are deserting them in their hour of need. Even the Wesleyan patriarch, Bishop Cannon, who supported Mr. Hoover half-heartedly as the lesser of two evils, has lapsed into a sad silence. Thus the separation of church and state in the South, so long advocated by a small band of libertarians, begins to take on reality at last.



KANSAS BEGINS TO DOUBT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

By W. G. CLUGSTON

Topeka
THESE dark and doubtful days have brought more than a mere Depression to Kansas—more than the financial disasters which have come from two-bit wheat, two-cent hogs, mortgage foreclosures, and the general panic. The masses of the Sunflower citizenry are suffering moral agonies and mental misgivings peculiar to the Jayhawker psychosis; they

are in a distressed state of dubiosity about two of their most cherished illusions. Prohibition, they begin to fear, has proved a failure, within the State as well as throughout the nation, and the public schools aren't worth the price they have been costing.

The Kansans, in the early days of their autonomy, hitched their ship of State behind the twin tugs of popular education and Prohibition, and hopefully set out to travel *ad astra per aspera*. But now they find that neither has brought them to the Promised Land. Their jails and charitable institutions are more crowded than ever before, their youngsters are guzzling bootleg liquor and flocking to the newly organized Anti-Prohibition Society, and all the millions upon millions that have been spent on an elaborate educational system have produced neither virtue nor prosperity. The farmer's economic position is no more secure than that of his father who didn't have an education; and his sons and daughters are inclined to look upon what he considers loose living with a toleration that is driving him to desperation.

All this has been brought into clear focus by the hard times and high taxes. The pinchings and squeezings caused by the Depression have forced even the common clodhopper to think about such things as the excessive cost of learning and the gratifying consumption of grain in the days before Carry Nation spread her crazy ideas. It is, perhaps, only natural that Prohibition should be clung to a bit more tenaciously than the popular education illusion in the present dark days, for it was embraced at a later date and evidences of its costliness are not quite so apparent. But there is no longer any doubt that Kansas is developing a throwing-off attitude in all directions—that there has appeared a new approach to all the old ideals.

At the opening of the 1933 legislative session the people were so aroused over the cost of the public schools that the legislative hoppers were choked with expense-cutting bills, and the pedagogues became so panicky that the Kansas State Teachers' Association sought to turn aside the tide of wrath by presenting a nullifying bill of its own, providing for a straight 25% cut in the tax levy for all types of schools. Bills were introduced to reduce and fix by law the salaries paid grade-school teachers; to reduce the salaries of all the members of the faculties of the State institutions of higher learning from 10 to 47%; to abolish appropriations for school libraries; to require the adoption of text-books for longer periods of time; to create a more economical State text-book commission, and to curtail educational expenditures by various other methods. The movement almost reached the high point of fostering birth control when the House of Representatives enacted a measure which provided that in certain instances, where the taxpayers were required to pay for transporting children to consolidated schools, payment could not be made for transporting more than two children from the same family to the same school at the same time.

Kansas, as its history shows, has put much faith and many dollars behind the theory that the way to establish a happy, high-minded prosperous Commonwealth is to give every boy and girl a first class education, regardless of his or her abilities or inclinations. But, as in many other States, form was given more importance than substance, and the people fell into, or were inveigled into, the notion that a fine education could be obtained only in a fine building, and through a curriculum festooned with many frills. Ignoring the fact that a bright pupil can learn the three R's as readily in a log-house as in a marble palace—and that a dunce or a dullard

would have difficulty learning them any place—the rural communities began racing with one another in the erection of costly schoolhouses, and in the employment of costly experts to man them. Journalism, agriculture, domestic science, music, dramatics, manual training and many similar courses were added everywhere to keep up with the procession. Little thought was given to raising the standard of teaching, or to determining the capabilities of the students. But almost every school had to have an auditorium with a big stage, a basketball court, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a locker room, a library, etc. Then, to make sure that these boons would not go to waste, the people taxed themselves to establish bus lines to transport the pupils to school, even in the rural districts.

The mental, moral and financial distresses which hang over the State today have inspired a sad and sorrowful examination of the actual communal effects of all this free education. There is little to go on the credit side of the ledger. The people are hardly more prosperous than they were in pioneer times, when only sod houses dotted the prairies; they are no more happy, nor hopeful; and their youngsters certainly do not seem to be half so virtuous, by Puritan standards, as their fathers. In brief, it may be said that there is absolutely nothing to indicate that public education, as idealized in the Commonwealth for so many years, is, or has ever been, worth half the price it has cost.

It is really appalling to glance at the way school costs have eaten the insides out of the taxpayers' pocketbooks—and it is almost killing to some of the taxpayers. The State budget director's biennial report, issued only a few days before this writing, shows that forty-and-three-fourths cents out of every dollar raised for local taxes

go to the support of the common schools, and that forty-two cents out of every dollar raised for State tax purposes go to maintain the State institutions of higher learning. With a total population of only 1,851,024 the annual outlay for maintaining the common schools is more than \$42,000,000. This is exclusive of the cost of the institutions of higher learning and also of the cost of the denominational colleges and the parochial schools of the Catholics, Lutherans, Lithuanians, Menonites, Orthodox Greek Catholics, Baptists and other sects which have their own schools.

Evidence of the way the bill for free education has soared is given in the last biennial report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. It shows that the *per capita* cost *per annum* on the average daily attendance of pupils in the public schools increased from \$6.67 in 1864 to \$115.68 in 1930. Most of this increase has been since 1914—and in the face of a rela-

tively small increase in the school population. In 1914 Kansas had a school enrollment of 392,662 and the cost a year a pupil on the average daily attendance was \$39.28. By 1920 the school enrollment had increased to only 406,880, but the cost a pupil had increased to \$72.74; and by 1930 the enrollment had increased only to 432,749 while the cost a pupil had jumped to \$115.68. The Tax Code Commission created by the 1929 Legislature to make a study of all the State's tax problems reported that between 1911 and 1928 school taxes increased 298.07% while all other taxes, city, county and State, increased on an average for the three of only 150.6%.

Thus it is no wonder that the Depression-hit, tax-harassed Kansas farmer has got his belly full of education and is becoming disillusioned. Nor is it any wonder he is coming to the conclusion that the kind of education he has been giving his children ain't worth the price.

UNCLE SAM AS A TREATY-BREAKER

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

THE advertisement that former Secretary Stimson lately gave to Japan's alleged disregard of treaty stipulations, with particular reference to Manchuria, appears to have caused a good deal of resentment in Japan, a certain amount of amusement in the more worldly-minded chancelleries of Europe, and not a little surprise and conscientious uneasiness among Americans familiar with the intimate history of their own country's international relations.

The obligation resting upon peoples to observe good faith with each other is not a new discovery. The ancients were acquainted with it. Among the best families in contemporary international society it is still recognized—as a necessary evil, about which the less said aloud the better. Courtesy among nations restrains the discussion of a subject likely to excite gooseflesh on all present. A government that persists in running about the world accusing other governments of bad faith exposes itself to more than a charge of bad manners. Critical neighbors are likely to search the accuser's own closet for skeletons of murdered agreements with which to confront him. The record of the United States in this regard requires a good deal of explaining to bring it into line with the Stimson-Hoover interpretation of the sanctity of treaties. The trail this country has followed from the beginning of its national existence is littered with the bones of treaties and other international com-

mitments and obligations broken on the altar of self-interest, and for the breaking of which it has had no other apology to offer than William M. Tweed's: "What are you going to do about it?"

As the Far East was the Macedonia of Colonel Stimson's apostolic efforts to uphold the inviolability of treaties, as he interpreted them, a brief review of the American record may well begin there. A few months ago, Viscount Cecil, writing of the people now accused of treating international commitments with dangerous levity, volunteered this tribute to their international honesty:

Gradually the Japanese became accepted as the equals in all respects of foreign states, which were proud to negotiate treaties and even make alliances with them. One principle governed their foreign policy, which was the strictest adherence to their international obligations. I remember talking to a British statesman in 1906 who expressed to me his warm admiration for Japanese international methods. Comparing them with a great European country, he said that they were greatly to be preferred for their moderation and trustworthiness.

A pillar of the League of Nations himself, Lord Cecil added that Japan's representative in that body could "always be relied on as a supporter of peace and the strict observance of international obligations. Viscount Ishii in particular has left behind at Geneva a fragrant reputation as one of the Elder Statesmen of the League." At least one American Secretary of State

has been fair enough to record, with equal frankness, a similar opinion of the trustworthiness of the Japanese in international affairs.

Alas for human weakness! Viscount Cecil has latterly discerned in Japan "disquieting symptoms" of a change of attitude, which he generously ascribes to Japanese imitativeness. They have copied much else from the West, with advantage to the world; they are now copying "the evil views of Western nationalism" and, therefore, appear to be committing "a kind of moral suicide." What a commentary on the international morality of the Occident, which first seduces Japan by example and then upbraids her for a sin so commonplace in Europe and America as to be almost respectable!

The United States has contributed its share to any delinquency justly chargeable to Japan on this score. The treaties it concluded with Japan and China in 1858 and with Korea in 1882, all contained a pledge that the United States would use its "good offices" to obtain a square deal for those countries, whenever other Powers acted unjustly or oppressively toward them. That was undertaking, admittedly, a large order: yet having undertaken it, we were obligated to fill it. But all three of those countries have felt at times that we short-changed them.

When the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, acted in Japan with the same insolence that previously, in China, had largely contributed to the Arrow War, American good offices did not measure up to Japanese expectations. When China needed a helping hand in 1894, Secretary Gresham wired to Tokyo: "The deplorable war between Japan and China endangers no policy of the United States in Asia. Our attitude is that of an impartial and friendly neutral." When, in 1903,

China appealed directly to our good offices to induce Russia to evacuate Manchuria, we replied that we were insufficiently informed regarding the problems involved and that, anyway, we did not know how Russia would take interference in the matter by this country. Finally, when the Koreans pleaded our promise of 1882 against absorption by Japan, we turned a deaf ear to their entreaties.

Apologists for the United States insist that it has kept the official record straight and are at pains to point out that the exercise of "good offices" does not require one nation to go to war on behalf of another. All that may be true, but it certainly doesn't justify a policy of keeping as little of our promises as possible. Theodore Roosevelt did not get the country into war when he took Russia and Japan and knocked their heads together at Portsmouth. The fact remains that we did not give Japan, China and Korea, at times when they needed it, a measure of good offices sufficiently effective either to equal their expectations or to free us of the suspicion of having gained tangible advantages by means of a promise that meant one thing to us and another thing to the nations that were led by it to repose confidence in our friendship and good will. The effect on the Oriental mind was disillusioning.

Although we may ease our national conscience in this case by giving "good offices" our own interpretation, we cannot so easily explain our indisputable violations of the treaties affecting Oriental immigration to this country. The Burlingame treaty of 1868 contained these words:

The United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance and also the mutual advantage of the free migra-

tion and emigration of their citizens and subjects respectively from the one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, of trade and as permanent residents.

At the time Secretary Seward wrote those words into the convention negotiated with the Ecumenical Mission from China, we needed Chinese labor on the Pacific Coast—or thought we did. A few years later we discovered that we did not need it: whereupon our cordial recognition of “the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home” suddenly lost its cordiality. Absolutely regardless of treaty stipulations, Congress enacted a bill in 1878 to stop the entry of Chinese laborers to the United States. The President vetoed it on the sound ground that it violated the treaty of 1868, but this recognition of the binding force of a treaty merely intensified the exclusion agitation on the Coast. So a commission was dispatched to Peking to obtain a modification of the Burlingame treaty, and a new treaty (1880) authorized the United States to place reasonable limitations on coolie immigration, without enabling it altogether to prohibit the incoming of Chinese laborers. Scarcely was this agreement ratified before Congress violated it by suspending coolie immigration for twenty years!

President Arthur vetoed the measure as “unreasonable.” The clamor for exclusion continuing, an attempt to secure further concessions from China was initiated; but before the negotiations were far advanced, Congress, again assuming an authority superior to that of solemn international engagements, voted completely to bar Chinese laborers from this country. That was in 1888, and President Cleveland permitted the bill to become a law rather than antagonize the Coast. A new treaty, in 1894, allowed the United States to exclude Chinese labor for ten years. When,

at the end of a decade, China denounced it, Congress retorted by excluding Chinese labor from this country forever.

The United States was undoubtedly justified in closing its gates to Chinese coolies, if their invasion threatened any of its vital interests; but it is impossible to justify the way Congress went about the matter, without first divesting treaties of all of their “sanctity.” The assumption by Congress of the power to enact laws in contravention of treaty stipulations, a right it has asserted in connection with more than one matter of contractual agreement between the United States and foreign countries, adds greatly to the difficulty other nations have in taking our professions of disinterested respect for international obligations seriously.

We not only scrapped our treaties with China: we did it in a manner particularly offensive to the self-esteem of the victims of our ruthless action, a procedure Congress subsequently revived in its treatment of Japanese immigration. The contempt displayed in California for the treaty rights of Japanese already in this country denies the dove of “sanctity” a landing place. We have got by with that sort of thing only because neither China nor Japan is so situated as to be able to make us live up to our obligations, as we make our weaker neighbors live up to theirs.

II

The attitude of the American people toward the observance of international agreements was put to test by the first treaty ever negotiated in their name. The French Alliance of 1778, which enabled the Colonies to achieve their independence of Great Britain, stipulated that neither party to it should make peace without the consent of the other. But when it came to a

showdown, Jay and Adams, who were associated with Franklin in the negotiations in Paris, sent an emissary secretly to Lord Shelburne in London, who arranged with the latter the terms of peace, without the knowledge or participation of the French negotiators. Although this "Yankee trick" was not incompatible with a narrow interpretation of the letter of the Alliance, as amiable and tolerant an historian as John Fiske could not resist saying of it:

The annals of modern diplomacy have afforded few stranger spectacles. With the indispensable aid of France we had just got the better of England in fight, and now we proceeded amicably to divide territory and commercial privileges with the enemy and to make arrangements in which the ally was virtually ignored.

Again in 1793, when Great Britain and France had resumed their war, we had to meet a similar test. The French Alliance required in such event that the United States should aid France, a requirement of which we were promptly reminded. Washington, who had just entered upon his second term as Chief Magistrate, was not eager to commit the country in its then weak and uncrystallized state to either side in a struggle between two such antagonists: so he issued a proclamation of neutrality and solemnly enjoined upon his countrymen not to give aid or comfort to either belligerent. That, unquestionably, was the prudent thing to do. At the same time it provided France with a grievance that was not liquidated until 1917—and incidentally it supplied this country with a precedent for not following disagreeable treaties *usque ad ara*. The United States had not lived up to certain requirements of the treaty of 1783 with Great Britain, while Great Britain had not paid for the slaves carried away by its army or turned

over the posts in the Northwest, as it had agreed to do. The two countries were drifting toward war when Jay's treaty of 1794 saved the situation.

The Great White Father's treaty dealings with his Indian children are not so easily condoned. After the Indians had been driven into the Great American Desert, Andrew Jackson made a last stand for the sanctity of treaties in his annual message of 1835, wherein he declared that "the pledge of the United States has been given by Congress that the country destined for the residence of this people shall be forever 'secured and guaranteed to them'." At that time the Great American Desert was still believed to be, as George Catlin had described it, a spot forever "useless to cultivating man." As soon as that myth was exploded, a white invasion set in; and the Indians discovered that treaties were as impotent against the greed of Americans as the Boers were to find the Sand River Convention to be against the greed of Englishmen, after the finding of gold and diamonds in the Transvaal.

American policy in and about the Caribbean Sea has been inspired by the same selfish motives and carried out with no greater respect for the rights of weaker peoples. Against machine-guns, verbal agreements and written treaties have little chance in this rough-and-tumble world. When Congress released the armed forces of the United States against Spain in 1898 it declared by formal resolution that this country disclaimed any "disposition or intention" to exercise "sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island [Cuba] except for the pacification thereof." The purpose of this pledge was as clear as the language in which it was framed. A little doubtful of just how much a suspicious and dysphagic world would swallow of our professions of disinterestedness, Congress

sought by this disclaimer to disarm criticism and obtain the moral support and approbation due to an act of humanity wholly disassociated from more mundane considerations. A unilateral declaration of this sort has all the force and "sanctity" of a treaty with the world at large. The lively interest taken by our Government in the question of Japan's evacuation of Shantung, after the liberation of that Chinese province from German control during the World War, shows that the principle involved is not unknown in Washington. Yet, after we had liberated and pacified Cuba, we broke the pledge contained in the Teller resolution by making "said island" virtually a part of this country—exactng from it what naval bases we desired, assuming supervision of its foreign affairs, and reserving the same right to intervene in Cuba to preserve domestic tranquillity that the United States possesses in respect to the several States.

As in the case of Oriental exclusion, we not only broke our word but did it in a way that deeply wounded the pride of the Cubans and their neighbors of the same national origin and culture. Acceptance of the Platt Amendment was the price Cuba had to pay for the limited independence we eventually accorded it. The Cuban Constitutional Convention at first turned it down by a vote of 24 to 2. Washington continued its pressure and at the same time held out the promise of advantageous economic relations. The Cuban Convention gave in and made the Platt Amendment an annex to the Cuban Constitution—and then, at its very next session, Congress nullified the promise relating to commercial advantages! Thus was kept the pledge made three years before, with all the solemnity and sanctity of a treaty!

At that, Cuba fared better than Colombia did, when our imperialists discovered

that the United States needed an isthmian canal—Great Britain had one at Suez—that would double the strength of its navy by providing a short cut from one of its oceans to the other. Colombia had inherited from New Granada a treaty (1846) by which the United States explicitly guaranteed Colombian sovereignty over the Isthmus of Panama. Consequently it became necessary for the United States, if it wished to obtain a legal title to a canal zone across the Isthmus, to come to some agreement with Colombia.

The government in Bogota held out for something better than our first offer, as at first Great Britain had tried to haggle over the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That was a grave mistake. Our patience, which had been long with a nation our own size, was short with Colombia. An unofficial friend handed to the State Department in Washington a memorandum on the possibility of a revolution in Panama, which would set up an independent government that would give us what we wanted on our own terms. Colonel Roosevelt wrote early in October, 1903, that he wished Panama was an independent state, adding that "for me to say so publicly would amount to an instigation of a revolt and, therefore, I cannot say it."

A few days later, according to M. Bunau-Varilla, Secretary Hay stated that a revolt was about to occur in Panama and that "we shall not be caught napping. Orders have been given to naval forces on the Pacific to sail towards the Isthmus." The Navy arrived in time effectually to block any action by Colombia to suppress a "revolution" that had been engineered and financed from this country, that had been encouraged by our Government, if not in fact instigated by it, and that amounted to this:

The Colombian gunboat *Bogota*, which had fired a few shells at the town on the evening of November 3 and killed a Chinaman, had now retired. A popular demonstration then took place: General Huertas was carried in triumph through the streets. As rain began to fall the leaders repaired to an hotel, where bottle after bottle of champagne was poured over the head of General Huertas. This was the revolution of Panama, in which about five hundred native Panamanians actually took part.

A case of wine and five hundred subsidized natives appears to be, when circumstances are favorable, all that is necessary to create a new nation. At any rate, within seventy-two hours after General Huertas had received his baptism of champagne, we had recognized the Republic of Panama as a member of the family of nations in good standing. A few days later the treaty ceding us the Canal Zone was signed by its agents. While disclaiming any intention or desire to meddle in the domestic politics of the new Republic, we gave Panama clearly to understand that revolutionary troubles within its borders would bring about American intervention for "the establishment of public peace and constitutional order."

All attempts to justify our treatment of Colombia on the ground of implied powers or qualified sovereignty are weakened by the fact that, what later we took from her by force, we had first sought to obtain from her by negotiation and purchase. Thus we acknowledged rights which subsequently we destroyed. Colombia's case against us was precisely the same as Mexico's, when in 1846 we forcibly took from the latter "American" territory that only a few weeks before we had tried to buy from her for \$5,000,000. Our belated payment of \$25,000,000 damages to Colombia and the negotiation of a treaty in which we expressed our regrets in so many

words, although the Senate balked at this latter *amende honorable*, amounted to a confession that our regard for the sanctity of the treaty of 1846 became effective only after we had aggrandized ourselves by violating it.

The discovery that American capitalists, eager to exploit the rich oil deposits of Colombia, were feeling the ill-will engendered by the Panama incident, was not without effect on Congress. The very same Senators who had previously fought doing the right thing by Colombia on the ground that it cast "a stain on the national honor" of the United States, swung into line "and freely confessed that for economic reasons they would do" what they could not bring themselves to do in expiation of an offence against international law and the comity of nations.

All the legal casuistry that can be spun around the "taking" of the Canal Zone cannot conceal that it was a brazen and high-handed act, which so closely resembles the worst that has been alleged against Japan in Manchuria as to make Americans blush to read the late Secretary Stimson's notes to Tokyo. We had acquired California by just such means. James K. Polk had let it be known in the Mexican State of California that a revolution would be agreeable to his policy and that he would conform his plans to it. The revolt occurred. Sailors were landed. We "took" California. Colonel Roosevelt did just that in Panama—and in doing it he rode roughshod over a treaty guaranteeing Colombian sovereignty that he, as President of the United States, was sworn to uphold as part of the law of this country. The expedient by which he sought to give the rape of Colombian territory the odor of legality did not even have the merit of originality.

As the Panama Canal approached com-

pletion, Congress, with equal contempt for treaty stipulations, enacted tolls legislation discriminating against foreign shipping. Great Britain protested against this measure as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901 and Woodrow Wilson, eager for British coöperation in Mexico, forced through its repeal. Senator Lodge, attempting to place President Wilson's position before his colleagues in the Senate, said in February, 1914:

I think he has the conviction that in one way or another—and I am laying no blame now at anybody's door—the United States has fallen into an unfortunate and unhappy position, where she has incurred the active dislike of many nations and the distrust of many more instead of the friendship and respect which she once possessed. The President does not like, in my judgment, to see the United States in the attitude of an outlaw among the nations.

This outlawry of the United States was not diminished by the destruction of its early treaties with Germany, with which it marked its entry into the World War in April, 1917. The treaties of 1785, 1799 and 1828 with Prussia, which Germany inherited and which still bound the United States, all covered the treatment to be accorded enemy aliens and their property caught in the toils of war between the two countries. Article 23 of the treaty of 1799 gave the nationals of one country living in the other country nine months in which "to collect their debts and settle their affairs" and in the meantime protected their property. Article 24 concluded with this engagement:

And it is declared that neither the pretence that war dissolves all treaties nor any other whatever shall be considered as annulling or suspending this or the preceding article, but, on the contrary, that the state of war is precisely that for which they are provided and during which they are to be as

sacredly observed as the most acknowledged article in the law of nature and of nations.

The sun that rose upon Congress declaring war on Germany had not set before the United States government seized the ninety-one German-owned merchant vessels lying in our harbors, and began to seize all the other property of German nationals in the United States. The ships were needed to transport American troops to battlefields three thousand miles from our shores. Scraps of paper could not be allowed to block *our* way to the enemy. We abrogated them, a lawyer's way of saying that we tore them up and dropped them in the wastebasket, although Germany had but recently declared its intention to "adhere to the maintenance of Article 23 of the treaty of 1799."

III

A decent regard for treaty obligations obviously is necessary for the orderly conduct of international affairs, which have come to be so largely arranged by written agreements. At the same time it is too much to expect all nations to rise to the noble heights of the text-writers who hold that a state should sacrifice its own existence, if necessary, to keep inviolate a treaty which may have been forced upon it, or the continued observance of which may threaten the very life of the state. The annals of the human race contain far more instances of states losing their existence in attempting to defend it against the brute force of overwhelming numbers or the cunning superiority of armaments. The two countries today whose writers are most forward in preaching the beauty of this supreme sacrifice to the world at large, Great Britain and the United States, are among the leading examples of states

that have reached their present condition by breaking or evading international obligations or, as notably in the case of Great Britain, avoiding committing themselves to undertakings they could not easily and comfortably discharge, a privilege denied to weaker peoples.

The treaty method of doing international business tends to obscure the existence of many rights and duties under the law of nations which the Great Powers, who dictate treaties and their duration and interpretation, are not yet convinced that self-interest will permit them to put in black and white, although every consideration of right reason demands that these rights and duties be observed by all alike. An excellent example of this evasion of contractual acknowledgment of an obligation under international law is Great Britain's refusal, for many years, to abandon its claim to the right to visit and search American ships on the high seas. Although the War of 1812 was largely fought over that issue, we could not get Great Britain on the dotted line at Ghent. Another forty years had to elapse before a vigorous letter from Secretary Cass wrung from the British government the formal admission "that we have no legal claim to the right of visit and of search which has hitherto been assumed."

A more recent example is Great Britain's refusal to ratify the Declaration of London. The World War was still young when Ambassador Page was instructed "to impress upon Sir Edward Grey the President's conviction of the extreme gravity of the situation" created by the Orders in Council modifying in the interest of Great Britain the provisions of that enlightened statement of the rights of neutrals. A Cleveland or a Theodore Roosevelt in the White House might not have submitted

so tamely to the invasion of our rights or embarked on the unneutral course that drove Germany to the necessitous extremes which subsequently we made the excuse for entering the war against her. The reservations Great Britain has attached to its adherence to the Pact of Paris, which render that noble experiment in self-denial of only qualified application to a large part of the globe, show that John Bull is still looking out for himself first.

A treaty to be gratuitously respected must be innately respectable. Among other things it must be fair to all concerned. The treaty Grant made with one of the ephemeral governments in Santo Domingo, through which, as he later said, "the soil would soon have fallen into the hands of the United States capitalists," was too disreputable even for the Senate to swallow, sixty years ago. Yet worse treaties have been validated. A wise treaty also refuses to embody anything calculated to wound the self-esteem of parties to it. The treaty of Paris of 1783 did not even remotely allude to the unpleasantness it terminated. Consequently it was easy to take. The treaty of Paris of 1919 was conceived in bitterness, was founded on a lie, and for that reason it has to be buttressed by the exaltation of a "sanctity" which obviously it does not possess. A hundred years had taught its authors nothing. Already Viscount Cecil is accusing its sponsors of abandoning "the pledges we have given to Germany and on the faith of which she signed the treaty." The allusion is to the disarmament fiasco.

The most vulnerable of all treaties are those that fix the boundaries or guarantee the security or administrative integrity of nations constantly in flux. An American authority regards such agreements as "somewhat precarious because a change of popular sentiment may make it impossible

to afford the stipulated assistance when the need arises." The desertion of the Triple Alliance by Italy in 1914 amply proves the soundness of his observation. The framers of the Covenant of the League of Nations recognized this weakness by providing for the reconsideration of certain treaties. The rise and fall of nations makes it dangerous to endow such engagements as the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922 with a sacred perpetuity. The final act of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, which unscrambled the Napoleonic omelette and redrew the map of Europe, was a much more respectable document than the treaty of Versailles: yet it was not ten years old before Canning exclaimed, with statesmanly satisfaction, that "things are getting back to a wholesome state again: every nation for itself and God for us all!"

Altered circumstances frequently make treaties inappropriate to their original purposes. When that happens, a friendly revision of them affords a way out. Japan has hinted that this should be done with the Nine-Power Treaty, which it regards as having been vitally affected by conditions that have arisen in China during the decade that has elapsed since the treaty was signed. A state cannot expect to escape from a treaty simply because its expectations of benefit have gone sour; but the refusal to acknowledge and rectify grave abuses that have grown up inside the protecting walls of a treaty, when this refusal is backed by overwhelming power, amounts to negative coercion—which brings us back to the starting point of all international agreements: *Sacro Egoismo*.

A frank admission that treaty stipulations are generally observed because that is the best policy is much safer than an attempt to sanctify them by a noisy emotionalism borrowed from Methodist camp-meetings. The effect of the revivalist

method is to give treaties in the popular mind a divine sanction they do not always merit. The people are thus primed by their leaders for holy wars against any and all who lay profane hands on "a scrap of paper." Americans are still paying for the classic example of this delusion. Germany's disregard of the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium was the chief stock-in-trade of the Allied propagandists who dragged the United States into the World War.

Although the *Times* of London admitted, after the fact, that Great Britain would have had to enter the war to save its own skin, treaty violation or no treaty violation, and although Great Britain had assured France, while the question of Germany's attitude toward Belgium was still undecided, that its fleet would prevent the German navy from attacking or blockading France's northern ports, thus increasing the necessity of Germany's striking at France across Belgian territory, Great Britain posed, at home and in this country, as the defender of treaties and of the neutrality of weaker nations. The fact that Great Britain had violated Portuguese neutrality in the Boer War and that the Anglo-Japanese expedition against Tsingtao had violated Chinese neutrality, with no such excuse of overpowering necessity as Germany had for disregarding the neutrality of Belgium, was not stressed in this country in those passion-inflamed days.

After that experience and after having lived for a century and a half deep in the sin of infidelity to our own international obligations and treaty stipulations without a single threat to our vital interests to plead in extenuation of our remissness, what could be more ridiculous than for us now to mount the high-horse of Sanctity and ride forth to uplift other nations by precepts sterilized by our own practice!

MISS MORI

BY IDWAL JONES

THE slope has long since gone back to scrub, but the garden is still there, the paths overgrown with hydrangea, blue stephanotis and cardomom, plants strange to the Sierra. And there is the Mori house, with its Japanese pagoda and the high pines bending over the roof half smashed by the cones that drop with the crash of bomb-shells. Old Yano is the caretaker of the place, and he plies his mattock under the eye of Dolph Rivarol, who sits on his veranda across the gully, a patriarchal figure with his white beard and nose like a crag.

The house is pretty much of a ruin. Infant fingers have poked holes in the sliding paper walls, for Rivarol was Uncle Dolph to all the young at Montezuma for two generations. Lizards swell their breasts on the redwood panels. Pine-needles have blown on to the floors, and wasps' nests dangle like parchment lanterns from the beams.

It was in this garden, clutching to the sash of Miss Mori, that most of us learned to walk. We clutched it firmly, for when we were two feet tall the garden was a sort of forest alive with spirits and lurking wild animals. At night the stone lamps were kept burning, to propitiate the foxes, though of real foxes there are none hereabout, nor anything like them, except the coyote, howling out in the chaparral, beset with fleas. We also knew fox prayers, and the right songs to sing when rain was desired; also patriotic songs:

Kimi ga yo,
Wa tchi no ni-ya!

On the whole, we were brought up well in this garden, playing and worshipping as Miss Mori saw fit, and up to the age when we could blow our own noses we were proper Shintoists, which is a rare experience for young Californians. She and Yano were all that we knew of the twelve, for the others had gone long before.

But Rivarol, who conducted the Montezuma Emporium, remembers the very hour of their coming. He was helping to unload a freight wagon in front of his store—the same building is now his home—when he saw them in the field.

The wagon-driver jerked his thumb at them.

"They seem to know where they was headed for," he said thoughtfully. "They come straight up the valley from Stockton, without inquiring the way. And they got a woman along."

"Reckon they've come to do a little gold-panning around here," said Rivarol.

So guessed all of Montezuma, and the slope lost value at once, for it is well known that yellow men have no gift for occult divination into muck. They take only what others have rejected as worthless.

What really puzzled Montezuma was that the men wore no pigtails, and that seemed to hint they were an unnatural kind of Chinese.

Rivarol did the neighborly thing and walked over, pinning on his badge, for he was also a deputy sheriff.

"You count on staying here a while?" he asked.

He could address nobody in particular, for the strangers were busied in piling up bags of rice, bundles of dried plants, and pulling crowbars, spades and plows from their dray. In the tent sat an oval-faced woman. Without turning her head, for she was gazing into a mirror, she called out.

A thick-set man, authoritative in bowler hat, waddled down to Rivarol and showed a paper. It gave the petitioners a claim to the entire patch from the road to the top of the hill, and from the file of locust trees to the creek to the west.

"The name is Suzuki Mori," said Rivarol aloud. "And who is that?"

"Japanese lady," the spokesman answered, with a jerky bow, as if he had been punched in the stomach. He straightened up and gave a deprecatory wave towards the tent.

By noontime the picks were falling; ten new, gleaming picks. It was heard all over Montezuma Flat: a dead, thudding sound, without rasp or echo.

The visitors could not have known what that ground was. Bluish, with the flash of silicate, it was aluminous clay, as wicked and killing as a bed of caoutchouc. Trap-rock is far easier on the muscles. The Japanese smote at it with picks that stuck like knife-blades in a rubber tire. The impact set them jouncing from head to foot, and the ashwood handles vibrated so that to touch them was agony. They wrestled their tools loose, thwacked again, and in time got the knack of working the soil, prying it off in lumps the size of a fist.

"I tell you, it's no use," Rivarol said,

coming up to them the next day. "No use trying to dig that way. A couple of hard rock miners tried that once. The shaking made a jelly of their bones. And before they got down to grass-roots, they just laid down and died. At least, they felt like it."

He pointed out to them how much more sensible it would be to set up a hydraulic ram, turn a nozzle on the slope, and wash it all down into the creek in five days.

The man called Yano bowed at him and hissed politely through a rain of sweat.

"We make a ranch here!" he thundered.

"A ranch!"

"Tea ranch!"

Rivarol did not move. The novelty of the reply stunned him as much as the bellowing of it. Yano was all politeness, in a loud, pragmatic way, but not wishing any further pain in his ears, Rivarol withdrew backward. He was more mystified than ever. For the life of him he could not arrive at any other conclusion than that they were going to plant tea. Nothing like this had ever happened before in California, certainly not in the Sierras and the foothills.

Most of the people at Montezuma were simple and trustful, and they could believe anything, but Rivarol's feeble explanation was too much for them.

"They're fooling us, that's what! They've come across some pay dirt there, Dolph, and that girl is grubstaking them."

From the porch of his store he could see them digging. They chopped into the fearsome clay, not downwards, but straight ahead, with Yano's voice girding them on. They drove clear across the tract, then bit into the hillside, where the granite began. They cut along the base for three miles until they reached the miners' viaduct that crossed the stream. There was a daily

blasting for months. The detonation reached Montezuma as punctual as sunset. The outfit, it was agreed, had much capital behind it, and Bull-voice was a dead hand with the nitroglycerine.

"And Rivarol thinks it's a tea ranch!"

The tract was broken to the plows, and horses clomped back and forth dragging harrows that on hot days sent up clouds of blinding dust.

Then there was the house. It rose in a succession of nights, with a thwacking of adzes swung in the gleam of candle lamps, and the choc-chock disturbed sleep like a visitation of woodpeckers.

Rivarol had never liked that slope, a vast buttress of clay, viscid after rains, devoid of grass, even of the foxtail grass which can grow almost anywhere, and affronting in its bare ugliness. But there they built the house, with redwood floors so rubbed with bath water that it was as lustrous as satin. The green roof seemed to fit very well under the trees. The spire on the pagoda was as delicate as the tracery of the pine tops.

Sometimes, pressing his face against the window of his store, Rivarol watched Miss Mori, always in her dark silk robe, with a fan pushed into her sash, standing under the trees, looking up at the sky or upon the marble-white earth, seeded, raked and waiting.

Long before the rains, the water came flooding in. It choked in the ditches, seeped over the field, and changed it into muck which in a month turned green.

"Barley," Rivarol said at the store. "Barley and rye mixed. Come Spring, and they'll plow it under for nitrogen and rich mulch. They are gardeners, you see. After that they'll be setting out the tea plants."

"Tea plants!"

Hands smote at his back, with uncontrollable laughter.

II

Winter growth it was, running to soft mat without ear. They might have loafed while it grew, but they were an unresting lot, eternally at some new and prodigious task. They drained the gully, for one thing, and sank holes into it, then were gone. After a week they were back with their horses, dragging four colossal timbers from a dismantled gallows-frame, lugged up at staggering effort from the Jumper Mine ten miles away.

These timbers, with screeching of rope-blocks and the spurring yells of the foreman, rose from the bed of the gully; two pairs of obelisks, with an inward slant, capped by a square beam with tapering ends. It all resolved into a sacred *torii*, an archway. The pattern repeated the curve in the pagoda above the house.

The *torii* is still there, staunch, its red lacquer baked hard in the heat of fifty Summers, and the water about the pillars is deep and alive with goldfish. Rivarol remembers that inclement Winter in which it rose, and the wonderment of the dwellers at Montezuma who thought it a hoist and marvelled why a shaft should be sunk in the bed of a stream.

He remembers, too, Miss Mori's first visit to him. It was a morning of hoarfrost, with paper-thin ice on the pool, and he was stumbling sleepily from the woodshed with an armful of kindlings. There was a sound as of leather being thwacked. A beast came up at him, lumbering earnestly through the fog.

"Your cow?"

Miss Mori, holding a fence stake and a lantern, had appeared at the same moment. In felted coat, with breath steaming, she looked down upon him in reproach, not unsmiling, though the fist holding the stake was clenched white.

"Yes. Not much harm done, I hope?"

"He eat barley. You better lock him up."

She turned away, her high pattens scrouging in the frozen mud. Mr. Rivarol watched her departure, mortified, until the halo of her lamp vanished in the wet, yellow dawn, then thumped the beast contritely with a board.

It was sociable, though, for Rivarol, a solitary man since the placer miners moved away, and living with no one except Polycarp, who swept out and tended the garden. Not that the Japanese came in often. They lived on rice brought up from the valley, and immense white radishes, like tusks, that they dug up on their plot.

But there they were on the hillside, disposed neatly like figures in a print, going from furrow to furrow, weeding, hoeing to divert water about the roots. He could see them every time he turned his head. At night their lanterns gleamed through the trees. Whenever Yano's voice, pleasanter after dark, boomed some jocundity, the laughter was audible and prolonged, like a concert of nightjars. Very often Mr. Rivarol sat on the porch, hours after Polycarp had gone to bed, and listened to the mirth, the clapping of hands and the squeak of flutes.

Yano was the only regular visitor. He came in to buy cigars, bottles of port, newspaper and frilled sleeve-bands, choosing these things with much care, since they were for himself.

"Me Miss Mori's cousin," he exclaimed once.

"That," said Rivarol, "means nothing." He knew that cousinship among Orientals is less often a grade of consanguinity than a title of politeness. "I want to know, is the lady married?"

Yano recoiled slightly; he even appeared to blench, as if the idea were monstrous.

He recovered, and with a smile of the most obvious embarrassment said something that Rivarol could not quite catch. Miss Mori, it appeared, was a Year-of-the-Horse woman. And with another ghastly smile, Yano made for the door, bowed, and hurried out.

The rains ceased, the barley was plowed into the earth, and the ten Japanese, after much harrowing, began to set out their plants. Infants could not have been raised more tenderly. Yano's bellow became more lyrical as Spring advanced, and sounded like an incantation.

One Sunday night, when Rivarol was sitting with friends in the kitchen over cards and a demijohn of claret they heard curious sounds. Feeling that the Japanese were up to something, they hurried outside. The moon, a yellow shield, gilded the water. It was framed in the gateway; twists of paper and bundles of elderberry were tied to the uprights. On the crossing-stones sat the men, with backs bent, looking like toads. Some were plucking round-faced guitars. Their songs began in a rhythmic whisper, then swelled into a chorus, manly and sustained. Miss Mori stood on the bank, waving a large fan and moving her head in time to the music.

"Some kind of religion or other," said Rivarol. "Now they're lighting a fire on that stone."

The smoke billowed under the red arch of the *torii*, the gateway—a symbol of entrance into Spring, with its wonder, hope and recurring miracle of leaf and bud.

Rivarol and his friends watched until the embers died out, the last tinge of smoke was gone from the air, and the last chord of the guitars in the *besu* echoed into silence.

The plants flourished, helped by much sun, water and sing-song ritual. They

stood well the heat for two Summers, and because of their height and thick spread, travellers passing up the road took them for *manzanita*.

Rivarol was at his desk in the store one morning when Polycarp gave a shout. The next moment an armful of bushes filled the doorway. They were in the arms of Miss Mori, who forced them through, prodded on by Yano, who stared at him with eyes goggling.

"What's happened?"

Yano broke off a piece of root and with a shaking hand held it to Rivarol's face.

"That phylloxera? What you say?"

"I think not," said Rivarol. "It's thrips. Try a nicotine spray." That was a bad year. The next Summer there was pink fly.

Rivarol took it to heart, and being the man he was, he wrote letters, pondering, questioning letters, to State officials that were supposed to know all about bugs. They advised a good drowning at the roots. So for a couple of weeks an ocean of water flowed over the slope. The Japanese toiled up to their knees in the flood. Yano, perched on stilts, waddled across the submerged clay. It was slippery in places, and now and then he toppled with a horrid splash, to wriggle like a trout, then climbed his poles to resume the patrol with a bellow growing more and more dolorous.

Then the water stopped suddenly. It was no surprise to the Flat. The miners at Windy Gap had been complaining. Hardly enough water for the rockers had come their way, for instead of ten inches between sunrise and sunset the Japanese had been using thirty.

Miss Mori, with a parasol over her shoulder, came over to convey the news.

"Perhaps the miners are repairing the viaduct," said Rivarol. "We must walk there and find out."

They walked through his orchard, through a deep pine wood and followed the moist ditch until they came to where the trestle spanned the canyon. The bridge was not there. What was left of it lay scattered like straw in the dry bed.

"Blown up," said Rivarol. "Sorry."

After he had stared down mutely for a minute he put a hand to his forehead and reflected. To reconstruct the bridge would take at least five months. It would cost a fortune, at least ten thousand dollars. Iron pipe would have to be hauled up from the city, and timber from the mills fifteen miles away.

"It must be rebuilt at once," he said. "The crop— But it's too late now. Better wait until Winter. It is already August. And Mr. Yano must be told when I go back."

An uneasy shadow passed over her face, but she stood poised and smiling, with eyes half closed, under her parasol, as if she thought of exasperating children at home. The crop was lost again. She pushed a foot back and forth on the gravel, pensively, and Rivarol listened to the rasp as long as he could.

"Of course, they will want to know who is to blame."

She looked up, startled.

"They will ask nothing," she said. "Nothing. They will know."

It was his turn to be shaken. But there was such a guardedness in her smile as she walked on in that delicate toddle, with the parasol now guarding her face, that he felt it useless to question her. They returned, and as he left her at the crossing he beheld the men grouped in front of their shanty, silent and waiting.

The sun was foe of the countryside that August. Heat worked its sinister magic and the slope was dotted with metallic foliage that seemed fused to a pavement

of clay-red iron. The heat parched the marrow of the land, burned to the heart, burned so deeply that it went beyond pain, for there was numbness and a suspension of all life. The days and weeks went on in monotonous processional, without change in the pale blue dome of the sky or on the face of the withered earth. The crickets only spoke. Even Yano was silent, and drowsed under the shed with his men, their hats, as they lay in a row, looking like a miniature straw fence.

Miss Mori stirred at intervals. Under her parasol she wove in the heat to the post office, despatched letters and cables, and stood there nightly, waiting for the stage-coach with the mail to come in.

Toward the end of the year the Japanese were afoot again. Money had come. Yano, loudly vocal, moved about with full powers, as if recharged. Pipe and timber were hauled to the canyon, and inside of four months the bridge was rebuilt. Nine men returned. The tenth, staying in a little wooden shed on the bank, kept as still as an idol, with a rifle across his knee.

III

Green blister is amenable to Kemp's Solution. It was pumped on copiously, and saved the plants the next Spring. The vesicles form on the underside of the leaf, so they have to be attacked upward, while the operators recline on the ground. Which Yano's men did, getting drenched with indigo, and the spray worked into their skins so that they took on a hue reminiscent of the fatal stage of gangrene. One prospector encountered a knot of them walking down the road, laughing merrily, and he recoiled into the bar-room and drank a lot of whiskey, then hurried to tell Mr. Rivarol.

"Working ore by the cyanide process—

that's what they're up to! And when a man gets soaked in cyanide, he goes loco. Those fellows are as good as dead."

That pestilence routed, Yano was in good spirits again. He wore a blue mask for weeks, then it faded into a squashed-bug color, but he whistled tunefully. Plants that have survived green blister are immune to the most vicious stabbing, egg-laying or shear-jawed insects that Beelzebub can turn loose. Rivarol, too, was relieved. He had been writing letters to professors and their chemical replies had dazed him.

Though towards the first of September he got another shock. He had come into the kitchen to get water for shaving, and Polycarp, who was stirring dumplings for breakfast, yelled at him:

"Las mariposas!"

Rivarol stuck his head outside the door, and there on a larch in the yard he saw two or three fluttering pairs of wings, hardly bigger than stamps.

"Por la!" screamed Polycarp, hopping about and waving the spoon.

The slope was tinted with sulphur-rose of the first dawn, and the plants lay under a heaving blanket of wings. Millions of thistle-butterflies!

With arms outstretched, and wrists wearily plying fans, a row of figures stood, their faces hidden as if in a blizzard. The only sound was the rattle of torn paper, a rhythmic clatter. This was not what a man might expect to see so early in the morning. It gave Rivarol a start.

"How long have they been there? All night?"

"Yes, Señor. But there was a moon."

As they watched, a breeze, hardly to be felt, but more powerful than a million fans, pushed down the slope. The insects drifted before the moving and invisible wall, and were gone. Old Yano insists it

was the fans that gave birth to the delivering wind, and that no plague of thistle-butterflies has visited Montezuma Flat from that day to this.

The leaves ripened in the first burst of the August heat, and the harvest began. The men plucked under the shade of their straw hats, and toted the loads in baskets to the rows of firing-pans, copper bowls with fir knots crackling beneath them. Their hips rocked heavily as they staggered under the weight of the baying-poles to the bins. The air was fragrant with balsam, hot metal and frizzling tea. Miss Mori stood watching them in the sunlight, twirling her parasol. Rivarol, heartened by the spectacle, gave a loud clap. She turned. He lifted his hat in a salute of felicitation. She smiled, with a graceful nod, her head bending like a sunflower's on its stalk.

When the crop was all in, he sent over Polycarp with gifts: a pot of ginger, a box of sugar tablets and a bottle of Zinfandel. It was an hour later when the boy returned, with a folded sheet of rice paper. An invitation, brushed in inks, begged the courtesy of his presence at tea the next afternoon.

Rivarol shaved his chin, put on a frock coat and marched over. The house was dark and cool, and the three of them sat on a square of matting. The foreman was in a black kimono emblazoned with a white sun, and the woman, in a festal dress, wore a high comb, and her lips, rubbed with violet, parted in a dead-white face.

"The first brew," said Rivarol. "An honor to be a guest in this house."

She made a curtsy. Yano bowed towards the mat, his eyes fixed rigidly, as if they were dents in steel. His head, shaved smooth, glistened in the steam from the hissing brazier. Miss Mori opened a

tiny box, took up some powdered green leaf in a scoop, poured on hot water—and the cups were passed. Before each sip she gave three and a half bows, with a deep formal bow between cups.

Rivarol drank four, but the cups were tiny, hardly bigger than thimbles. The liquor was muddy and over-hot; it puckered his mouth for it was as astringent as quince juice. He would have far preferred to sit on a kitchen chair. The silence was painful to him, a Western man alien to ceremony. Politeness moved him to utter a jovial phrase or two, ineptitudes that rang hollow enough. The very bitterness of the drink seemed to augur evil.

That week-end the two wagons were piled up with chests bound in osier, and they creaked down the valley, in charge of Yano and another driver.

"Gone to sell the crop!" said Polycarp, who had risen early and told Rivarol the news.

"And so they may. You never can tell about anything."

The luck of the slope must have a turning some time. And in San Francisco there might be salvation, at the mysterious small shops of Oriental merchants along Dupont and Sacramento streets, with a pot of lily in front of green window curtains, and unlimited specie inside. He imagined Yano going through the foggy streets, ringing bells and knocking at teak doors, with hope emblazoned on his kimono, and nostalgia for the garden heavy in his breast, for where a man has undergone most sorrow, there his heart belongs.

Miss Mori never ventured once from her preserves, which had grown so quiet. Every few days Polycarp carried over some gifts: kumquats in syrup, a dried halibut, a box of rice powder, or an armful of illustrated magazines. She made a point of receiving them on the veranda, in full

view of the donor. As they bowed to each other, with the pool between them, Polycarp was invaded by the tenderest sentiments. Strange, he thought, strange that she had never married.

Yano had been gone nine weeks. Not even the watchful Polycarp had noticed his return. Rivarol had a premonition in his sleep. He sat up in his cot and listened. He thought he had heard screams and the sound of blows. But there was no mistaking a disturbance over at the pool. It might have been the splash of a water-ouzel, or the falling of a cone from a wind-shaken branch. He called, but Polycarp was slumbering heavily.

He pulled on a duster and hurried to the pool. At the other side was someone floundering in the water. He bounded over, gripped an alder branch and dragged up Miss Mori, bedraggled, yet flounced out with voluminous silk.

She was very light, so light that she reminded him of an owl he had once shot, an immense white owl with puffed feathers, but with a body like a pencil.

"You fell in," he said. "Lucky the water isn't deep here—not up to your knees."

He spoke with face averted, for her stare embarrassed him. The white was rinsed off her cheeks and strands of dank hair were smeared across her open mouth. The red patch on her neck was perhaps a contusion. She might have fallen against one of the stepping stones.

"Shall I take you home?"

She pointed to the *besu*, and he carried her to the veranda. She tottered in, closing the screen door after her.

The bitter harvest was its last, and disaster had come to the slope. Miss Mori was a child of misfortune. The pestilences, the destruction of the bridge and the lean years of waiting had emptied her money-box. Yano sat alone under the shed, with

eyes closed and chin resting on a fan. He squatted in silence, with face turned upon the plants gone withered, for no water had been let to flow.

The Japanese workmen drifted away, singly or in pairs. By Fall none was left. Rivarol gathered that they had gone to work in the deep mines at Angels Camp and Copperopolis.

"A man has to be bred to hard rock," he told Polycarp. "And how are these going to last where there is no sun?"

IV

At intervals in the next decade they bobbed up, some of them, to wander over the place, to look at the house or lie on the bank and drop crumbs to the gold-fish. At these times Miss Mori kept secluded. In Yano's quarters the *saki* was poured out, and there were echoes of old merriment, with nocturnal song and hand-claps. It was curious, Rivarol says, how long they did last, gasping in the moist, airless sumps, with the drills thudding into rock, casting dust into their lungs. Only, they barked more perceptibly and moved about with stiffness, their joints done up in flannel for the benefit of rheumatism. Then their visits ceased altogether.

Yano stirred at times to cook cedar splints in oil. Miss Mori made fans of them, folding the gold paper in the sunshine, and painting on each a Sierra pine and a bird, all exactly alike. She disposed of a bale of them in San Francisco once a year, through Mr. Rivarol, who, it appeared, had some occult connection with the fan trade, though he was reticent on this point. It was a connection that kept up unimpaired for many years. I never knew what else he discussed with her at the solemnity of tea, he with his jaunti-

ness and long white beard, she a sedate, wrinkled doll, both of them nodding and sipping from tiny cups with the brazier between them on the mat.

"It takes more than going five thousand miles to break away from a curse," he said once, when her singing one night was more mournful than usual.

As I have said, Miss Mori was nursemaid to us in our younger years, and we clung to her *obi* as we walked about in the garden. If we went too near the flower-beds, unattended, old Yano, like a dog on the veranda, would growl at us. But we all of us carried huge bunches of hydrangea when we went home. And each of us has one of her great gold fans somewhere about the house.

It was with such a fan, broken and soggy, that she was found in the pool one morning. Nobody, not even the watchful Mr. Rivarol, had heard so much as a splash.

"It was a damned ugly field, uglier than you have any idea, until she came along," said Rivarol, deeply affected.

It was symbolical of his life, that remark, and he did not refer to the long, old friendship again, not even after the Japanese envoy's visit and speech.

"We are sensible of the honor Your Excellency has paid our camp," I said to the envoy, after everybody had bowed and shaken hands with everybody else, and Rivarol had retreated to his house. "I regret the interruption."

"It was nothing at all," he said. "The poor old Mr. Yano, I dare say he went through a lot in his time. Addled, I should think. Quite!"

The few of us left in Montezuma Flat made amends to the distinguished guests by escorting them to the bar-room. The zinc roof was bending under the cataract of heat, and the proprietor rose from somnolence and stared, rigid with unbelief, at the apparition of seven Japanese gentlemen in silk hats. We all took gin-and-soda, except the envoy, who quaffed a tumbler of rye straight.

"The late Miss Mori," I said, "was an exquisite and remarkable being. And evidently more famed than I should have supposed."

"Unique," said the envoy, with a bow. "Her distinction is inviolate. She was the first Japanese woman to arrive in your California. I feel that the blooms will take root. Our horticulturists seem to have done the proper thing."

"She never married, Your Excellency. There was a reason for that. I have heard something of a curse, some absurd but formidable obstacle —"

"Formidable," said the envoy. "If a Japanese woman is born in the Year of the Horse, which comes every six decades, she does not marry. It is her destiny, and not her fault. For who can alter the signs of the zodiac?"

He was a bland and capable man, and his eyes shut the fraction of a minute, to emphasize that what the fates have ordained we should be happier, and luckier, if we did not question. Another round of drinks, and that closed Montezuma Flat's most spectacular day.

The envoy, with those remarks, cleared up much, of course, but it only darkens the tale of Miss Mori.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Dietetics

THE RISE AND FALL OF FOOD FADS

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

THE story has been told of the celebrated Dr. E. G. Janeway, whose memory is still green in New York, that a younger colleague once took a man to his office for an examination. After the great internist had looked the patient over, he offered his diagnosis and outlined a treatment, but said nothing about the diet, so the patient asked what he should eat. "Eat anything you want," replied Dr. Janeway, "except creamed oysters." Greatly impressed by this ready warning, but too overawed to ask how it was reached, the patient later asked his doctor to explain how any man could be such a genius as to know that a perfect stranger could not eat creamed oysters safely. The lesser medical light was honest enough to admit his own ignorance, but volunteered to ask the eminent one at the next opportunity. Dr. Janeway's reply was, "I ate some myself the week before and they damn near killed me!"

Here is the basic reason for much of the advice that is currently given about diet. Doctors and dietitians, both amateur and professional, are very apt to be influenced by their personal bias in telling their patients what to eat and what to let alone. Fortunately for the human race, it can adapt itself to a wide variety of foods. The vegetarian faddists long ago demonstrated that meat can be dispensed with; more recently, Stefansson and his companions

lived for nine months in the Arctic on meat alone. When the criticism was offered that the intense cold and their strenuous exercise enabled them to utilize more meat than would have been possible in a temperate climate, Stefansson and a friend lived for a year in New York on an exclusive meat diet, with no increase in their usual amount of exercise. Complete physical examinations before and after the experiment indicated that they were in rather better condition at the end of the year than at its beginning.

A counter experiment was conducted at one of the universities, and the subject was shown to have greatly damaged his kidneys thereby: but the cynical may wonder just how unbiased was this experiment, since it was financed by a grant from the president of a cereal company. Contrariwise, it is true that reprints describing the Stefansson experiment were distributed by the American Meat Packers' Association, but Stefansson's original experiment was conducted in the Arctic, with no thought of its commercialization.

The chief lesson to be drawn from the investigations of the strict vegetarians and the strict meat eaters is that the human digestive apparatus is immensely adaptable. This quality serves the infant well from the first; for it is doubtful if the population of the United States would ever have increased if the infant part of it had not been able to thrive on a wide variety of artificial feeding. When I graduated in medicine nearly twenty-five years ago, the addition of limewater to the

milk in bottle feeding was almost universal, for it was thought that increased alkalinity was essential. But now the vogue is for the addition of lactic acid to increase its acidity. Babies have thrived equally well on either diet; perhaps their ignorance of the chemistry of digestion saved them.

At one time boiling milk was thought to make it harder to digest; now it is known to make it more digestible. Then lactose was thought to be essential, for it was the kind of sugar found in milk; later it was tabooed as inclined to cause more fermentation. Now it is again being advocated as *not* causing fermentation, so, in the words of the celebrated Mr. Dooley, "there ye are."

It is no wonder that one authority has advocated passing around a tray loaded with various foodstuffs, and allowing babies to choose their own. She reports that they show very good judgment, even when only a few weeks old.

Until comparatively recent times, a diet low in proteins was always ordered in nephritis, because it was argued that, since in this condition, the kidneys allow protein (albumin) to pass through their filtering mechanism into the urine, an excess of protein would irritate them. Now a high protein diet is popular—on the assumption that the proteins really do not irritate the kidneys at all, and that their excessive loss in the urine must be replaced by increasing them in the diet, else anemia and malnutrition will result. Undoubtedly the modern treatment is giving the better results.

Great interest in the study of dietetics has been aroused by the discovery within the past few years of the vitamins. While their recognition is of prime importance, it is unfortunate that they have been exploited beyond all reason by various com-

mercial houses. Yeast is no longer content to be the humble means of raising bread and fermenting home-brew. It must also banish pimples, that tired feeling, auto-intoxication, and most of the other ills the flesh is heir to. Various means are adopted for making it more palatable—and less efficient.

The fruit growers' associations would have us hold that day lost when at least three glasses of orange juice are not consumed, or a half-dozen bananas, or a peck of apples. Apple juice is being "electrically treated" to prevent its forming cider, and sold as good for everything from peptic ulcer through high blood pressure to general debility. But just why this elaborate treatment to prevent nature from having her way should enhance its value is hard to explain.

The truth is that Mother Nature is so lavish with all the essentials of life that anyone who eats a diet even fairly well balanced is in no danger of suffering from lack of vitamins. As McCollum and Simonds have well said, "the place to get vitamins [with the exception of Vitamin D] is in the market, in the grocery-store, from the milk man and from the garden, and not from the drug-store."

Certain articles of food, wholesome in themselves, have been so unduly exalted by dietitians that their use has become a kind of fetish. It is considered quite immoral nowadays to rear a child without its quota of spinach, and carrots are thought to be almost as valuable as the gold they resemble. As a matter of fact, there are a number of other vegetables that may be safely substituted for either or both of these new household gods.

Two mistakes are commonly made by the dyspeptic individual. One is the gradual elimination from his diet of one article after another (because he always attributes

his discomfort to the last thing eaten), until he is on almost starvation rations. The other is the attempt to overcome constipation by the use of an excessive amount of roughage in the diet, such as bran, coarse vegetables, salads, fruits and berries. Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, perhaps the best living authority on the digestive apparatus, thinks that this roughage fad is largely responsible for the marked increase in mucous colitis during the past few years.

Dr. Alvarez is doing much to drive away the bogies of constipation and auto-intoxication, both largely the products of advertising. He gives convincing evidence that intestinal auto-intoxication in adults is a very rare condition, and he also says that "there is little evidence to show that constipation ever produces diseases like high blood pressure, arthritis, or rheumatism."

Perhaps the most dangerous fad just now is limited almost entirely to women—that of dieting to get or to keep thin. Like many other follies, it is the shadow of a virtue. Unquestionably, of the two extremes, leanness is preferable to obesity. I have often remarked that the practice of medicine would be made much easier if I could persuade my male patients to diet more and my female patients to diet less. If the ladies would only use discretion in the matter, and not diet to the point of emaciation, they would deserve to be congratulated upon their will power. But no amount of persuasion will make them listen to reason.

Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf has pointed out that since 1924 there has been an "alarming increase in the morbidity and mortality of tuberculosis among [American] young women" as compared with young men of corresponding ages. He shows that the death-rate in New York among girls is now almost twice the rate for boys. He

attributes this chiefly to the "almost insane desire of so many young women to have slender figures." After arguing in vain with numerous victims of this craze, I have often thought he might well have omitted the *almost* before *insane*. For instance, one very capable and intelligent trained nurse who had voluntarily lost more than a third of her weight—and with it much of her beauty, animation, and charm—was found to have incipient tuberculosis. In spite of all the persuasion I, with three other physicians, could bring to bear, she stubbornly refused to eat more than starvation rations, since she would rather have consumption than risk getting fat.

The price that these deluded victims pay is the sacrifice of the fresh beauty and vivacity that belong to youth. Other common by-products of excessive skinniness are kidneys movable or floating from absorption of their beds of fat; digestive disturbances from the sagging down of the stomach and intestines; anemia from malnutrition; and excessively low blood pressure, with its attendant weariness.

Many people are unconscious victims of dietary fancies. How often is the expression heard, "I can't eat fish," or "I can't drink milk," or "I never could learn to like spinach" or eggs, or what not.

Often the victim of such fancies expects to become nauseated by the article in question—and he is seldom disappointed. Stefansson, in "The Friendly Arctic," one of the best books on dietetics in existence, says that he thought he could not eat fish until he was twenty-five years old, but admits he might have learned sooner "if it had not furnished such a fascinating topic of conversation."

It is true that there are rare cases of true idiosyncrasy to certain foods. Every pediatrician occasionally has under his care a

baby who may break out with great welts and perhaps vomit violently when given his first taste of egg; but most of these will acquire a tolerance for it if given very small amounts at first, gradually increased. The great majority of food fancies, however, are purely imaginary, and can be overcome by the exercise of sufficient will power.

An example has come to my notice since the preparation of this article began. My secretary, a most intelligent young woman, for years thought she could not eat oysters, because they had made her sick in her childhood. But now, encouraged by Stefansson's experience with fish, she has eaten them several times, not only with impunity, but with relish.

Many of the current fancies amount to superstitions, such as the belief that fish and milk form a dangerous combination if eaten together. During my interne days, we were served fish every Friday for dinner. With most of the other young doctors, I washed my fish down with two or three glasses of milk—and can testify that they mixed perfectly at least once a week for eighteen months.

A food fancy sponsored largely by physicians, especially pediatricians, is the supposed danger of giving milk with fruits. In the last edition of Dr. Holt's famous "Care and Feeding of Children," which for more than a generation has been the Bible of young American mothers, he says, "It is not, as a rule, wise to give cream or milk with sour fruits." Other pediatricians generally advised mothers to give their children orange juice *between* meals, and never with milk. Apparently it never occurred to them that the first thing that happens to milk in the stomach is that it is curdled by the acid gastric juice. Now many pediatricians mix lemon juice instead of lactic acid with milk.

This idea that certain combinations of foods are either helpful or harmful is exploited widely by quacks. One with a large following condemns the age-old custom of eating meats and starches in combination. Others insist on foods being eaten raw—apparently ignorant of the increased risk of ingesting intestinal parasites in the process. Many other food fancies are due to advertising. For instance, a malted cereal is widely proclaimed as a hypnotic—whereas any light meal, such as a glass of plain milk with a few crackers, would answer the same purpose, by coaxing blood from the brain into the stomach.

A food fancy now happily losing ground is the belief that childbirth may be made easier if the prospective mother eats lightly during the last half of her pregnancy. One woman of my acquaintance, who had been warned by a number of medical men that a serious heart condition made childbearing dangerous, was so eager for a child that she foolhardily took the risk, and then placed herself under the care of a "specialist" in a large city. He assured her that all would be well if she would only limit the size of the child by following the diet he prescribed. She obeyed faithfully, and in a few months could have posed for a picture of a starving Belgian. In spite of this, she had a severe heart attack at the eighth month. As a forlorn hope she was delivered by Caesarean section under local anesthesia, and by a miracle lived.

But although the baby was born a month too soon, it weighed somewhat more than six pounds (though it did not have the stamina to live more than a few hours) and another month would have brought its weight above the average, despite the mother's self-induced emaciation.

Law

TRADE MARK PIRACY

BY GEORGE W. GOBLE

THE American law forbids anyone to sell his own goods under the pretense that they are the goods of another. It makes little difference whether the seller's misrepresentation consists in false statements, simulation of the appearance of the other's goods or using the other's trade name or mark. The substance of the wrong is that a name or mark, when used in connection with a business or a particular product, is, in a measure, representative of the owner's good will, and for another to use or simulate it is to appropriate a portion of that good will.

If John Smith places on the market a flour labelled Tea Rose, and Tom Jones goes into the same market with a flour similarly labelled, not only is the public likely to be deceived, but Smith will probably lose sales. Hence the law does not permit such an invasion of his market. But if Jones markets his flour only in localities beyond the limits of Smith's business a more difficult question is presented. If the basis of trade mark protection is good will, is an owner of a mark entitled to protection in a territory into which his business does not extend? Ordinarily, he has no good will where he has no customers, and appropriation of his trade mark in such a territory does not cause him to lose sales, nor does it give an unjust profit to the imitator. Reasoning from this premise, the courts have held again and again that use in one locality does not entitle the owner to protection in other localities into which his business does not extend. This is true even if the trade mark be registered with the Commissioner of

Patents at Washington. Contrary to popular belief, registration does not give a monopoly in the use of the registered mark: its protection against infringement is only coterminous with the business in which the mark is used.

A recent application of this view is found in the case of the United States Printing & Lithographing Company vs. Griggs-Cooper, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. In this case the registrant and prior user of the trade mark, Home Brand, had a wholesale grocery business which extended throughout a group of States in the northern and western part of the United States. The court held that the registrant could not enjoin others from using the same brand on similar goods marketed in the southern and eastern States.

The view illustrated by this case seems to be deeply rooted in our trade mark law. But is it sound? Is it the rule best adapted to our modern economic life? The writer believes not. When it was devised the world was in the handicraft stage, and each community was served by its own butcher, baker, shoemaker and weaver. Transportation was slow and expensive. Tradesmen seldom operated beyond the area in which they were personally acquainted, and people moved but little from place to place. Under these conditions it was probably true that no harm was done by trade mark appropriation unless there was an actual diversion of custom. Consequently, loss of sales was made the essence of the rule.

But this rule does not fit the modern industrial era, with its swift systems of transportation, elaborate sales organizations, far-reaching advertising, and standardized products. The field of a business is

now nation wide, and people move about over large areas.

The law does not usually give relief unless somebody is hurt. The question then is, When a trade mark pirate uses an appropriated label in territory not yet entered by the owner of the mark, in what respect is the owner or the public harmed? It is true that in such a case there is no diversion of custom, for the owner has no customers in the imitator's territory. But an analysis of the situation discloses at least *three other elements of positive injury*, either to the owner or to the public. First, the owner is required to allow his business reputation to rest in the hands of a trade mark pirate. If the latter should sell inferior goods the result would be no different from a positive slander or disparagement of the owner's business.

Secondly, the policy of the courts unnecessarily hampers large scale production. If a trade mark has come to represent one's good will in a certain locality, one should be free to extend that good will into other localities. One is entitled to the convenience resulting from putting one's goods into all markets under the same label. A large part of the value of a trade mark lies in its *uniqueness*. It is a mark of identification. Use of it anywhere by anyone not the owner impairs its value.

Thirdly, the policy is a positive harm to the consuming public. The constant and increasing movement of people from one part of the country to another makes it highly inconvenient, from the public point of view, to have a trade mark represent goods manufactured by A in one part of the country and by B in another part. Is not a resident of Massachusetts, while temporarily in California, as much entitled to protection from infringers as when at home? One mark for one product enables the public to fix responsibility and to give

credit or blame to whom credit or blame is due. The transient part of the public can identify products and more easily make known its desires. All the arguments for a common language throughout the country support equally well the principle of trade mark monopoly.

As things stand, there is great confusion with respect to trade marks, names and labels. Boston Wafers, Gold Medal Flour, Tea Rose Flour, Yellow Taxis, the Velvet Kind (ice cream), Baltimore Club Whiskey, Blue Ribbon, Anchor, Star, and Universal are a few of the trade names to which the law has permitted the attachment of different meanings in different parts of the country.

Would the manifest convenience of unlimited trade mark protection to the public and to reputable producers and dealers be offset by injustice to dealers who desire to adopt the trade mark of another in new territory? It is difficult to see how it would. There is an unlimited number of words from which trade symbols may be chosen. Unless such dealers expect to profit on the good name established by someone else, there is nothing to be gained by using a mark already in use. Such dealers, by the rule I propose, are not prevented from competing. They are not kept out of the new territory. They are simply prevented from taking another's mark into the new territory.

A problem that has given the courts even greater difficulty is presented by the trade mark pirate who uses the stolen label upon goods of an entirely different character from those sold by the owner of the mark. Here, again, the courts have hesitated to give the owner relief because, since he sells an entirely different commodity from that sold by the imitator, there is no diversion of his custom. The argument is that if the owner uses the

name or mark on automobiles, for example, and the imitator places it on washing-machines, no one will be misled by it into buying a washing-machine when he wants an automobile.

Yet the courts feel that in some cases, even where the respective products are quite dissimilar, the imitator should not be permitted to retain his ill-gotten gains. To reach the worst of these cases the rule has been devised that if the products on which the imitator uses the mark are in the *same class* as those of the owner of the mark, an injunction will be granted against the imitator; otherwise not. But in application this rule has completely broken down. It is impossible to devise a satisfactory test for determining when goods are in the same class. Things can be classified in dozens of ways. To be in the same class must they look alike, feel alike, smell alike or be of the same color or size, or so similar in general appearance that one can be passed off for the other; or must they be used for the same purposes; or be complementary or allied lines; or be such that the thought of one suggests the other by association of ideas? Extremely amusing and fantastic answers have been made to these questions.

For example, automobiles and radio tubes have been put in the same class: they are both electrical instruments. So Rolls-Royce succeeded in preventing the use of its name on radio tubes. Bicycles and kodaks are in the same class because frequently one takes one's kodak when one goes cycling. A bicycle company was therefore denied the right to call its bicycle a kodak. The same is true as to drugs and cigars (both sold in drug-stores), locks and flashlights (both sold in hardware-stores), hats and a fashion magazine (the magazine featured styles in hats), pancake flour and syrup (both used in pancakes). But

on the other hand the courts have put the following in different classes: flour and pancake flour, crackers and cakes, milk and ice cream, food products and tobacco.

As might be expected, this same-class requirement has produced a number of unfortunate results. Vassar College was unable to restrain another from using the word Vassar and the college seal on candies. The Borden Malted Milk Company could not enjoin a newly organized company from using its name on ice cream. The Beechnut Packing Company, a wholesaler of food products, failed to prevent another from using Beechnut on tobacco products. The manufacturers of Gold Medal Flour were unable to stop the use by another of Gold Medal on pancake flour.

If the register of trade marks in Washington be closely examined it will be found that the fanciful trade mark, Simplex, may be lawfully used by over sixty concerns, Star by over four hundred, Anchor by over a hundred, Bull Dog by over a hundred, Universal by over thirty, Lily White by over twenty, and Gold Medal by over fifty.

It seems to have been overlooked that products need not be similar or even related for the public to suppose that those marked alike have a common producer. How many farmers have assumed that Ford's Milker, now on the market, is the product of Henry Ford? The initials A & P upon any kind of commodity would cause immediate association with the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Any housewife familiar with Arm & Hammer Soda would associate that product with any other commodity carrying that mark. Nor can the principle be different if the mark is less generally known. The question should be, Are the people misled who know the mark? That the two

articles would naturally be associated *without* the same mark seems unnecessary, if they would ordinarily be associated *with* it. General characteristics, construction or use would not normally cause anyone to associate a Rolls-Royce automobile and a radio tube. But let the name Rolls-Royce be placed on the radio tube and they are likely to be immediately associated as to origin.

That value of a trade mark which comes from its *uniqueness* is materially impaired by the view which the courts have adopted. But in seeking a remedy it must be realized that a rule permitting a recovery in *all* cases where one person profits at the expense or upon the labor of another would be too broad. Followers in any line of endeavor gain by the work of the pioneer. The progress of society can come about only through wide liberties of imitation. However, such imitation is only justi-

fied by the resulting economic benefit. For the good of society there should be a limit to the privileges men have with respect to the ideas of others.

In favor of the view now prevailing it might be said that it encourages competition by giving the small business man an efficacious weapon with which to fight powerful competitors. But on the other hand there is almost an infinite number of names and marks that one may use without hurting anybody else. Therefore, to deprive an imitator of the use of another's mark does not prevent his use of a mark, nor, of course, does it keep his goods off the market.

Unless he profits by the owner's good name, he gains nothing that he would not gain by the use of another mark. In the ordinary case, therefore, it is hard to see what good is accomplished by upholding his infringement.

HOW THE STATES RANK IN CRIME

BY WILLIAM C. BAGLEY

EIGHT years ago I published a comparison of the forty-eight States based on ten measures of intelligence, leadership, economic efficiency, basic morality, and respect for fundamental law. On each of these measures the several States distributed themselves in approximately the same way: that is, the States that ranked high on one measure tended to rank high on all measures and the States that ranked low on one measure tended to rank low on all measures. On a ranking that combined all ten measures Massachusetts had first place and the other five New England States followed. The Southern States, and particularly those bordering the Gulf east of Texas, were the lowest.

In 1931, a series of three articles appearing in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* under the title of "The Worst American State" presented comparisons of the States on the basis of some of the measures that I had used and many additional measures. A combination of the rankings again gave Massachusetts the most enviable place; Mississippi stood lowest.

The least satisfactory measures in both studies were those that compared the States on the basis of respect for law. Chief use was made of the homicide rates published annually by the Bureau of the Census in Mortality Statistics. There has been disagreement among the criminologists, however, first as to the reliability of these rates, and secondly as to the degree in which the

homicide rates, even if accepted as fairly accurate indices of the prevalence of homicide, may be regarded as indices of the prevalence of other serious crimes.

Recently data have become available which throw light on both of these questions. Apparently on the recommendation of the Wickersham Commission, the Department of Justice began in 1930 to collect each month from the cities information regarding all major and minor crimes *known to the police*. (This category, "Crimes known to the police," has long been used in the official reports on crime in England and Wales. It constitutes quite obviously a much more reliable index of the total volume of crime than do statistics of either arrests or commitments.)

In 1932, the number of cities making these reports was sufficiently large to permit valid comparisons of different sections of the country. Seventy-nine per cent of all cities of 10,000 population and over, representing 81% of the total population of such cities, made monthly reports which are summarized in a quarterly bulletin of the Department of Justice, *Uniform Crime Reports*. The issue for the third quarter of 1932 presents data covering the first nine months of the year. I have taken the average monthly rate for each section and multiplied it by twelve, thus obtaining an approximate annual rate. I have also changed the base from the 100,000 of the population to the million of the population, thus avoiding decimals.

The *Uniform Crime Reports* distinguish between murder and "non-negligence manslaughter" on the one hand and "negligent manslaughter" on the other hand. The homicide rates published by the Bureau of the Census do not make this important distinction between homicides that are either premeditated or due to passion, and homicides that involve criminal carelessness but not criminal intent.

Table I, at the bottom of this page, sets forth data for the nine geographical sections of the country regarding two major crimes against property and two major crimes against the person, as revealed by these *Uniform Crime Reports* from cities. I have included in the table murder and non-negligence manslaughter for the cities (Column 4) and also the total homicide rates for the cities (Column 5). For the sake of comparison I have also included the most recent homicide rates reported by the Bureau of the Census for the registration States (Column 6). The last-named rates are the averages of the States' rates for each section. The rankings of the sections are in the descending order of (assumed!) merit. Rank 1 is the least lawless; Rank 9 is the least law-abiding.

II

Certain significant tendencies are revealed by Table I:

1) The homicide rates appear to be fairly trustworthy indices of serious crime in the sense that, where serious crimes against the person are numerous, serious crimes against property also tend to be numerous. The converse, however, may not always be true.

2) The rates for murder and non-negligence manslaughter reported from the cities as "crimes known to the police" (Column 4) are fairly consistent with the total homicide rates reported from the registration States (Column 6). (The latter are based on reports of "causes of death," made usually by attending physicians or by medical examiners.) The total homicide rates for the cities (Column 5) and the total homicide rates for the registration States (Column 6), however, show wide discrepancies. This seems to bear out the suggestion that attending physicians and medical examiners tend to be very conservative in reporting as felonious homicides deaths that are caused by negligence or carelessness. It may be noted,

TABLE I

Crime Rates in the Several Sections

Approximate annual crime rates (1932) based on the number of offenses known to the police, proportioned to the 1,000,000 of population in cities of 10,000 and over

Section	(1) Robbery		(2) Burglary		(3) Aggravated assaults		(4) Murder and non-negli- gence man- slaughter		(5) Total homicide (cities)		(6) Total homicide (registration area) (1929)		(7) Combined rank
	Rate	Rank	Rate	Rank	Rate	Rank	Rate	Rank	Rate	Rank	Rate	Rank	
New England . . .	276	(1)	2796	(2)	180	(1)	13	(1)	41	(1)	18	(1)	1
Middle Atlantic . .	408	(2)	2016	(1)	384	(5)	31	(2)	114	(6)	60	(4)	2
East North Central .	1716	(9)	3960	(4)	470	(6)	60	(5)	86	(5)	69	(5)	6
West North Central .	1075	(5)	3252	(3)	244	(4)	64	(6)	76	(4)	42	(2)	3
South Atlantic . . .	812	(3)	4565	(5)	1084	(8)	157	(7)	202	(7)	146	(8)	7
East South Central .	1312	(8)	5837	(7)	1672	(9)	240	(9)	319	(9)	190	(9)	9
West South Central .	989	(4)	5377	(6)	715	(7)	164	(8)	203	(8)	141	(7)	8
Mountain	1301	(6.5)	6113	(8)	182	(2)	56	(4)	74	(3)	105	(6)	5
Pacific	1301	(6.5)	6329	(9)	193	(3)	40	(3)	65	(2)	49	(3)	4

too, that homicides of the latter type are twice as numerous in New England and in the Middle Atlantic States as are murder and non-negligence manslaughter, while in the other sections the more serious homicides outnumber the less serious.

3) The evidence from the reports of crimes known to the police confirms evidence from other sources that New England is the most law-abiding section of the country. The Middle Atlantic States make the next best showing. The facts are extremely significant. Of the nine States included in these sections only two—Maine and Vermont—are predominantly agricultural. The remainder constitute the most highly urban and the most highly industrialized area of the United States. Again, these two sections have by far the largest proportion of foreign-born population. Still again, as sections, they have the heaviest proportions of Roman Catholics.

The popular belief that our high crime rates are due largely to the immigrant is, of course, only one of the many Nordic delusions. The Wickersham Report on Crime and the Foreign-Born furnishes abundant evidence that the immigrants as a group, in proportion to their numbers, are at least twice as law-abiding as are the native born. Two years before the publication of the Wickersham document, J. R. Miner (*Human Biology*, May, 1929) pointed out that States "with large proportions of native whites of native parentage have on the average higher [white] homicide rates than States with small proportions." In the same year Miner in a study of "Church Membership and the Homicide Rate" (*Human Biology*, December, 1929) found that the States with high proportions of Roman Catholics tend to have much lower white homicide rates than do States with high proportions of Methodists and Baptists.

4) The West North Central States make on the whole a much more creditable showing than do the East North Central States. The latter would probably reach an even lower rank were it not for Wisconsin, which rivals New England in its relative freedom from serious crime. The Mountain and Pacific sections make a fairly creditable record with respect to crimes of violence—a fact which may help still further to invalidate the popular notion that the high rates of murder and manslaughter in the United States merely continue the virile traditions established by the red-blooded he-men of the frontier.

5) The section comprising the East South Central States—Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi—holds unquestionably the nation's most unenviable record with reference to the prevalence of serious crime. In how far the heavy crime ratios of this and other sections of the South are due to the Negroes it is impossible to say, but Miner's findings, which are based on *white* homicide rates only, seem to indicate that, even with the influence of the racial factor canceled, many of the Southern States would still compare unfavorably with the North and the West.

Another basis for comparing States and sections as regards relative respect for law is furnished by the Wickersham Report on the Cost of Crime. This document presents what is apparently a very careful analysis and summary of the cost of administering Federal criminal law. An illuminating table distributes these costs for 1929-30 by States and by sections, and also in each case proportions the costs to the population. The range among the States is wide—from \$0.026 *per capita* of the population in Massachusetts and Connecticut to \$0.56 in Arizona. In view of the fact that, taking the country as a whole,

two-thirds of the total cost of administering Federal criminal justice have been chargeable to Prohibition, it is interesting to note that, in proportion to the population, it costs the government the least to enforce the Federal laws in two States that are among the most decidedly wet in sentiment, and ranking next to these are two States that are almost as wet—Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

While the distribution of these costs by States doubtless does an injustice to the border States and to the States with relatively sparse populations, the sectional comparisons set forth in Table II are seen to correlate fairly well with the comparisons set forth in Table I:

TABLE II
Per-capita Cost of Administering Federal Criminal Justice in the Several Sections

Section	Cost per capita of population of each section	Rank of each section	Composite rank of same sections (Column 7, Table I)	Rank according to per cent foreign-born white population	Rank according to per cent urban population
New England	\$0.043	1	1	1	1
Middle Atlantic	0.071	3	2	2	2
East North Central	0.058	2	6	4	4
West North Central	0.083	4	3	5	5
South Atlantic	0.112	7	7	8	7
East South Central	0.108	6	9	9	9
West South Central	0.119	8	8	7	8
Mountain	0.243	9	5	6	6
Pacific	0.087	5	4	3	3

III

The high rank of the New England States on these measures, and on measures of economic efficiency, intelligence, culture, and leadership as well, lends strong sup-

port to the hypothesis that cultural, or nurtural, or (in the broad sense) educational, factors play a predominant part in determining the qualities of large population groups.

Among the forty-eight States the three that for more than a century past have had the heaviest burden of immigration to assimilate are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. In respect of the seriousness of this handicap, even New Hampshire and Maine surpass, and Vermont approaches, the national average. All of these States, too, have contributed liberally from their original stock to the population of the Western States.

In a very real sense, then, the character of the New England population has been very largely transformed within the century. Furthermore, the incoming elements have represented in general not only stocks quite different from the early New Englanders, but, in the opinion of many students of the problem, stocks that are distinctly "inferior." Yet, with scarcely one person in six representing old New England, and with large segments of the population representing second and third generations of immigration from French speaking Canada, Ireland, Italy, Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Portugal, the two States that are demonstrably our most highly civilized Commonwealths are Massachusetts and Connecticut—and Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, with similar "handicaps," do not lag far behind.

The development of *efficient* free schools, which Horace Mann initiated nearly a century ago and of which the New England States have ever since been the best exemplars, seems pretty clearly to be justified by at least some of its results.

MEDICINE MEN

BY JAMES STEVENS

Two of the grandest giants of my boyhood were Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw and the Rev. Pearl Yates. The former was the sole proprietor of Dr. Bearpaw's Prairie Root for Kidney Trouble and the magnate of a glittering medicine show. The latter was the powerful Methodist minister in Moravia, the little Iowa town in which I lived as a boy. Near the end of my eighth year the two giants clashed in a fray which rocked Moravia to its roots.

The deep cause of the feud lay in the kidney trouble of the Rev. Mr. Yates. For many a year he had been afflicted with a malady which mystified all the regular doctors for miles around, so he had come to rely on treating himself, depending mainly on Peruna and Hostetter's Family Bitters. He turned to Prairie Root, so he declared, because he had grown certain that his trouble was in the kidneys. Soon he was telling all who inquired about his health that Prairie Root was toning up his system as it had never been toned up before, and he hailed Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw as a benefactor of humanity.

At this time the Rev. Yates held strong hopes of bringing the Bearpaw family into the Methodist fold. Dr. Bearpaw had just bought the Sol Taylor place on the south border of town, paying spot cash and showing so many other signs of wealth that he was invited to join the Odd Fellows. But the doctor held off, strictly minding his own business. An old Mora-

vian church stood on the Taylor place, and he turned it into a medicine-making plant. On the door he posted a big sign which read:

BEARPAW LABORATORIES.
NO ADMITTANCE.
THIS MEANS YOU!!!

After his wife and five children were settled in their new home, Dr. Bearpaw returned to his traveling show. He left his family in charge of one John Badax, his handy man, who looked and acted so much like a scalping Indian of the Wild West that even the nosiest boys of the neighborhood shied away from the place.

But the Rev. Yates was bound to bring Mrs. Bearpaw and her children into the fold. For a month he called twice a week on the family, declaring that his labors would surely bear fruit. He bought a full six-bottle course of Prairie Root and sang the praises of the medicine far and wide. All Moravia agreed that it was mighty, mighty hard to skin around the Rev. Yates.

But then, after the doctor had been home on a Sunday visit, the minister was suddenly ordered off the premises by John Badax, and straightway he began to show his claws. First, he murmured against Prairie Root, vowing that he had been deceived. He solemnly declared that the third bottle had caused him to get up in the night more than ever. For a while he rested on this warning note. He called

no more on Mrs. Bearpaw, but he did not speak against her. Apparently, he still had hope. It lasted until Dr. Bearpaw brought his medicine show to Moravia in late Summer, to put on a grand performance in his new home town.

In this performance, alas, Dr. Bearpaw lowered himself to the class of Tunk Chambers, the beer-drinking and card-playing barber, and Pleas Repp, the infidel liveryman. So he became a marked man among the Methodists of Moravia.

II

The show was held at a corner of the town square. It was a sultry night, with never a whisper from the maples and elms in the park. The hitching rack was lined with horses and rigs which smelled of sweat and the Summer prairie. Clover and straw padded the wagon beds. The horses stamped, switched and snorted, making their harness jingle. Every so often a hound would yap from a wagon.

At the main corner of the square torches flared. They shone over a big turnout of men and boys. I enjoyed the crowd tremendously: its manners were so free and easy. All about me men were chawing, smoking pipes, coddling each other, roaring over their own jokes. The ribald Tunk Chambers was himself as good as a show.

But there was also a strong sober element in the crowd. Some of Moravia's most prominent citizens, such as U. G. Todd, our biggest grocer, Jeff Biggle, the shoe merchant, and Solon Shinkle, the hog-buyer and mayor, were on hand. I heard them agreeing that Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw was a great credit to Moravia, for every bottle of Prairie Root had BEARPAW LABORATORIES, MORAVIA, IOWA, in big letters on the label, and the medicine was so generally heal-

ing and comforting to the kidneys that it made the soundest kind of advertisement for the town. Mayor Shinkle said that he knew of at least five sufferers from kidney trouble who had been given up by Dr. Prouty, and all had begun to enjoy regular sleep since taking Prairie Root. The mayor predicted that Doan's Kidney Pills would rot on the shelves from now on, so far as Moravia was concerned, and U. G. Todd and Mr. Biggle agreed.

The crowd hushed as a handsome young man stepped from the hind end of a huge covered wagon. The stage was a plain platform flanked by carbide torches. Standing out in the white blaze, the handsome young man was dazzling in a shiny plug hat and a suit with brown-and-red checks almost a foot square. He set his hat, top down, on a small table and foamed into a mighty speech about the world-famous splendors of Dr. Bearpaw's Nonpareil Medicine Show. Then the fun started, and it was so fast that I could remember it afterward only in a sort of shining haze. Never before had I reveled in such a feast, and all of it was flavored with music and song.

The first-act prodigy was performed by a minstrel who sneaked out from the wagon and poured a pitcher of water into the handsome young man's plug hat. I almost died from holding in the laughs, so as not to give the joke away, until the young man finished his speech, yanked up his hat with a flourish and jammed it on his head. He simply soused himself, and there he stood, petrified with amazement, while water streamed all over him. And didn't everybody just double up, rip loose and howl, though! I hadn't laughed so hard in a coon's age.

Then the acts came on so fast that I could only gape in joy and wonder. The minstrel shot out on the platform with a

banjo, and he fairly tore the strings off the instrument as he roared such coon songs as "I Got Mine" and "Goo-Goo Eyes," doing shuffles and hoe-downs with every chorus. After a half-dozen of them, another minstrel joined him, and a body could have dropped me with a feather when I realized that he was the handsome young man, all blacked up and in dry clothes. The two minstrels snapped and snarled at each other for a spell, cracking a killing joke every time; then they took up mandolins, turned solemn, and rendered several sad duets. They sang "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven," in such a heart-wringing style that it was hard to believe they had been full of nothing but wit and humor a spell back.

The crowd was properly primed with sentiment when Dr. Bearpaw himself strode forth soberly in his Indian regalia. Indian war drums sounded from the gloom of the covered wagon, and with them shivery yells. I was deeply stirred. Dr. Bearpaw was a mighty sight there, in his beaded buckskin uniform, his head plumed with colored eagle feathers, his face streaked with war paint, a tomahawk in one hand and a bottle of Prairie Root for Kidney Trouble in the other. He set the bottle on the table, stuck the tomahawk in his belt, then stood and stared over the crowd. The drums beat on, but softer now, and the yells whined away.

Even Tunk Chambers hearkened soberly as Dr. Bearpaw began to expound the woes of the noble Red man. The speech was mournful in its first part, with its sad pictures of poor Lo being hounded from pillar to post by ravenous whites, starving and freezing, having nowhere to lay his weary head. Such pictures would have left the people feeling miserably sorry for the abused Red man, had it not been for what Dr. Bearpaw called the sil-

ver lining. The Indian's life did have a bright side, the doctor admitted, in a cheerier tone. The brightness was the amazing health poor Lo enjoyed; and he enjoyed it purely and simply because he kept his kidneys toned up night and day with Prairie Root. Dr. Bearpaw went on to show that all mortal ills, even rheumatism and consumption, started from kidney trouble.

"Stay the evil at its source!" he roared. "That's one lesson the smartest white man can learn from the poor Indian of the plains!"

Long ago, said the doctor, he had made up his mind to forgive his white brothers and share with them the main medicine secret of the Cherokee tribe. He then ripped out with some hair-raising stories about his narrow escapes from Cherokee chiefs, acting them out with blood-curdling yells and frightful swings of tomahawk and Bowie knife. The Cherokee chiefs were all revengeful, Dr. Bearpaw said when he had calmed down; they would have been pleased pink to see the kidneys of all palefaces go to rack and ruin; but not him, not Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw, who had a bigger vision.

"Whatever ails you, my white brothers, my paleface friends," orated the doctor, in his deepest tones, "be certain and sure that this here miracle tonic and balm, this here magic elixir supreme, will tone you up! One bottle for a dollar, and one bottle will start you on the road to health! Six bottles for five dollars, and you have nature's own complete cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to! Prairie Root is warranted. Prairie Root stands the test. It reaches the spot. Ask any Bearpaw patient. Why, I can show you testimonials——"

Right there Tunk Chambers had to horn in.

"How about Rev. Yates, doc?" the barber yelled. "He took three bottles of this here Prairie Root of yours, and he claims ever since he's more out of bed than in it of a night. He vows Prairie Root is only fit for a owl!"

The sinful element in the crowd set up a laugh. Its leaders, Tunk Chambers and Pleas Repp, were always taking digs at the kinds of medicine the Rev. Yates tried on his trouble. Dr. Bearpaw would have done well to gloss this one over. But he was ignorant of the immense power of the Methodist minister in the town, and he tore loose.

"The Rev. Yates never had no kidney trouble, my good friend," he boomed, his black eyes snapping. "If he did, Prairie Root would have toned his kidneys up, you can bet your bottom dollar! Saint or sinner, Prairie Root never fails to stop 'em from getting up in the night. Let Rev. Yates swig Peruna and Hostetter's to his heart's content. Let him likewise keep his mouth shut about Prairie Root, for in the great field of internal medicine the Rev. Pearl Yates is as ignorant as a suckling babe!"

The sinful element whooped and cheered, and Tunk and Pleas led the buying as Dr. Bearpaw's helpers sold through the crowd. But the prominent citizens shook their heads ruefully.

"That was mighty pore business," I heard Mayor Shinkle say. "Mighty pore. Dr. Bearpaw went a mite too fur, you ask me. This'll raise a stink in Moravy, see if it don't."

It did, but only under cover for several months. Dr. Bearpaw took a Fall and Winter trip into the South, where kidney trouble was raging, leaving his family in the care of John Badax again. The two children, Grover Cleveland Bearpaw and his sister Eunice, were old enough to at-

tend school. They were mannerly and bright and gave the family a kind name. But by the end of Winter gossip about Mrs. Bearpaw and John Badax was creeping around.

III

Early in April the doctor returned. The next morning after his arrival I went up-town with my grandmother to shop at Todd's grocery. As we neared the main corner of the square I noticed a pack of men in a circle. In their midst the Rev. Pearl Yates and Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw stood face to face. The doctor wore a Bryan hat, a cutaway coat and a gates-ajar collar, but I had never seen him look more like a savage. He spoke low to the Rev. Yates, his tone sounding like a case-knife scraped on a joint of stovepipe.

"I'll rend and tear you into bloody bits with my bare hands," he rasped. "With my bare hands, Rev. Yates, for one more whisper. Another single whisper against my wife, Rev. Yates, and you'll be rent and tore like a serpent in a eagle's claws!"

"You've mistaken me," the Rev. Yates muttered hoarsely through his black beard. "I declare you shorely have mistaken me, sir!"

Grandma hustled me on. Her eyes snapped pleasantly, for she was the only Hardshell Baptist in town, and the Rev. Yates was always nagging her about changing to his church.

The jawing between the minister and the doctor, it appeared, ended without an actual fight. Mayor Shinkle was called, and he managed to patch up the trouble for the time. The Moravia people generally were cautious in talking about the matter. The doctor had stirred some fear in them, but the Rev. Yates was too strong in those days to be spoken against openly

by any but the sinful element. For he had just bagged the famous Hinote brothers for a union camp-meeting revival. It was a mighty triumph. Never before had the Rev. Noah Hinote and the Rev. Sad Sam Hinote conducted a revival in so small a town.

On the first Sunday night after the jawing the Methodist church was packed to the rafters. The Rev. Yates had announced as his subject, "Secret Sins of Moravia; or, Let Us Bring Light Into the Hell-Holes." The revival was to start in two weeks. The minister promised to unfold the works of Satan in Moravia, so that all in town would realize the tremendous need for the Hinote brothers.

My grandmother predicted that he would use their sermons to further his feud with Dr. Bearpaw, and she was right. The doctor was also raising a stir as he made his plans for the Spring circuit. His first move was to organize a baseball team and call it the Moravia Bearpaws. He then arranged for a season of Sunday games with the teams of Mystic, Iconium, Tyrone, Albia, and other small neighboring towns. For the first time in Moravia's history the sinful element came out brazenly in the open, with Tunk Chambers and Pleas Repp vowing they would support baseball on the Sabbath in spite of Hell and high water. Even U. G. Todd and Jeff Biggle ventured to speak in favor of the move, and Mayor Shinkle did not speak against it. The Moravia Methodists had a real fight on their hands.

So the feud between the Rev. Yates and Dr. Bearpaw began to spread through the town, with the church people lining up on one side, the sinful element on the other, and some of the leading merchants squirming in the middle. Soon Dr. Bearpaw was more than holding his own. But

the Rev. Yates still looked unbeatable as he stood in his pulpit that Sunday night and turned the searchlight on Moravia's secret sins.

He always made his congregation feel that he knew a mighty lot more than he ever told. Every sermon was primed with warnings about thieves in the night, wolves in sheep's clothing, snakes in the grass, and spiders in dark corners. The Rev. Yates never used names, even when preaching against the card-playing and beer-drinking that went on in the hall above Tunk Chambers' barber shop, or the infidelity on tap in Pleas Repp's livery barn, but his hints always made plain what sinner he was reviling. On this Sunday night he had not preached five minutes before his congregation understood that he was exposing the old Moravian church as the town's vilest hell-hole, and Dr. Bearpaw as the worst shape of Satan we had.

His voice rose in a hoarse rumble. He whaled the pulpit with a hairy fist.

"Satan's vilest and rottenest poison is rum!" roared the Rev. Yates. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin', but medicine can be, and often is, the Devil's foulest, filthiest, stinkin'est deceit and snare! Ah, my Chrischun friends, well do I know whereof I speak! I don't need to tell you how sorely afflicted I have been in all my years here. Let me tell you that likewise have I been sorely deceived. It has been said by a man who thinks he is too big for Moravy that your pastor is as igner'nt of medicine as a sucklin' babe. In a humble Chrischun spirit, I admit it is likely so. But one thing I do know," roared the Rev. Yates, sawing the air, "and that is a certain medicine which is claimed to be a elixir for the kidneys is nothin' but a filthy, scummy, stinkin' lie! A Devil's foul lie in a bottle, my Chrischun friends! And

I declare that this here black, slimy viper which Moravy cherishes in her fair bosom is the lowest, filthiest secret sin Moravy knows! Ain't it time here for the holy Hinote brothers? In the name of the Lord, I ask you ag'in, ain't it time?"

With that, the Rev. Yates cooled down, to let his hints soak into the congregation. They didn't need much soaking. Never before had he made his meaning so plain. In all the pews heads nodded furiously together, and whispering rose like swarming bees. The Rev. Yates hauled out a bandanna, mopped his sweating face, and stared over the congregation with the most pleased expression I had ever seen on him. He failed to turn on any more fireworks until the end of his sermon, but filled in with stories that had good morals.

They were mainly about himself. One told of the time he had tried cubeb cigarettes for a cold, and so risked being caught in the filthiest and most godless form of the tobacco habit. In another time of mortal weakness he had learned to play Authors, and later was vilely tempted to take up games with gambling cards. There was also a story about chewing tobacco for the toothache. Then the Rev. Yates swung back to an account of his trouble, and in telling of all the medicines he had tried, he led up to another roaring blast against Prairie Root.

"Ag'in I trusted like the innocent sucklin' babe I am said to be," he roared. "And ag'in I awoke to find myself bein' licked by the forked tongue of the old serpent. Too many in Moravy have not awoke. Too many in Moravy are still weak enough to want to take a certain rich man into that lodge of fine, up-standin' Chrischuns, the Odd Fellows. It is indeed time here for the Hinote brothers. In a humble Chrischun sperit I shall leave to them the righteous work of

crushin' the viper that pollutes Moravy's fair bosom."

After services the commotion was like that of a crowd leaving a circus. The Rev. Yates stood in the vestibule, shaking hands. The people milled around him, buzzing with questions and straining ears as they crowded to the doors.

Then every tongue was suddenly hushed and every eye was staring wide. For into the light of the vestibule pressed Tunk Chambers, with fat Pleas Repp red and puffing behind him. They were a staggering sight to all the church people—at least Tunk was. Pleas often attended church, and had been converted four times, and would quit a horse-trade to argue religion, but Tunk was an abandoned and defiant sinner. I stood back with my grandmother and marveled at him now. A big, raw-boned, sandy-haired young man, his freckled face usually shone with good nature. But now his freckles blazed and he spoke in a snarl.

"So that's what you call religion," snarled Tunk Chambers, squaring off before the Rev. Yates. "Pertendin' to visit a pore Injun woman to convert her, and you go prowlin' into her husband's business while he's out tryin' to relieve the sick an' make a decent livin' for his fambly! Go ahead, Rev. Yates, if that's what you call religion! There's more and more in Moravy who would call it——"

But Tunk Chambers got no further. By this time the Methodist men were growling in wrath and closing upon him. They surely would have laid violent hands on him if Mayor Solon Shinkle hadn't stepped in and threatened him with arrest.

"Never mind," said Tunk. "I'm goin'. Goin' straight to my shop for some bay rum to kill this here smell."

He was grinning again as he pushed out through the wrathful and scandalized

crowd. The Rev. Yates had not said a word. His face was white as death above his black beard and he got away from the packed vestibule in no more than a minute.

"It's my trouble grippin' me ag'in," he excused himself. "I must get home for some medicine. The sperit has had its say through me. The rest is up to the good Lord and the Hinote brothers."

Out on the street corner Tunk and Pleas had a regular mob around them, all cheering and laughing. Moravia's sinful element was on the warpath at last.

IV

The Rev. Yates' bold sermon and the barber's brazen defiance turned the town upside down. With all the church people up in arms and a big revival looming, the merchants, excepting Jeff Biggle, inclined to the side of the minister. I listened eagerly to all the arguments I could hear, and finally it was plain to me that the Rev. Yates had somehow learned a lot that was sinister and fascinating about Dr. Bearpaw's medicine in the times he called on the family and bought so many bottles. But he refused to utter another word against the doctor. The sperit had had its say, he kept repeating, and the outcome lay with the Lord. He still had hopes, he declared, that Dr. Bearpaw would come to see the light before it was too late. All week the town wondered just what he had up his sleeve.

The doctor was out on a trip with his show and did not return to Moravia until Sunday. In the meantime Tunk Chambers had the baseball team, of which he was pitcher and captain, out practicing furiously every day. The barber bragged all over that Iconium would be played in Moravia on the Sabbath in spite of Hell

and high water. The Rev. Yates made no open move against the game, but a Methodist and United Brethren committee called on Mayor Solon Shinkle and demanded that he stop the desecration. The mayor shuffled the committee off and sneaked away on a hog-buying trip.

The game was played, and the sinful element swarmed in force to the diamond near the Milwaukee depot. Dr. Bearpaw drove in with the Iconium team. He appeared before the crowd in high dignity, wearing his cutaway coat and Bryan hat, and the section-hands, teamsters, coal-miners, farm-laborers, town roustabouts, and others of Moravia's lost souls gave the doctor as many rousing cheers as they raised for his ball team. The Moravia Bearpaws won the game by a lop-sided score, and Jeff Biggle and U. G. Todd were yelling as loudly as the section-hands when it ended. Dr. Bearpaw appeared to be holding his own with the Rev. Yates.

But after the game there were queer doings. Dr. Bearpaw and Tunk Chambers had a long and solemn confab by themselves, and then the doctor drove directly to the Methodist parsonage. In no time the news was all over town, but nobody could find out what happened when the two giants met. Dr. Bearpaw drove home from the parsonage like fury, shut himself up with his family, and left early on Monday morning for his circuit. At the Sunday night services the Rev. Yates disappointed the congregation that jammed the Methodist church by preaching a weak sermon about the evils of Romanism and infidelity in Moravia, and never uttering a sound about Dr. Bearpaw. But at the end of his sermon he promised Moravia the surprise of its life at the opening revival service. He made the promise in his most mysterious style, and would say no more. But everybody was sure and certain

that the surprise would concern Dr. Bearpaw, and a tremendous blowup was expected.

I attended the first meeting of the revival with my grandmother. As soon as we reached the grove I was struck by a circus feeling. Lanterns were strung on the trees along the road and the big tent was all a-shine from the lamps inside. Before the entrance families gathered in a jumbled crowd, which was sort of oozing into the tent. Farm people were still driving up in rigs. A wagon would clatter to the hitching rack, yells of "Whoa-ah!" "Back up, Baldy, you!" "Gee, Buck!" would cut through the excited hum of the crowd's talk, and in a minute the farm family would be just another part of the squeezing mob. A good many Hardshell farmers were attending. Grandma kept holding me back to neighbor with them, until I was certain we would never get a seat. But we did, half-way up the rows of benches.

Coal-oil lamps with monster tin reflectors hung from the tent top and a string of them blazed over the preaching platform. Two strangers were seated among the Moravia ministers. One had his head bowed in a kind of brooding prayer. Every so often his bony shoulders would heave in the mournfulest sigh. I grew certain that he was the Rev. Sad Sam Hinote, whose stories of drunken fathers and songs of broken hearts were known to wring tears from a stone. The other was a gaunt, glowering man with a bush of red hair, a ragged sandy beard, and such monster freckles on his hands that I could make out each one from where I sat. He would surely be the Rev. Noah Hinote, the Sledge-hammer Revivalist, as the Rev. Yates had called him. The Hinotes, it appeared, had been born in Ireland. They were orphans, for their

father had been a Methodist missionary in County Cork, and died of it. The Rev. Noah was famous for his fist fights with atheists who tried to break up his revivals.

Moravia's sinful element was out in a body, I soon noticed, and its members had never appeared more brazen and bold. The Rev. Yates had hardly finished the opening prayer before they started cutting up. They got worse when the congregation arose to sing. When the hymn, "At the Cross" was given I could plainly hear Tunk Chambers singing, "At the bar, at the bar, where I smoked my first cigar, and the money in my pockets rolled away, hallelujah!" instead of the proper sacred words. The church people glared in a red fury at the sinners, who only grinned back. Trouble was smoldering.

V

But the Rev. Noah Hinote seemed to be paying it no heed as he launched into the opening orgies of the camp-meeting. In a voice that rasped like a buzzsaw to all quarters of the tent, he announced that his first three sermons in Moravia would deal with missionarying to the heathen. One would deal with the papist Irish, and another would tell of the progress of the Word among the heathen Chinese, but tonight's sermon, account of a special request from the Rev. Pearl Yates, would have to do with missionary labors among the savage Indians of the Wild West. He would show a powerful lesson in the three sermons, said the Rev. Noah; namely, that hosts of heathen had seen the light of the Gospel, and if the least of these could see it, surely the civilized and intelligent folks of Moravia could not fail.

The announcement caused a violent stir. All the Moravians in the congregation saw

the shrewd hand of the Rev. Yates in to-night's sermon on the Indians. He smiled through his beard there, as though he were sitting down to fried chicken. Tunk Chambers and his friends were a bit sobered. They waited solemnly for the sermon.

It was a rip-roarer from the start. The Rev. Yates, for all his power, could never hold a candle to the Rev. Noah Hinote. In the first ten minutes the revivalist whooped it up harder against Rome and Rum than our Methodist minister had done all Winter. It appeared that the Indians of the West had been harder to convert than any other breed of heathen, for Roman priests had worked on them first, and then infidel traders had mired them in drunken despair.

"I been there, I've seen, and I know!" the Rev. Noah screamed, his face running sweat, his eyes glittering, and his red hair standing up like fire in a draft. "Down in the Territory I have walked among the horrible evils that was wrought. Hearken well now, while I expound unto you a parable of the miser'ble sinful state of the heathen Cherokees!"

Every ear in the congregation stood out quivering. Hardly a soul seemed to breathe as the Rev. Noah sawed and roared on in his parable. It was a story about a little missionary school in the Cherokee nation, and of a beautiful young Cherokee woman who brought her papoose there to learn the Christian life. That was the main point, but the Rev. Noah threw in Wild West stories on the side which beat anything I had ever read in Diamond Dick. He made the bloodiest pictures of scalping parties creeping out from the campfires and tepees at night, crawling up on the sleeping emigrant train, and then slaughtering the poor whites like cattle. He next pictured the camp again

and its bloody revels, the Indians dancing with the dripping scalps, all raging from the poison of Hell which the sinful traders had sold them. Finally, the Rev. Noah fetched the young Christian Cherokee woman on the scene; and he made the most pitiful picture of her trying to put a stop to the drinking and dancing, until a chief knocked her down, leaving her to bleed and suffer for hours. Yet she would not give up, and her courage won many Cherokees for the true church. She brought her boy up to lead a holy life.

"But it was all in vain," cried the Rev. Noah in lamenting tones. "When the boy was growed, the sinful traders lured him away by use of the Rum Demon. In spite of all his mother's prayers and tears he run off and used the education the school had learnt him to get a job in a white man's medicine show. Like that he done, leavin' his Chrischun mother to grieve and mourn. Can't you see that mother—oh, can't you see that mother!—heartsick and a-mournin' afore her tepee there, prayin' to the good Lord to fetch her errin' and wanderin' son back from the dark ha'nts of sin? Oh, can't you see that mother—can't you see that pore mother now —"

The revivalist was making a chant of his sermon, his gaunt body swaying, his huge hands sawing the congregation into time with the chant. Then guitar music strummed out and the Rev. Sad Sam Hinote began to sing. He sang "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" in the most heart-rending tenor I had ever heard. At every pause in the music the Rev. Noah would grip his hands to Heaven and heave a rasping moan, "Oh, pray for that pore mother!" By the time the first chorus had quavered out, sobs were breaking in every part of the congregation. Even Tunk Chambers was licking dry lips.

As the song ended, moaned and whispered prayers came from every bench.

"Think of that pore mother!" cried the revivalist again. "Think of how you might be her errin' and wanderin' child, and if you was, how you would shorely come forward now. Oh!—oh, that pore mother!"

"Come to Jesus! Come to Jesus!" wailed the tenor voice of the Rev. Sad Sam Hinote. Then his brother's thundering bass harmonized along: "Come to Jesus!" Sinners began to rise.

Then the big surprise that the Rev. Yates had promised struck the camp-meeting like heat-lightning. From the shadows of the tent wall at the entrance a rich voice boomed like a bell in a glory-shout. The people, startled, turned to look. A gasp as big as a wind blowing through trees filled the tent. For down the center aisle marched Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw, shining in his grandest Indian regalia, his colored eagle feathers gleaming and waving in the yellow lamplight.

VI

Arms folded, head high, the doctor marched with the tread of a drum-major for the mourner's bench. The astounded congregation sat like lumps of stone. The Rev. Yates stepped forward with a yell that split the quiet like an ax:

"Here's the surprise I promised! Here's the son of that pore mother, come forward to confess his sins and be born again!"

Then the minister reached down and drew the doctor to the platform beside him. The Rev. Sad Sam Hinote shrieked a song of salvation. The Rev. Noah bawled praises to the Lord. Frenzy struck the congregation. The benches heaved and tumbled from the leaps of exalted saints, and the howls of smitten sinners

billowed the tent-top and shook the swinging lamps. On the preaching platform the United Brethren, Cumberland Presbyterian and Campbellite ministers joined in the yells of the Rev. Noah, but the Rev. Yates was at peace. He embraced his enemy and bowed his head in prayer. Dr. Bearpaw stood with his own arms still folded, staring out at the congregation.

Mayor Solon Shinkle rose from beside U. G. Todd and Jeff Biggle.

"That settles Tunk Chambers," I heard him say to them. "I knowed the sinful element could never skin around the Rev. Pearl Yates."

The uproar lasted for a mighty long spell. At least fifty sinners crowded forward, while the saints howled in jubilation from the benches. Whenever the fever began to cool, the Rev. Noah would hoist glory-shouts again, while his sad brother sang rousing hymns. Mayor Shinkle stood on the platform now, backing up the Methodist minister. I kept looking and wondering at Tunk Chambers and Pleas Repp. They would gaze up at Dr. Bearpaw, then stare at each other, and break into the craziest chuckles and grins. I began to suspect, boy though I was, that they had cooked up something. Soon I was so sure of it and so curious that I ceased to be stirred by the uprising of the spirit.

At last the Rev. Noah calmed the congregation down and announced that Dr. Bearpaw would now confess his sins and give testimony. As the congregation settled to hearken, the doctor shook off the Rev. Yates and stepped forward in the flourishing style he used in his medicine show.

"I am speaking short and plain," boomed Dr. Bearpaw in his richest voice. "The surprise you have witnessed, the parable you were told, and me coming

forward in the rig of a Cherokee chief *are all a trap I baited for the Hinote brothers and the Rev. Pearl Yates!* The trap is sprung and their hypocrisy has found them out!"

The people were petrified. Along every bench eyes bugged unwinkingly and mouths gaped open. The holy men on the platform stared in stark quiet. The brow of the Rev. Pearl Yates was like snow and shone with sudden sweat. The doctor boomed on:

"While Rev. Yates preached religion to my family, he spied around for a club to hold over my head. He was sure he found it, but not until he was backed by these here Hinotes did he dast to come into the open with the threat. You all know the sermon he preached against the biggest sinner in your town. You all know nobody but Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw was meant. And you all know that I faced this preacher in his home. There the Rev. Yates charged me with keeping barrels of whiskey under the floor of the old church for the making of Prairie Root. He swore to have me jugged as an Indian dealing in ardent spirits unless I came to time —"

"And for jest that you *will* be jugged!" the Rev. Noah Hinote found his tongue at last.

"There's the ketch!" roared the doctor gloatingly. "There's the ketch in it. Fact is, I've nary a drop of Indian blood! I'm half Spanish and half Mormon, a native son of Utah Territory; I married a Cherokee princess from the circus show of Buffalo Bill Cody; and I'm licensed by the U. S. Gover'ment to make whiskey-medicine for Methodist hypocrites like the Rev. Pearl Yates! Yes, sir, I can show you my papers. The Rev. Yates vowed to take me to his bosom if I'd go through with a conversion, and I baited the trap. Here I

confess, and if it ruins me in Ioway, let 'er ruin. Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw has smote his enemies with the jawbone of an ass, and he's plenty satisfied!"

The doctor dropped nimbly off the platform and started down the aisle. The Rev. Noah Hinote foamed after him. Other saints sprang into the charge. For a spell there was a raving riot at the back of the tent, as Tunk Chambers heaved in with the sinful element. By the time the mayor and the prominent citizens had restored order the Rev. Yates had fallen in a sickness and had to be packed home.

VII

It was the end of the feud between Dr. Benjamin Bearpaw and the Rev. Pearl Yates in Moravia. Their labors in the town were also done. The minister was actually smitten with kidney trouble at last, and he left for the cure at Hot Springs, Ark. There he took a call to another vineyard. Dr. Bearpaw sold out and moved to what he called the more fruitful field of Kansas. The story of the revival had spread to the neighboring counties, and in them his Indian orations could no longer go over. The Rev. Noah Hinote was laid up with a wrenched back from his fight with Tunk Chambers, but the scandal would have ruined the revival anyhow. The sinful element was in the saddle. In the Fall election Mayor Solon Shinkle was retired to his hog-buying business, and Jeff Biggle, who had never joined a church, was voted into the job.

So one of Moravia's mightiest times ended.

"Never seen the beat of it," agreed the old men of the town. "Even the Hayes-Tilden election never raised sech a stink in Moravy as that there feud between Dr. Bearpaw and the Rev. Pearl Yates."

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

IF MAN, that angel of bright consciousness,
that wingless mind and brief epitome
of God's forgetfulness, will be going forth
into the treacherous envelope of sunlight—
why, the poor fool, does he expect, does he expect
to return at evening? or to return the same?
Those who have put on, in the morning,
that cloak of light, that sheath of air,
wrapped themselves suddenly, on the exit,
in the wild wave of daybreak, which has come
from cruel Alpha—what has become of them?
They will return as the sons of darkness.

II

If woman, that demon of unconsciousness,
that winged body of delightful chaos,
that quick embodied treason and deceit,
will go forth sinuously from the opening door
and take to herself the garment of daylight—
who will vouch for her, go her surety,
who will her bondsman be, or swear by the cloud
that she, who thus went forth, will thus come back?
If she took darkness with her, will she return
with luminous heart, and a soft light within?
For that which goes forth comes back changed or dead.

III

If the child, that frail mirror of the sky,
that little room of foolish laughter and grief,
transient toucher and taster of the surface,
assembler and scatterer of light—if he go forth
into the simple street to count its stones,
its walls, its houses, its weeds and grassblades,
so, in the numbered, to sum the infinite—

infant compendium of the terrible—:
will the changed man, and the changed woman,
await him, with full knowledge, in the evening—
salute him gravely, with a kiss or handshake,
oblique embrace of the young wingless shoulders—
will they, unknowing, unknown, know this Unknown?

IV

All three at evening, when they return once more
from the black ocean of dark Omega,
by those wild waves washed up with stars and hours,
brought home at last from nowhere to nothing—
all three will pause, in the simple light,
and speak to each other, slowly, with such queer speech
as dead men use among the asphodels;
nor know each other; nor understand each other;
but tread apart on the wind, like dancers
borne by unearthly music to unearthly peace.

V

The house of evening, the house of clouds, vast hall
of which the walls are walls of everywhere,
enfolds them, like a wind which blows out lights.
And they are there, lying apart, lying alone,
those three who went forth suddenly in the morning
and now return, estranged and changed;
each is alone, with his extinguished lamp;
each one would weep, if he had time to weep;
but, before tears can fall, they are asleep.

THE SOAP-BOX

AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS

I SECOND the motion of the gentleman from Virginia, calling on the aristocrats of the country to "arise and take charge of things." Mr. Randolph should know whereof he speaks when he says that "four out of five persons in America are feeble minded," for he has had a long apprenticeship in the advertising business. He knows that "vividness, frequency and repetition" are the alpha and omega of the advertising formula, and that copy must not be above the understanding of the elementary grades.

If he had not spoken from the richness of his experience, ten minutes on the radio would convince any doubter of the validity of his charges. The advertisers take no liberties with our intelligence. Everything is explained in the simplest terms. If we hear a concert we are practically told, "Now, we know you are dumb and can't read, so we'll explain what this is all about."

Of course we are dumb. Our faculties have been numbed by the uplifters. Character—personality, as Mr. Randolph describes it—has almost disappeared from the current American market. If we ever did have standards, we do not now enjoy them. We have capitulated to the snobs, the nabobs and the underworld.

Only the aristocrat can afford to be truly democratic, for he is, above all else, fearless. He is not afraid of hunger, heat or cold, ideas or ostracism. He *knows* he is superior. His caste derives from his own mental attitude. He is therefore impervious to assault. He might lose the whole external world and still walk apart in the fine com-

pany of his own superior thoughts and conviction. He is a person.

It would be interesting and stimulating to know just how many persons there are in these United States who are not afraid of want and social disapproval, and would have the stamina to face the howls of the multitude if they found it necessary to stand apart. I venture there are not many.

Chicago

L. H. T. HEYL

THE PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

THE letter of J. E. Keith in the January issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* is a sweet example of the mush-mindedness characteristic of so many pacifists.

Brother Keith, with the gusto, the logic and the rhetoric of a sub-adolescent school-boy debater, declaims: "... nowadays the brutal vandal, the disembowler of babies, the foul ravisher of virgins, against whom our star-spangled hero stands ever-ready to oppose his dauntless breast, is, naturally, another professional soldier—which is to say, our Roland in a different colored uniform."

This, on the morrow of the world's greatest war, in which there was hardly one-half of one percent of professional soldiers—which was fought by the hastily-mustered citizenry of the nations! This, in a world where all professional armies put together (the British and the various Chinese forces being the only such armies of size) make but a pygmy beside the colossus of non-professional, conscript armies!

Brooklyn

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THE YIDDISH
NEWSPAPERS

IN HIS article, "Good-bye to the Immigrant Press", in the January issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, Mr. Albert Parry quotes a Mr. Engelman to the effect that the circulation of the Yiddish press in this country in 1916 was around 718,000. As Mr. Parry's estimate for its present circulation is 450,000, there appears a drop of over a quarter of a million within the last sixteen years.

The only reliable way of ascertaining the circulation of any publication is to consult the figures of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. The four largest Yiddish dailies in this country belong to the Audit Bureau since 1917. The auditors' reports of that organization show that for the year ending March 31, 1926, the first full year after the Immigration Quota Law of 1924 went into effect, the total average circulation of its four Yiddish members, the *Jewish Daily Forward*, the *Day*, the *Jewish Morning Journal* and the *Jewish Daily Forward* of Chicago, was 301,711 daily. The same audit for the year ending March 31, 1932, shows their circulations to have been 324,625, or an actual increase of 22,914. This during the seven years following the decline in immigration!

The several Yiddish dailies published outside of New York, with the exception of the *Jewish Daily Forward* of Chicago, have never enjoyed a circulation of more than 10,000 daily and it is because of this small circulation that it wasn't in their interest to become members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. But these dailies are still in existence, struggling as most small newspapers do and doing on the whole as well or as badly as similar small out-of-town dailies in the English language.

The daily circulation of the Yiddish press in the United States at no time exceeded 375,000 and its peak was reached in the Winter of 1931, seven years after the 1924 Immigration Law. The only Jewish newspaper that has suspended publication within recent years is the *Jewish Daily News*, which amalgamated with the *Jewish Morning Journal*. During the same period at least five English language newspapers in New York City suspended publication.

These are matters of incontrovertible fact. One may ask for an explanation for this phenomenon. There are several. The first is the fact that Jewish immigrants begin reading the Yiddish press, in many cases, years after they have arrived in this country. In Eastern Europe there was hardly any Jewish press to speak of until the World War. Only one out of a thousand read a Yiddish newspaper. Many Jews, upon their arrival in this country, are too busy making a living and too slow in becoming a part of their environment to begin reading a daily newspaper, but as they settle down, acquire a little more leisure and more expensive habits, they begin to read. So far, all circulation losses caused by natural mortality, so-called Americanization and similar causes have been replaced by new readers.

Another reason is the constantly changing condition of the Jews in Eastern Europe. The Hitler movement in Germany; the official and unofficial anti-Semitism of most of the governments in Eastern Europe; the constantly changing fortunes of the three million Jews in Soviet Russia; the Jewish-Arabic relations in Palestine,—all these serve as a steady stimulus for the Yiddish press. The immigrant Jew, wherever he comes from, retains great interest in and affection for the people he left behind him and is quite

naturally eager to be well posted on their condition from day to day.

I am not ready to contest Mr. Parry's opinions on the immigrant press of other racial groups, but so far as the Yiddish press is concerned, it is continuing to be a powerful factor in the life of the Jewish community in the United States and will continue to be such for many years. All of the largest and better established Yiddish newspapers are comparatively prosperous—in some cases more so than the English language dailies—and none of them, to my knowledge, is ready to say good-bye.

New York

B. C. VLADECK

General Manager Jewish Daily Forward

FOR THE GLORY OF YALE

NO DOUBT there will be many professional Yale men replying in anger to the letter in the February, 1933, Soap-Box from the New Haven freshman, who wants to know why there are so very few distinguished Yale graduates.

As one who left Yale at the end of my sophomore year because the method of presentation of subjects and the social system bored and irritated me, I feel that I can reply with something like a detached viewpoint.

The young man is far from accurate in his observations. In the first place he does not take into consideration the fact that Harvard is roughly twice the size of Yale. In the second, if he is confining his remarks to comparatively recent years, he's away off. In spite of the disparity in numbers, Yale has had quite a few ex-students who managed to survive her clumsy system and become distinguished in every sense of the word.

In letters and the drama, what has Harvard to show in this century to match

Sinclair Lewis, Stephen and William Benét, Philip Barry, Archibald MacLeish, Thornton Wilder and Walter Millis? What Harvard men are doing a job in education to compare with thirty-four-year-old Bob Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago? Have any Harvard grads of late years anything in the field of journalism to show comparable to what Brit Hadden and Harry Luce did when they started *Time*?

Without going into it too deeply, I think most Harvard men would be delighted if they could swap Franklin D. Roosevelt for Secretary Stimson and Governor Cross of Connecticut in the field of politics. All right, and throw in Ogden Mills if the Elis insist on somewhere near an even break on the trade.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

New York City

RED-LIGHTING

IN THE SOAP-BOX for February Patsy O'Dell had a few words to say about circus terms. He gives a good explanation of the origin of the verb *to red-light*, but I must object to his parenthetical note in the last paragraph of his letter, which seems to infer that the red-lighting practice is no longer in vogue. This portion of Mr. O'Dell's letter reads: "the ceremony is (or, perhaps better, was) performed at night", etc.

So recently as the season of 1931 I saw a man red-lighted by the train crew of the show with which I was trouping, and the crew gave this fellow a real old-fashioned dose of the medicine. What was the reason? What difference does that make? The point is that they still red-light undesirables if they are reasonably sure that the authorities will not hear of it.

Melrose, Mass.

BERT HANLEY

THE SENATE'S EXPENSES

IN THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February, in the article, "The Racket on Capitol Hill", Mr. Hilton Butler says that the annual report of the secretary of the Senate is locked and that the private American is not allowed to see it. Copies of Senate Document No. 140, Report of the Secretary of the Senate, may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for two dimes.

Marion, Ind. CLIFFORD L. HARDY

IT NEVER WEARS OUT

I wish to register my great appreciation as a new reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. I can not afford to spend fifty cents for your current issues, so I buy back numbers at a discount. I have just completed reading the July, 1931, number and have started on the March, 1925. In that issue I enjoyed most Chester T. Crowell's "Strange News from Texas" and Stanley Walker's "Saving Souls in New York." Both are excellent articles.

Hempstead, L. I. J. H. B.

QUERIES

32. THE FIRST 100% AMERICAN.—I am informed that a woman bore a child on the historic voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower*. Will some Son or Daughter of the American Revolution favor me with the name of this mother and her offspring? What is known of the descendants, if any?

New York City M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

33. CAMBRONNE.—What is meant by the *mot de Cambronne*? Who was Cambronne and what did he say? I cannot find anything about the matter in the reference books in our library here.

Sitka, Alaska ABRAHAM ISAAC

34. LITTLE GREECE.—Who is the author of the following quotation: "Little Greece crept

into the shadow of the Sphinx and lied down on her couch and died"?

Alhambra, Calif. A. E. JORGENSEN

35. NOT SO HOT.—As I write there is before me an autograph letter of F. Lecker-Lampson to a friend of his at Camden, N. J. It is dated July 22, 1887. Here is a paragraph:

I wish I were at Camden to see the life you lead & compare it with my own. I fear mine, conversation and all, would come out vy trivial, & perhaps material, but *not so hot!* I presume Walt Whitman ensures high thinking by simple living.

I would like to know the origin of the expression *not so hot*.

Sydney, Nova Scotia W. MACDONALD

REPLIES

1. THE MORON.—The origin of the moron poem seems lost in obscurity. In the letters concerning it appearing in The Soap-Box, I have noticed that the earliest reference given is 1931. The poem is probably much older. On the memorable election night of 1928, there was gathered at my home, breathlessly awaiting the result, a number of educators, all vainly hopeful. As the returns came pouring in, dashing our hopes, one of the disappointed Smithians exclaimed in pure disgust:

Oh, happy is the moron
He don't care a damn,
I wish I were a moron;
My God! Perhaps I am!

This version is slightly different from that given by Wingate M. Johnson in the December issue of The Soap-Box.

I did not inquire as to the sense of this doggerel and I have been out of touch with the quoter of it ever since, but it is self-evident that this verse must have originated some years ago, before 1928 anyway.

Harrington Park, N. J. CUPARD E. FAGAKAS

4. FIDDLER'S BITCH.—Although it refers to a tinker rather than to a fiddler, and leaves open the question whether his bitch was dog or dame, the following quotation from Thomas Dekker's "Wonderful Yeare 1603" may be of interest:

At last a tinker came sounding through the towne.
. . . You must understand he was none of those
base rascally tinkers that with a ban-dog and a
drab at their tayles . . . will take a purse sooner
than stop a kettle. No this was . . . a musical
tinker, that upon his kettle-drum could play any
countrey-dance you cald for, . . . when no fidler
could be heard of.

Does any one know the expression in the form "a tinker's bitch"?

B. W. A. MASSEY

*The English Seminar,
The University,
Poznan, Poland.*

5. AN HISTORIC REMARK.—I have no information about the time or place of Mr. Hoover's saying about two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot, but the best answer to it, I believe, was given by the Hon. P. A. McCarran, Democratic Senator-elect from Nevada. He said in a campaign speech: "The truth is that during this Hoover prosperity some of us have not even had an egg in every omelette."

Reno, Nevada ANN M. ROSS

12. LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—In 1929 the Rev. Pablo Delgado, a Protestant missionary to Mexico, living in El Paso, Tex., published privately his "Mary, the Mother of Christ," a work in English. There must be many others, as I believe H. M. Paull, in his volume on literary crimes, mentions forged gospels and other controversial works of the early Christian era dealing with incidents of Her life.

Kansas City, Mo. T. M.

18. WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—Guillim, in his "Heraldry", 1724, defines a gentleman as being "one whom his birth and race hath made noble." In Chapter 24, p. 269, he says further:

Gentlemen have their beginning either of blood, as that they are born of worshipful parents; or that they have done something worthy in peace or war, whereby they deserve . . . to be accounted gentlemen. But in these days he is a gentleman, who is commonly so taken. And whosoever . . . can live without manual labor, and will bear the port, charge and countenance of a gentleman, he shall . . . be taken for a gentleman; For true it is with us, *tanti eris aliis, quanti tibi fueris*.

New York City G. F. PELHAM, JR.

19. HARRY THURSTON PECK.—There is no study or biography of Harry Thurston Peck in existence, more shame to American critics and commentators. There is not even a statement of the man and his worth above a page or two, isolated here and there. I suggest that Mr. Cohen read Mr. Thomas Beer's "Mauve Decade" for a fleeting glimpse of the man and

examine, if he has not already done so, the first ten volumes of the *Bookman*. Also that, if Mr. Cohen has the patience, he browse through a file of the newspapers at the time of Peck's startling death to discover the mental attitude of Americans and American newspapers, especially toward men of letters. Peck's death, he will find, is treated from the viewpoint of a crime, since he committed suicide, and not at all from the viewpoint of a loss to American art.

CARL BOHNENBERGER

Assistant Librarian

*The Jacksonville Public Library,
Jacksonville, Fla.*

20. MR. WILKINSON.—Mr. Fergus Hamilton of Winnipeg asks for information about the authorship of the well-known "bad" line,

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

The following quotation from "Alfred Lord Tennyson," by his son, Vol. I, page 153, may supply what he wishes to know:

My father and Edward Fitzgerald then had a contest as to who could invent the weakest Wordsworthian line imaginable. Although Fitzgerald claimed this line, my father declared he had composed it:

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

London, Ontario JAMES A. SPENCELEY

22. THE THUNDERER.—John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, who wrote a biography of him, wrote, while leader writer on the *London Times*: "We have already thundered forth this opinion." Whereupon Carlyle called him the Thunderer, which name later was applied to the paper.

Cedar Rapids, Ia. LUTHER A. BREWER

25. TOOTHPICKS.—Toothpicks are mentioned by the Roman poet Martial (about A.D. 40-100). In Epigram 53, Bk. 7, he says that his friend UMBER sent him among other things seven toothpicks (*dentiscalpia septem*), and in another place he says: "There's nothing like fresh mastic wood for toothpicks; but failing this, a squill may serve your turn." The mastic is *Pistacia lentiscus*, a shrub which sometimes develops into a tree, as at Bordighera and in the island of Chios. The Greeks chewed mastic gum to strengthen their gums and perfume their breath.

*La Palmeraie,
Hyères, France*

A. J. MAAS

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Old Dr. Scott's Bile Beans

INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY,
by Howard Scott. 90 cents. $5\frac{1}{4}$ x 8; 61 pp.
New York: *The John Day Company*.

THE ABC OF TECHNOCRACY, by
Frank Arkwright. \$1. $4\frac{3}{8}$ x $7\frac{7}{8}$; 73 pp.
New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

TOWARDS TECHNOCRACY, by Graham
A. Laing. \$1.50. $6\frac{3}{8}$ x $9\frac{1}{2}$; 100 pp. Los
Angeles: *The Angelus Press*.

TECHNOCRACY, by Allen Raymond. $5\frac{1}{4}$
x $7\frac{3}{4}$; paper; 17 pp. New York: *The
Herald Tribune*.

WHAT IS TECHNOCRACY? by Allen
Raymond. \$1.50. $4\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{4}$; 180 pp. New
York: *The McGraw-Hill Book Company*.

LIFE IN A TECHNOCRACY, by Harold
Loeb. \$1.75. 5 x $7\frac{1}{2}$; 209 pp. New York:
The Viking Press.

TECHNOCRACY: *An Interpretation*, by
Stuart Chase. 25 cents. $5\frac{1}{8}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$; paper;
32 pp. New York: *The John Day Com-
pany*.

THE NEW DEAL: TECHNOCRACY IL-
LUSTRATED, by various hands. 20 cents.
 $8\frac{1}{2}$ x $11\frac{1}{2}$; paper; 24 pp. Los Angeles:
The Angelus Press.

TECHNOCRACY: *The Magazine of the
New Deal*. Vol. 1, No. 1. 25 cents. $7\frac{3}{4}$ x
 $10\frac{3}{4}$; paper; 32 pp. Los Angeles: *The
Technocracy Publishers*.

BY THE time these lines reach a candid world Technocracy will be well on its way to the cobwebbed shelf of forgotten Perunas. Even as I write, it is being expunged from the pharmacopœia of Columbia University, and all the great organs of respectable American opinion are full of denunciations of it, chiefly from the pens of gentlemen who merchant rival medications for all the sorrows of the world. From these jealous carpers I should except Mr. Chase. Though Technocracy, for a

few dizzy weeks, threatened to replace his Planned Society in every Liberal's cabinet of elixirs, he here takes an honest swallow of it, and reports with great fairness that it seems to have some merit. But he adds at once, and with the authority of an expert, that it lacks some of the ingredients that every such remedy should have. "I cannot," he says somewhat plaintively, "take my energy economics straight. I require a chaser of psychology and anthropology".

This caveat, it seems to me, is well taken. The Technocracy brethren were certainly very badly advised when they put no flavoring matter into their dose. It came upon the market in the raw state, and was thus too harsh to be got down without gagging. To reduce automobile mechanics, farmers, steel workers, coal miners, truck drivers, and other such robots to mere bundles of ergs and joules—that, of course, was all well enough. But what of Liberals, what of Heralds of the New Day, what of the general body of Advanced Thinkers—what, in brief, of the very customers Technocracy was designed to fetch? Alas, it forgot their peculiar needs, their natural libidos, and so they rejected it. If Dr. Scott and his associates had taken the precaution to consult me before they turned their press-agent loose I'd have advised them to print their graphs in pink and purple inks, and to find room in the margin for a few straight appeals to the idealistic faculty. Instead they came out in stark black and white, and lumped wage-slaves and idealists together like so many conscripts in a file. No wonder they flopped.

In Mr. Loeb's book there is an attempt to remedy their error, but it lacks authority, and is thus ineffective. Would poets continue to write, he asks himself, under Technocracy? He inclines to believe that they would. "No poet," he says, "writes to make money, though a very few, and these often of doubtful merit, do eventually make some money". But under Technocracy there would be no money, but only certain paper receipts for ergs expended, and it would be impossible to figure out the ergs expended in writing a poem. Thus every poet would have to practise some other art or craft on the side, maybe house-painting or arctic exploring, to accumulate enough erg-credits to pay for printing his poem. But this, in Mr. Loeb's view, would put no real burden upon him, for every worker would receive erg-credits to the value (by our present superstitious standard) of \$20,000 a year, and he would thus have a surplus for the printer. And in case the demand for his poem should exceed the number of copies he could personally afford to print, what would stand in the way of "the state printing bureau" manufacturing and distributing "an edition at energy cost just as if the poetry was any other commodity which the consuming public desired"?

Here, it seems to me, I get a sulphurous whiff of Communism, which is something else again. Dr. Scott and his fellow prophets leave the whole matter in darkness. They show how easily erg-credits are to be earned and distributed, but they neglect to show how a bright fellow is to be restrained from getting them away from those who have earned them. Suppose that we lived under Technocracy at this moment, and I put in four hours tomorrow earning my day's share of erg-credits, maybe by laying bricks or working in a beauty parlor. On the day following, let us

go on supposing, I travel to Camden, N. J., to pay the printer of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, who charges prose writers on the same scale that he has for poets. And suppose the printer, with the immemorial hospitality of his craft, invites me to take twenty or thirty rounds of beer with him in a Camden saloon. And suppose we proceed from boozing to gambling, and he wins all my erg-credits by the fall of the die. What then? Do I complain to the nearest erg-master and get them back, or does *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* miss an issue? And if it misses an issue what becomes of the Enlightenment under Technocracy?

Maybe my example is fantastic, and even a trifle indecent, but nevertheless it is an example. However, I am not going to detain you with a critical examination of Technocracy, for it has been made at great length by a multitude of experts in such matters, and their verdicts fill all the other high-toned magazines of the nation. What interests me far more is the question how the new evangel was put over. By the testimony of Dr. Scott himself, he had it under his hat for a dozen years, and yet nothing whatever was heard about it. Even after Columbia took him in he remained unwept, unhonored and unsung. And then, of a sudden, he was all over the first pages, and within a week he was being invited to dinner with such dignitaries as the proprietor of Squibb's bicarbonate of soda, a member of the eminent law firm of Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood, and the editor of *Fortune*, and had proceeded so far toward messiahship that a copious bogus biography was being invented for him, and it was widely believed that he could touch for the king's evil. This being America, what would a prudent man look for in such a case? He would look, first, for an angel, and he would look, second, for a first-chop public relations counsel. My

guess is that the angel may have been Frank A. Vanderlip, but who the public relations professor was I do not pretend to hazard.

The newspaper brethren throw no light upon the matter. Instead, they seem to be quarrelling among themselves for the historic eminence of having been first to fall for the ballyhoo. According to Mr. Raymond, "the first widespread publicity which Technocracy received was the result of an interview given at Columbia University by [Dr.] Scott to the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* on August 21, 1932," but according to the anonymous editor of "The New Deal" both of those great papers were beaten to it by the *Illustrated Daily News* of Los Angeles, whose distinguished editor, Mr. Elias Manchester Boddy (a Freemason, a Republican and a member of Phi Sigma Kappa), "made journalistic history by front-paging the findings of Technocracy fully two weeks before any other daily in the United States." I am inclined to let Los Angeles have it, if only because it is only nine miles by paved highway from Pasadena and the California Institute of Technology, which seems to have representation on the general staff of Technocracy, and is to Columbia, when it comes to being pursued by the newspapers, as Dr. John Haynes Holmes is to a paralytic Trappist.

Dr. Scott himself has issued relatively few encyclicals, and they are all beautifully vague. In the one that seems to be the constitution of the movement he lets it be known that,

as all organic and inorganic mechanisms involved in the operation of the social macrocosm are energy-consuming devices, therefore the basic metrical relationships are: the factor of energy conversion, or efficiency; and the rate of conversion of avail-

able energy of the mechanism as a functional whole in a given area per time unit.

All this may be true enough, and I, for one, am willing to admit that its discovery was as revolutionary as the discovery that two and two make four, but it seems to bring us nowhere. As the Founder says himself, "Technocracy proposes no solution." All it does is to burden and upset the mind. Here, I venture, the learned gentleman made his fatal mistake, and got his Peruna shoved upon the back shelf in record-breaking time. It is actually no Peruna at all. It cures nothing, not even headache. Let him try again, and let him remember next time the reasonable demands of his customers. They want to be delivered from their worries. They yearn with a powerful yearning for a new and well-flavored balm for all the sorrows of mankind. So they go back to Chase, Communism or Holy Communion.

Shaw and His Frankenstein

BERNARD SHAW: *Playboy & Prophet*, by Archibald Henderson. \$7.50. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 9; 872 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

DR. HENDERSON'S *Fach* is mathematics, and he professes that spooky Egyptian mystery at his *alma mater*, the University of North Carolina. He has written a great deal within the bounds of his specialty, and his publications on relativity have won over many skeptical and suspicious 100% Americans to Einstein. But the demand for such learning at Chapel Hill is not sufficient to keep him jumping, so he gives over a great exuberance and what seems to be a large leisure to literary investigations, and particularly to the study of George Bernard Shaw. His first full-length monograph upon the subject, "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works", was published so long ago as 1911, during the

Taft administration, and since then he has devoted no less than six other books, or parts of books, to the same theme. Now he crowns his labors (at least for the present) with a volume of 872 closely printed pages, weighing three pounds and five ounces. The work is on a truly brooding-nagian scale. It is not until page 305, which would be almost in the index of the average book, that one finds Shaw showing any interest in the theatre, and not until page 453 that the formal discussion of his plays begins. As for me, I am quite willing to trust Dr. Henderson as a mathematician when he says that he has written even more about Shaw than Shaw has written about himself. It may sound incredible, but I believe nevertheless that it is a simple fact.

Happily enough, his ardors as a biographer have not gone unrewarded. "When I had the hardihood and good fortune," he says in his introduction, "to discover Shaw

and recognize in him one of the true geniuses of our time, he enjoyed a tenuous repute, brittle and insecure, largely resting upon spectacular local successes as a brilliant epigrammatist, a dramatist of promise with a few moderate successes on the Continent and a slowly growing vogue in the United States, and an established reputation as a sort of dramatic columnist who had made ducks and drakes of the reputation of the leading playwrights of England.

All this was very well, but it was obviously paltry. Shaw had done his best for himself, but what he needed was a helping hand, a boost over the slippery stile of immortality, a leg up into Valhalla. To proceed:

The psychology of fame is one of the most peculiar of human phenomena. A man may write for years, for decades, vigorously, copiously, capably; and fame seem as far off as ever. . . . Then suddenly something occurs. . . . A thousand eventualities may or may not converge to evoke the spark; but if one flash be struck, a conflagration

follows. In the case of Bernard Shaw this phenomenon occurred in 1911, the year of the publication of the authorized *Life*. Until then, . . . his fame was in watertight compartments; and to my lot it fell to knock down the bulkheads and give him a comprehensive reputation. . . .

It is to Shaw's credit that this great service has not left him ungrateful. At times, to be sure, he has been moved, in his jocund way, to deride his biographer as "a romantic susceptible," but "at others you have more than redressed the balance by dubbing me a genius." Moreover, he has put in some useful licks on his own account. "In this campaign, which has been truly world-wide, I have been most ably assisted by Shaw himself." The result is now visible to men and angels.

For more than a quarter of a century I have been dinning into the ears of the public that Shaw is a genius of high rank, a dramatist sure of enduring fame, and a great man with a noble, generous soul. . . . The pedestal for the most coruscating reputation and enduring fame of any writer of our generation is now a recognized and established one; and it is a source of pride to feel that it is my privilege to have been a pioneer in the work of introducing his genius to the world. . . .

Certainly no one will want to decry this great service to humanity. Shaw is unquestionably one of the most amusing fellows ever heard of, and it is dreadful to imagine how dismal England would be today if Dr. Henderson had not issued from Chapel Hill and brought him out. There may be carpers, of course, who will allege that Shaw was considerably written about before 1911, both in England and in America, and that he had behind him more than half of the plays upon which his present eminence seems to rest, notably "You Never Can Tell", "Candida", "Mrs. Warren's Profession", "Caesar and Cleopatra", "John Bull's Other Island" and "Arms and

the Man", not to speak of all of his Fabian tracts, his books on Wagner and Ibsen, and his two volumes of dramatic criticism. The same carpers may recall that Richard Mansfield had been doing him in New York since 1894 and Arnold Daly since 1905, and that "Candida" had been on the boards in Germany for seventeen years. But against all this must be set the fact that it is easy enough to toss off a series of plays and pasquinades, and even easier to put them on the stage or to concoct puerile observations upon them, but quite another and more difficult thing to transform them into imperishable literature by the arduous devices of scientific criticism, and force the world to accept them. As Dr. Henderson says, apostrophizing Shaw:

You have had many self-appointed analysts, but only one interpreter . . . When I think of some of your other interpreters, with their transparent and petulant jealousies, their little social and moral axes to grind, . . . I am confirmed in the belief that you have had only one interpreter . . . We have not always seen eye to eye, as this biography reveals. But agreement at all points between two thinkers is unthinkable.

A profound truth, and one not to be gainsaid. Fortunately, Dr. Henderson does not press these differences. He has some doubts, plainly enough, about Shaw's rather vague and timid Socialism, he has even greater doubts about his vegetarianism, and he revolts as a *savant* against the Shavian doctrine that all science is bolony, but on the principle that Shaw is "a genius of high rank, a dramatist sure of enduring fame, and a great man with a noble, generous soul," who is animated in all his operations by "a passionate aspiration to regenerate the human race and to build a better civilization for the future"—on this principle, the two thinkers are firmly united, and so the present volume may be accepted as actually "authorized".

It makes, on the whole, very amusing reading, and despite its appalling bulk is seldom a bore. The learned author lets himself go in a voluptuous and all-over manner, and some of his judgments partake of the nature of ecstatic whoops, but he is capable, in his cooler moments, of something closely resembling criticism. I point, for example, to his discussion of the relations between Shaw and Ibsen, at the beginning of his forty-second chapter. Whether he made up this stuff out of his own head or got it from Shaw is irrelevant: the essential thing is that it disposes effectively of delusions that have been popping up in dramatic criticism, especially in England, for years.

Shaw, in fact, owes hardly more to Ibsen than Ibsen in his turn owed to the younger Dumas. The two men differ abysmally in all their *principia*, and even more strikingly in their technique. The dramatists who actually followed Ibsen—for example, Henry Arthur Jones in England, Sudermann in Germany, and Brieux in France—are all dead now, but Shaw is still very much alive. His actual plays, like Ibsen's, will probably fade soon enough into the repertoires of decayed and despairing female stars, but they have taught every intelligent dramatist a great deal about the theatre, and their influence will be visible for many years.

Even in discussing Shaw's fundamental ideas, Dr. Henderson sometimes forgets his hero's "passionate aspiration to regenerate the human race" long enough to give a sensible account of them. There is, of course, not much in them that is genuinely original. "Shaw is no more the inventor of Shavianism than Machiavelli of statecraft, Newton of algebra, Darwin of evolution, or Bach of counterpoint". His rôle, indeed, is scarcely that of a philosopher at all—who could imagine a philosopher writing

stage plays?—but that of a mocker of philosophies. As he once said to Henderson:

The difficulty is not to induce people to accept new ideas: on the contrary, they are so eager and uncritical in their love of them that they are always running after novelties that are neither new nor true. But they never dream of scrapping the old ideas that the new ones supersede: they just plant them in the old garden and never do any weeding. I am a first-rate weed-killer.

In that rôle he has plainly done some useful and exhilarating work. His ribald croaks have made the English a great deal less certain than they used to be about all the great axioms of the Victorian metaphysic, and he has also spread a pale cast of doubt over other peoples. In this benign labor his principal weapon has been his astounding skill as a demagogue. No other man of our time, whether in or out of politics, has shown a greater capacity for getting a crowd and holding it. To be sure, his crowd has consisted almost always of a relatively small minority of more or less uneasily self-conscious intellectuals, but that is only a detail. The japes that he has launched at his actual customers have gone echoing down to far lower levels, and his influence is visible in areas where his name is scarcely known. In his time he has faced

the competition of but one soothsayer at all comparable to him, to wit, H. G. Wells. It must be obvious that, in this rivalry, he has left Wells far behind him. Wells, indeed, has virtually retired from the arena, but Shaw at seventy-six is still in full eruption, and with a full congregation in front of his soap-box.

Dr. Henderson is too much the showman exhibiting a prodigy to be equal to a really searching study of the man. Whenever he comes to close grips with the essential Shavian mystery his lack of humor gets in his way, or he is diverted by his singularly naïve and preposterous vanity. He is very vague, for example, in his discussion of Shaw's extraordinary love of money, and he is much less illuminating than Frank Harris when he comes to Shaw's grotesque personal Puritanism. But he has accumulated a great mass of facts about one of the most curious characters of the age, and though there are some serious gaps in them, the judicious reader will probably find them sufficient to enable him to formulate theories of his own.

The book is heavily documented, has a bibliographical appendix and a good index, and is adorned by many illustrations, including two swell portraits of the biographer, one of them full page.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

CONRAD AIKEN's books include "*Cos-
tumes by Eros*," "*Preludes for Memnon*,"
"*The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris
Jones*," and "*Blue Voyage*." He is also the
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American Poetry*" and "*Modern American
Poetry*."

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bia), is instructor in the Home Study De-
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WILLIAM C. BAGLEY, Ph.D. (Cornell), is
professor of education at Teachers College,
Columbia. He was born in Detroit, and
took his bachelor's degree at Michigan
State College and his master's degree at
the University of Wisconsin. He is the
author of many books on education, in-
cluding "*The Educative Process*," "*Crafts-
manship in Teaching*," "*Determinism in
Education*," and "*Education, Crime and
Social Progress*." He also collaborated with
Dr. Charles A. Beard in "*A History of the
American People*," "*A First Book in
American History*," and "*Our Old World
Background*." Dr. Bagley is a fellow of the
American Association for the Advance-
ment of Sciences, and a member of many
other learned societies.

HAMILTON BUTLER spent seven years in
China, and was in Canton during the Rev-
olution of 1911. Since his return to the
United States he has been engaged in
newspaper and magazine work.

W. J. CASH is a North Carolina news-
paper man. He is writing a book on the
psychology of the South.

W. G. CLUGSTON is Kansas correspon-
dent for the Kansas City Journal-Post. He
was born and grew up on a farm near Lex-
ington, Ky.

GEORGE W. GOBLE got his A.B. at In-
diana University in 1913 and his LL.B. at

Yale two years later. He then practiced
law, and during the World War served in
the Army. He was professor of law at the
University of Kentucky in 1919-1921, and
since then has held the same position at
the University of Illinois. He is the author
of "*Cases of Insurance*," published in 1931.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D. (Jefferson
Medical College), was born at Riverton,
N. C. Since 1910 he has been in practice at
Winston-Salem.

CARTER BROOKE JONES was born in Louis-
ville, Ky., and served in the Army during
the World War. His newspaper experience
has included five years with the Associated
Press and work on various papers from
coast to coast. For the past five years he has
been in Atlanta.

IDWAL JONES is on the staff of the New
York American. He is the author of a
novel, "*Steel Chips*."

ARTHUR MANN is the subject of an Edi-
torial Note.

GEORGE MILBURN is the author of "*Okla-
homa Town*" and editor of "*The Hobo's
Hornbook*."

HENRY F. PRINGLE's latest book is a bi-
ography of Theodore Roosevelt, which was
awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1932. More
about him will be found in Editorial
Notes.

JAMES STEVENS's latest book is "*The Sagi-
naw Paul Bunyan*." His other books are
"*Paul Bunyan*," "*Mattock*," and "*Brawny-
man*."

JIM TULLY's latest book is "*Blood on the
Moon*." Among his other books are "*Beg-
gars of Life*," "*Jarnegan*," "*Circus Parade*,"
and "*Shanty Irish*."

STANLEY WALKER is city editor of the
New York Herald Tribune.

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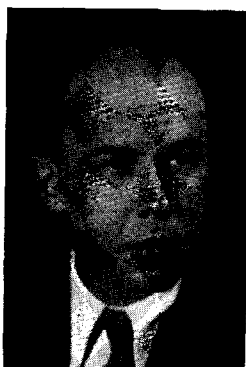
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EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. H. F. PRINGLE, author of "The Gentleman from Greenpoint" in this issue, is an old contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He sends in the following autobiographical sketch:



H. F. Pringle

People are invariably astonished when they find a native New Yorker living in New York. Not really? they say skeptically, and their tone implies that I am suppressing the true facts. The historic event took place in 1897 on Manhattan island and I was educated in the public schools until I went to Cornell in 1915. My progress toward the degree of A.B. was halted by a brief and prosaic period in the Army; I was detailed to a heavy artillery unit and remained in this country. After the Armistice I returned to Cornell, for reasons which are no longer clear, and was duly graduated in 1920.

The diploma was of no possible use to me, for I had already decided upon newspaper work, and later was a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*, *Globe* and *World*. I am eligible for membership in an organization (never formed but suggested by Herbert Swope) which might be called the Drowning Rats Association. In brief, I was among those who left the *World* before it finally sank. But the cause of my leaving was not a belief that the paper would fail; it was due to the fact that the staff was so small that we had to work too hard.

Beside, I had written a critical study of Alfred E. Smith which, so my publishers

assured me, would sell vastly. It did not. The Republicans did not like it because it was too friendly to Al. The Democrats detested it because it was not friendly enough. Charlie Curtis bought a copy, however, and quoted isolated passages during the campaign to prove that Al was not so well qualified to maintain prosperity as Herbert Hoover.

While in newspaper work I attempted some short stories, and had one or two published. I have never written a novel. My first contribution to the more elegant journals was an appreciation of Ivy Lee the publicist in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October, 1926. In the past five or six years similar articles have been the work I have enjoyed most. In 1928 I collected a series of such pieces and they were put into a book called "Big Frogs". At about that time I began work on a life of Theodore Roosevelt which was published in 1931.

I still live in New York, but I get away for long periods whenever possible. One such period was spent in New Mexico and a later one, much less happy, in California. I like to consider myself independent in politics but I usually find, when election day comes, that I am a Democrat. The Communists seem to me humorless, dull people, and the Socialists, I find, are futile. When the revolution comes I shall hurry to New Mexico and hide in the sand. But I hope that it will not come until I have gathered material for another book, to be called "Bitter Allies: The Story of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson".

Mr. ARTHUR MANN, author of "The American Theatre Goes Broke" in this issue, was a member of the staff of the late New York *Evening World* and wrote many of its theatre notices. He says:

Editorial NOTES

The gallery theory in my article is based on personal experience. In my younger days I used to see a play every three weeks, because it took me three weeks



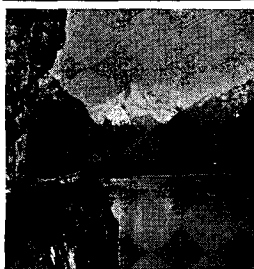
Arthur Mann

to amass sixty cents—a half-dollar for the ticket and a dime for carfare. On this basis I saw my first *première*, "The Wanderer", from the topmost reaches of the Manhattan Opera House gallery. I saw "Chu Chin Chow" four times from the gallery of the old Century Theatre. I saw the late Robert Bruce Mantell in his entire Shakespearean repertoire, each time from the gallery. My body still remembers the discomfort of the straight-backed, last row of the Empire Theatre's gallery, whence I saw William Gillette and Helen Hayes in "Dear Brutus" for fifty cents. I saw the Barrymores four times in "The Jest".

My first contact with the theatre from back-stage was in 1917, when I spent a period of servitude in the office of Winthrop Ames. I was custodian of the paste, scissors and press-clipping book. I got the scent of the drama in my nostrils from working in the kitchen of the theatre. Although my rank wasn't high, I discovered that you could get into the theatre without paying.

During the last four years of the *Evening World's* existence I reviewed practically all of the "second" openings. Once a very prominent critic asked me what I thought of the show between acts, and others got so they nodded to me in the lobby.

I was getting on handsomely when Captain Pulitzer scuttled the ship. It was after this that the real decline of the drama began.



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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv*

evolved a series of principles which he believed to lie at the bottom of it. They were set forth in various books and pamphlets during his lifetime. The present volume is based on materials assembled for some lectures delivered at Yale on the Rutherford Trowbridge Foundation, and it was prepared for publication by the author's widow. His exposition of his ideas includes not only a detailed analysis of some familiar Greek forms, but also a consideration of natural forms, as in flowers and sea-shells. There are many explanatory drawings and geometrical calculations. No doubt the average artist will find parts of the argument difficult, if not downright incomprehensible, but to the more intelligent it offers many valuable suggestions.

THE ART & LIFE OF BYAM SHAW.

By Rex Vicat Cole. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$4.50 7 x 9 3/4; 238 pp. Philadelphia

Shaw, in his way, was the last of the pre-Raphaelites: the chief enthusiasm of his life was for Ford Madox Brown. His work was extremely literary, and he never showed any response to the influence of Modernist painting. Born in 1872, he died at forty-six leaving a large number of pictures behind him, some of which, notably "Love the Conqueror" and "Christ the Comforter", have had a great popular success. The present volume is by his associate in the Byam Shaw and Vicat Cole Art School, opened in London in 1910. It is largely made up of personal reminiscences, and describes in detail Shaw's methods of work. There are many illustrations, and at the end are lists of his paintings and drawings, and of books that he illustrated. Some of the prices he obtained for his canvases are given. The highest was £800.

CLIPPER SHIPS: *Currier & Ives Prints.*

Introduction by Felix Riesenberg.

William Edwin Rudge
\$2.25 9 3/4 x 11 3/4; 24 pp. New York

Altogether, Currier & Ives published forty-two prints of clipper ships; of these, eight are here reproduced. They show the clippers *Sovereign of the Seas*, *Comet*, *Red Jacket*, *Sweepstakes*, *Flying Cloud* and *Great Republic*, and several other ships that, strictly speaking, do not belong to the category. The prints reproduced now bring high prices. One of them is quoted at \$950, and two others at \$900 each. The reproductions are in color, and fairly well

represent the faded tints of the originals. The introduction by Mr. Riesenberg presents some interesting facts about the old-time clippers and their designers and masters.

TRAVEL

THE QUEST FOR POLAR TREASURES.

By Jan Welsz. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 5 3/8 x 8 1/2; 352 pp. New York

The author of this book is a Czech adventurer who went to the Arctic as a young man and spent many years there as a trapper, trader and gold-seeker. He is a man of no education, and his narrative has been made presentable by two ghost writers. They certify to his apparent honesty, and say that most of his statements square with the accounts of other travelers. There is really nothing in his story to raise serious doubts of his *bona fides*. Like any other such man, he tells a few tales that strain the credulity a bit, but on the whole what he has to say is very plausible. His hunt for gold, in the days of the Klondike strike, was short in duration, and not profitable. Most of his time was spent in hunting with large parties of Eskimos, Indians and white men in the northernmost reaches of the Rockies. The book is unusual and interesting. It follows a previous volume from the same hand, "Thirty Years in the Golden North", published a couple of years ago.

MAGIC & MYSTERY IN TIBET.

By Alexandra David-Neel. Claude Kendall
\$3.75 5 3/8 x 8 3/8; 320 pp. New York

Mme. David-Neel, who is a Frenchwoman, is a practising Buddhist, and has spent fourteen years in Tibet. She speaks, reads and writes Tibetan, and has thus been able to come to close terms with the lamas who rule the country. Their religion, as she describes it, seems to be a sort of Asiatic New Thought. They hold that the mind is all-powerful, and can control not only the body but also external objects. Mme. David-Neel apparently believes in their hocus-pocus, at least to some extent. She describes them performing all kinds of marvels, including many of the familiar feats of Western mediums. But in Tibet itself, she says, there is some skepticism about them, though few venture to flout them openly. Mme. David-Neel knows how to tell a story, and in consequence her book makes good reading. There are some illustrations showing lamas at their jobs, including one in which they are seen sawing up the body of a dead customer. The volume lacks an index,

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

LOG OF THE SEA.

By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$; 359 pp. New York

Captain Riesenberg, after fifteen years at sea in sail and steam, came ashore in 1911 to be an engineer, but he has since made two returns to deep water, and he remains a sailor at heart. In the present volume he has brought together a miscellany of sketches from his wanderings on all the oceans of the world. There are chapters on the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Veendam* in 1898 (he joined the old *St. Louis* just too late to take a hand in it), on the *Vestris* case, and on other such public matters, but the best parts of the book deal with ships long forgotten and shipmates who were obscure men. Captain Riesenberg writes well, and has a great many good stories to tell. His volume naturally challenges comparison with Conrad's "Mirror of the Sea". It is different, but it is also excellent stuff. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

MEMORIES OF A MISSPENT YOUTH, 1872-1896.

By Grant Richards. Harper & Brothers
\$3.50 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{8}$; 353 pp. New York

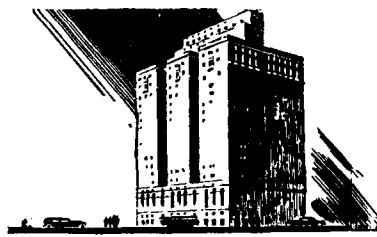
Mr. Richards is chiefly known in London as a publisher, though he has also been a novelist, a critic, and a magazine editor. This volume, however, does not deal with his publishing ventures; it ends, in fact, at the precise moment of their beginning. What he has to tell relates chiefly to the literary movement of the 90's in England. The son of an Oxford don, he evaded the higher learning at fifteen and got himself a job, and he has been busy ever since. For seven years he was associated with W. T. Stead on the *Review of Reviews*, and at other times had close contacts with Alfred Harmsworth and other dukes of Fleet street. Among the principal figures in his narrative are Grant Allen (his uncle), Phil May, Hilaire Belloc, Edward Clodd, Hubert Cracken-thorpe, William Heinemann, John Lane, Richard Le Gallienne, and William Rothenstein. There are sixteen full-page illustrations. Max Beerbohm contributes an introduction, and at the end is an index.

GRAY WOLF. *Mustafa Kemal*.

By H. C. Armstrong. Minton, Balch & Company
\$3 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{8}$; 298 pp. New York

Of the three current European dictators, Stalin, Mussolini, and Mustafa Kemal, the last is by far the most colorful, if not the most able. Compared with him, Stalin seems somewhat stolid, and Mussolini more than a little ridiculous. Again unlike his two contemporaries, he is anything but a Puritan. He

Continued on page xxii



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dances, drinks, and gambles to all hours of the morning. But even in this wickedness there is a considerable grandeur: his relations with the lovely Fikriye and Latifa make the manufacturers of love stories look sick. He is an extremely able soldier, as the English learned at Gallipoli in 1915, and he is an even greater statesman, as his activities in Turkey since 1923 have shown. He established the Turkish Republic, and has been its President and dictator for the last ten years. He is trying to make of his country an Occidental nation, and he is succeeding. Mr. Armstrong's discussion of him is informing, if not very shrewd. A bibliography and an index are appended.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. "*Old Man Eloquent.*"

By Bennett Champ Clark. Little, Brown & Company
\$3.75 6 3/8 x 9 1/2; 437 pp. Boston

John Quincy Adams was one of the luckiest of men. He was the son of John Adams, one of the greatest of Revolutionary Americans, and of Abigail Adams, as noble a woman as ever graced the earth. He was precocious as a child and utterly incorruptible as a man. His public life was all his life. "No American has ever filled so many great offices of all kinds." He belonged to no party for any length of time; "he was the Great Independent of American politics." Public office he considered a great honor and even greater trust. He was State Senator, United States minister to Holland, England, Prussia, and Russia, United States Senator, and President, and after a term as Chief Executive, he served for sixteen years in the House of Representatives, where he collapsed as he was about to make a speech. Senator Clark has written an able biography of him. There are some illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

STUDIES IN SUBLIME FAILURE.

By Shane Leslie. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3.75 5 3/8 x 8 3/8; 295 pp. New York

The men Mr. Leslie discusses are Cardinal Newman, Charles Stewart Parnell, Coventry Patmore, Lord Curzon, and Moreton Frewen. Not one of them quite made the grade in the esteem of his contemporaries or of his immediate posterity, and all of them, very likely, will in the end become only curios for the scholarly. Cardinal Newman tried to find "certainty" in Catholicism, and soon discovered that it was not there, and spent the rest of his life writing smooth but hollow prose and verse. Parnell mismanaged a simple affair with a woman, and ruined himself. Patmore sang too sweet and unreal a

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tune, and Lord Curzon was the sort of man short women thought of as splendid: he was the *reductio ad absurdum* of what is vaguely known as the gentleman. Frewen was an apostle of bimetalism and imperial preference, and "one of the best gentlemen-riders in England." An index is missing.

THE GRAND SOCIAL ENTERPRISE.

By Elmer Lotus Kayser.

The Columbia University Press
\$2 6 x 9; 109 pp. New York City

Dr. Kayser, who is professor of history in George Washington University, here attempts "a study of Jeremy Bentham in his relation to liberal nationalism." He begins with a brief biographical chapter, and then takes up Bentham's central ideas in the fields of ethics, politics, national law, and international law. The philosopher's first great work in political economy, "Fragments on Government," appeared in 1776, and for the next fifty years he wrote a huge number of treatises, pamphlets, and articles on the same subject. His central principle was "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and he applied it to every aspect of communal life. His influence has been immense. Dicey called him "the first and greatest of legal philosophers." A long bibliography and a detailed index are appended.

THE MAHDI OF ALLAH: *The Story of Dervish Mohammed Ahmed.*

By Richard A. Bermann. The Macmillan Company
\$2.50 5 3/4 x 8 3/8; 318 pp. New York

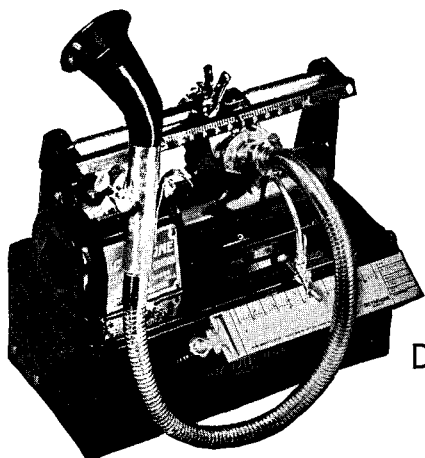
Mohammed Ahmed was born in 1844 near Dongola, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and in 1881 set himself up as the Mahdi, the Expected One. He immediately set out to rid his country of all infidels, and for four years butchered hundreds of thousands. His battle cry was "poverty and holy war." On January 25, 1885 he killed General Charles Gordon, Governor-General of the Sudan, thinking that thereby he had put an end to the spread of Occidentalism. But five months later he himself died. Mahdism lived on till 1898, when Kitchener captured Omdurman and the British gained control of the Sudan. Herr Bermann tells the story of the Mahdi with great skill, though he occasionally mars his account with hoopla writing. There are several illustrations, two maps, and a chronological table. An index is missing. Winston S. Churchill contributes an introduction. It takes up nearly four pages and says nothing. The translation is by Robin John.

Continued on page xxiv

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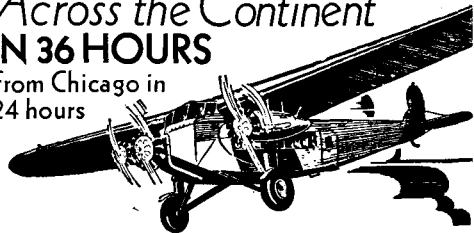
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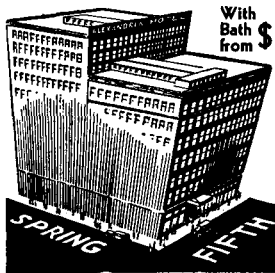
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Continued from page xxii

THE SAVAGE PILGRIMAGE: *A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence.*

By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2.75 5½ x 8¼; 296 pp. New York

Miss Carswell was one of Lawrence's closest friends from 1914 until his death. She carried on an extensive correspondence with him, and for a time they thought of collaborating on a novel. Her biography of him thus carries authority, and will doubtless have to be consulted by all future students of the man. She quotes at length from his letters to her, and presents other new information. Her denunciation of Middleton Murry's biography of her subject, "Son of Woman," is pointed and vigorous. She views Lawrence as a man who carried "a load of bitterness in his bowels and a talisman of purity in his hand, until such time as he died quietly and bravely with his work unfinished but with victory nearly enough in sight to place him as far beyond failure as he was beyond his fellows, because of the greater risks he ran." There is an index.

TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI.

By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Company
\$2.75 5¾ x 8½; 230 pp. Boston

Dr. Ludwig saw Mussolini in the Palazzo di Venezia "almost daily for an hour at a time between March 23 and April 4, 1932." He asked the dictator about 400 questions, and the conversations between them were wholly "on the psychological plane," whatever that means. He left him with the feeling that he was "the most powerful man living in the world today" and the conviction that he was "a great statesman." The book makes tolerable reading, but there are no startling revelations in it about the new Cæsar. Dr. Ludwig got very little out of him that has not been known right along, save that "Mussolini is the most natural man in the world," though he is incapable of understanding a joke "and no one would ever venture to tell him what is called a funny story." There are some illustrations, but an index is lacking. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul.

CARSON THE ADVOCATE.

By Edward Marjoribanks. The Macmillan Company
\$3 5¾ x 8½; 455 pp. New York

The late Mr. Marjoribanks' biography of the celebrated English advocate, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, will be remembered. In the present volume he deals with a far less picturesque and attractive character. The Lord Carson that he sets before us, indeed,

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seems to be a thorough-going prig. There is a visible self-righteousness in all his major operations, and even when he is in the midst of political intrigue he yet remains a moral hero. Mr. Marjoribanks' narrative was left unfinished at his death; it stops with the beginning of the Ulster adventure. This is a pity, for that business really brought Carson his fame, and his doings since have been far more interesting than his doings before. There is a preface to the book by the author's step-father, Lord Hailsham. A caricature of Carson appears as a frontispiece, and there is a good index.

THE DECADE OF ILLUSION: *Paris, 1918-1928.*

By Maurice Sachs. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 5¾ x 8¼; 249 pp. New York

M. Sachs was born in Paris in 1906. His great-grandfather was George Bizet, the composer of "Carmen." While still under twenty he became "one of Cocteau's best friends, and through him I knew most of the people who are today famous in France." He met Anatole France, Picasso, Salmon, Massine, Diaguilew, Mlle. Chanel, Claudel, Maurois, Erik Satie, Modigliani, Radiguet, Max Jacob, Matisse, and Maritain, not to mention a couple of dozen minor figures. The admirers of these people will find in this book a lot of pleasant gossip about them. M. Sachs attempts very little criticism, and when he does, he sometimes does not come off very well. He looks upon Cocteau and Maritain as notable thinkers and almost saintly characters. There are twenty-one hitherto unpublished photographs, and an index. The translation is by Gwladys Matthews Sachs.

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE.

Edited by Aldous Huxley. The Viking Press
\$5 6 x 9¾; 893 pp. New York

The first letter here bears the date of December 15, 1909, and the next to the last (the last is undated) that of February 20, 1930. Altogether, they make absorbing reading, and immediately join the list of Lawrence's best works. His candor about his correspondents and about himself was stark and overwhelming. In a world where honesty is only something that literati write about, his uncompromising frankness stood almost alone. His furious denunciations of the "discretion" of J. Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield are classics of epistolary vituperation. Mr. Huxley's introduction is an excellent critical job. He says: "Lawrence's special and characteristic gift was an extraordinary sensi-

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A family history revolving about a grand old woman, which sold 35,000 copies in Denmark a few months after it was published in 1931.

350 pages. \$2.35

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

tiveness to what Wordsworth called 'unknown modes of being.'" There are five illustrations and an index.

FICTION

GAS-HOUSE MCGINTY.

By James T. Farrell. *The Vanguard Press*
\$2.50 5 3/8 x 8 1/8; 364 pp. New York

Mr. Farrell's "Young Lonigan", published a year or so ago, will be remembered. He is a young novelist who has learned something from Joyce and the other revolutionists, but he manages to avoid the incoherence which afflicts most of their disciples. "Gas-House McGinty" is a series of character sketches of the rough but none the less somewhat sentimental young men who make up the staff of an express office in Chicago. They are drawn with bold strokes, and no little vividness. One follows them through their day's work, and into their evening amusements. The work is somewhat less significant as a document than "Young Lonigan", which was a searching study of adolescence, but it is well imagined, and there is plenty of excellent detail.

SONS.

By Pearl Buck. *The John Day Company*
\$2.50 5 1/2 x 8; 467 pp. New York

Mrs. Buck here continues the story of Wang Lung's sons, begun in "The Good Earth", with particular emphasis upon the career of the youngest, Wang the Tiger, who becomes a war-lord and a revolutionary general. But in spite of her skill and her intimate knowledge of China, the book is not as interesting as "The Good Earth", which described in simple Biblical rhythms the rise of the poor farmer Wang Lung to power. The fact is interesting, for it shows that for all the glamour associated with the soldier he is intrinsically not as interesting a person as a farmer, like Wang the Elder, or a merchant, like Wang the Second. Nevertheless, the book has exceptional qualities of imaginative beauty.

THE LAUGHING PIONEER.

By Paul Green. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
\$2 5 x 7 1/2; 282 pp. New York

Miss Alice Long, the last surviving member of one of the old families of North Carolina, falls in love with Danny, a roving singing boy, and though she has the will to kill her loathsome old father, Judge Long, that she may have Danny near her, she

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somehow lacks the stamina to marry him, or even to live with him. Their affair dribbles on; she hires Danny to work on her land, and a shected society strongly resembling the Ku Klux ride them out one night. Miss Alice then dies, poisoned by her love and her hatred, and Danny takes to the road again. Mr. Green in this, his first novel, is not quite successful with his characters, but they are nevertheless sufficiently alive to sustain the narrative.

NOBODY STARVES.

By Catharine Brody. *Longmans, Green & Company*
\$2 5 x 7 1/2; 281 pp. New York

Miss Brody here relates in a very competent manner the story of two factory workers, Molly and Bill—their struggle for work, first in a Pennsylvania town and then in Detroit; their comparative success for a while (Molly buys new clothes and furniture on the instalment plan); their loss of their jobs, and of the money they have saved in a bank failure; and finally, Bill's murder of Molly when he is convinced they are on the verge of starvation. (Molly is pregnant, and he has no money.) The story offers an impressive picture of proletarian America.

A LADY WHO LOST.

By Alice Beal Parsons. *Gotham House*
\$2.50 5 x 7 1/2; 284 pp. New York

An ex-professor of biology runs amuck with three women: Mrs. Rowe, a cold-blooded lady of the small town of Pawlet-on-the-Hudson, who, with her smug, righteous husband, "belongs"; Mrs. Nash, the wife of a writer of detective stories, full-blooded and vulgar, who distinctly doesn't belong; and Mary DuVall, a labor organizer, a law unto herself even in Pawlet, who finally knocks him off under the very nose of Mrs. Rowe, who realizes too late that she really cares for him. A feeble piece.

CHEERFUL WEATHER FOR THE WEDDING.

By Julia Strachey. *The Viking Press*
\$1.50 4 1/2 x 7 3/8; 117 pp. New York

Here we behold a lumpish daughter of the middle class of England being lured into marriage by her insufferable mother. The girl, Dolly, gets tight on a bottle of rum and spills a bottle of ink on her wedding gown, but she nevertheless goes through with it. Miss Strachey has created amusing characters in Dolly, in her faithful lover, Joseph Patten, and in her mother, Mrs. Thatcham, who dominates the piece from beginning to end with her scatter-brained but infinitely shrewd manipulating.

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as i see it

SPENGLER'S little book, *Man and Technics*, should be read by anyone interested in Technocracy. And even if the excitement over Technocracy has quite died out, the conditions of which it was but a symptom remain. *Man and Technics* emphasizes the historical, and might well be read in conjunction with Alexander Goldenweiser's *Robots or Gods*, which deals with the same problem from the point of view of psychology. Dr. Goldenweiser traces the biography of craft mind, which made the machine possible as well as paved the way for its ultimate running amuck; but it also hints at a society in which the power of the machine (the Robot) will be once more made to serve human happiness by means of an intelligent and humane technocracy.

THAT remarkable detective story about which I wrote last month, *Obelists at Sea* by C. Daly King, made its first appearance, curiously enough, in England, although its author is an American. He had submitted it to

several publishers over here but they all turned it down. He then showed it to A. R. Orage, an old friend who happened to be in this country at the time. Orage liked it well enough to take it back to England with him and there he placed it with John Heritage. Mr. King, a psychologist of some distinction and author of *Integrative Psychology* and *Psychology of Consciousness* in the Library of Philosophy and Psychology published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, Inc., is at present at work on a second detective story.



I AM glad to be able to report that Dashiell Hammett has at last settled down to the actual writing of *The Thin Man*, his long expected book. I have read about a hundred pages of it in manuscript form and I can assure his admirers that it is every bit as good as they have come to expect of the author of *The Glass Key*. I hope that *The Thin Man* will be completed in time for ear'y fall publication. Interested readers should offer the appropriate prayers.

as i see it

THERE seems to be little doubt, if one may judge from what one reads and hears, that the most exciting work of fiction published in France during the past year is Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will*, a novel that will be completed in an indeterminate number of volumes, of which four have so far appeared. I will publish the first two in June in one volume. Part One is entitled *The Sixth of October* and Part Two *Quinette's Crime*. The translation is by Mr. Warre B. Wells, who is now at work on Volumes Three and Four, which I will probably publish very early next year or late in the autumn.



J. S. FLETCHER celebrated his seventieth birthday on February 7, and in acknowledging my congratulatory cable he writes me: "I had quite a shoal of congratulations, including a large Yorkshire cake from some working-class admirers in my native town, Halifax, which I took to be a really tangible proof of fame." I have just received from Mr. Fletcher the manuscript of a new novel, not a detective story. It is entitled *Drysalter Street* and I will probably publish it during the summer. Another detective story, *Murder of the Only Witness*, will follow in the autumn.



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MISS ETHEL MANNIN's newest and I think her best novel, *Venetian Blinds*, has just gone to the printer. I will publish it in June. It is a long book, nearly two hundred thousand words or about twice the length of the average novel.



March Cost

OWEN DAVIS, the playwright, writes me about March Cost's *A Man Named Luke*, that very curious and remarkable novel which I published on April first, that it "is a very tender and imaginative story. I was deeply affected by it"; and Louis Untermeyer writes me: "After I finished *A Man Named Luke* I turned once more to the picture of 'March Cost' on the inner flap. Was it pos-

sible—this pretty woman with her precise riding togs, proper stock and almost theatrical little tricorne—was it possible that this could be the author of one of the strangest stories I had ever read?

“Strange in every sense: Strange in subject; strange in style; strangest of all in effect. It fits in no category, refuses to be pigeon-holed. (I imagine it will give the reviewers several uncomfortable moments.) Is it a fantasy? Yes, but its philosophy is firmer than most ‘realistic’ literature. Is it an essay in fourth dimensional narrative? Perhaps, yet it moves with more speed and excitement than most contemporary fiction. It is, obviously, a love-story, but I can’t remember reading another like it—a love-story with so much sheer *thought*, in which power and pity, tenderness and terror are so curiously intermingled.”



I HAVE just signed a contract with John Fante, whose stories have been appearing in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for some time, for his first novel. I hope to publish it in the autumn.



I HAVE also signed a contract for what should be a very important and useful book to be written by English economists under the edi-

torship of G. D. H. Cole. This will be entitled *What Everybody Wants to Know About Money* and Mr. Cole writes me about it as follows:

“The object of this volume is to produce a connected series of essays breaking up the whole subject into a small number of large sections, and endeavouring to secure continuity of treatment. The aim will be to secure as far as possible a way of approach similar to that of *A Guide Through World Chaos*, and accordingly to simplify the treatment to the fullest possible extent. This will not be easy to secure, as professional economists tend to make their expression of ideas difficult by using jargon. The book will therefore need a good deal of editing. It is proposed to give it a definitely topical character by the inclusion of a special essay on Money and the World Crisis with the idea that this will enable the remaining chapters, while using topical illustrations, to be written in such a way as to stand for some time independently of minor changes in the current of events. The following are the main sections provisionally suggested:

- I. *Modern Money—An Introductory Essay*
- II. *Money and the World Crisis*
- III. *Currency and Central Banking*
- IV. *Credit and Joint-Stock Banking*
- V. *Exchange Rates and the Financing of Overseas Trade*

as i see it

- VI. *Capital*
- VII. *Money and Prices*
- VIII. *Some Monetary Heresies*
- IX. *Money and Public Finance*
- X. *Debts*
- XI. *The Socialisation of Banking*
- XII. *Conclusions*



STORM JAMESON has written *The Use of Books to Your Child* for the *News Sheet* of the National Book Council (London), by whose kind permission I am able to reprint it here.

"It is a commonplace to say that a child who knows how to use books has an incalculable advantage over less well-equipped children. But it is a commonplace more often repeated than understood, and still less often acted on. A child begins life with an infinite store of curiosity, which can be neglected, blunted, or so directed that his mind grows as his body does, by natural stages. This will not happen of itself, any more than a child grows healthy by being left to forage in the larder for what it needs. Yet parents who would be ashamed if accused of neglecting their child's body will neglect his mind with bland and incredible indifference.

"From the day a child learns to read (usually before he goes to school) his mind is either being formed or marred. The choice is in the hands of his parents or whoever has charge of him. Within reason he does not mind what he reads; he will read what is put in his way. If all he gets is a penny joke paper, or the library books you leave about, he will come to look on reading as a last resource, failing all other forms of entertainment, and so miss the door into the richest of all worlds, the world of literature. To give a child books in which, under whatever guise, he learns more of life and the world than his

own small life gives him, is to put him in a room of windows and wide views.

"It is now fairly realized that a child is not being educated at all unless he is being taught the right use of his mind. But does every parent realize that this teaching begins first *and only* at the moment in which he answers some childish question with a book and the suggestion: 'Read about it there'? Not many of us have libraries large enough to contain all the answers. The *Children's Encyclopædia* will bridge the gaps, and teach the child the one essential—the habit of going to books for an answer when he comes up against any problem in work or play.

"The habit is everything. A child who turns automatically to books for help is a world ahead of children left untrained and unenlightened in this respect. It is a fact that every year young creatures go up to schools and universities and do less well there than their natural cleverness deserves, for no other cause than that they have never been shown how to carry out independent research. They do not know how to use books.

"Books multiply, and the best-informed parent will not always know where to direct his child.

"There is no deeper mischief you can do your child than to leave his reading to chance. Anything he reads has an effect on his mind, and if it is not a good effect it is a bad one, misleading and spoiling him. (You would not let him go hungry or poison his stomach with rancid food. His mind is as easily and fatally injured.) Neither can you reckon in any measure too high the fineness and riches that are the reward of knowing how to use and enjoy books. Without books a child is stunted, cheated of his proper growth, and most foolishly ill-equipped for life."

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